This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A SELECT COLLECTION OF POEMS: WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS,
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.
MDCCLXXX.

280. o. 744.

A SELECT COLLECTION OF MISCELLANY POEMS.

THE PROCESSION:

ON THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN MARY.

BY MR. STEELE*. 1695.

THE days of man are doom'd to pain and ſtrife;
Quiet and eaſe are foreign to our life:
No ſatisfaction is, below, ſincere;
Pleaſure itſelf has ſomething that 's ſevere:
But long the fickle, wayward Britiſh iſle
Its ſorrows did with flattering joys beguile;

To

* This diſtinguiſhed writer, who was a native of Dublin (his father being private ſecretary to James duke of Ormond), was educated with Mr. Addiſon at the Charter-houſe. His inclination taking a military turn, he entered into the guards, where he ſoon obtained an enſign's commiſſion; and in that ſtation commenced author, by writing his "Chriſtian Hero," printed in 1701, and inſcribed to the

To wild exceſs their frantic humours fly,
While William's flowing fortunes buoy them high:
But a chill damp and faintneſs ſeize on all,
By dread Maria's univerſal fall:

Their

lord Cutts, under whom he ſerved; and followed in the next year by "The Funeral," a comedy; which recommended him to the notice of king William, but too late in that monarch's life to be of any uſe to Mr. Steele. In 1703 his "Tender Huſband" was acted; as was "The "Lying Lovers" in 1704. His next appearance as a wri-ter was, in his own words, "in the quality of the loweſt "miniſter of ſtate, as gazetteer;" an office he owed to Mr. Addiſon's introducing him to the earls of Halliſax and Sunderland. In 1709 he began "The Tatler;" and was ſoon after made one of the commiſſioners of the ſtamp-office. When he laid down this paper, we are told by Mr. Gay, "his diſappearing ſeemed to be bewailed as ſome general "calamity: every one wanted ſo agreeable an amuſement: "and the coffee-houſes began to be ſenſible that the Eſquire's "lucubrations alone had brought them more cuſtomers than "all their other news-papers put together. It muſt indeed "be confeſſed, that never man threw-up his pen under "ſtronger temptations to have employed it longer; his re-"putation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever "any living author's was before him. It is reaſonable to "ſuppoſe that his gains were proportionably conſiderable; "every one read him with pleaſure and good-will; and the "Tories, in reſpect to his other good qualities, had almoſt "forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring againſt "them. Laſtly, it was highly improbable, if he threw off "a cha-

Their wonted luxury all orders leave,
With joint conſent to be their ſelves, and grieve.
From diſtant homes the pitying nations come,
A mourning world attends her to the tomb:

The

"a character, the ideas of which were ſo ſtrongly impreſſed
"in every one's mind, however finely he might write in any
"new form, that he ſhould meet with the ſame reception.
"To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings,
"I ſhall in the firſt place obſerve, that there is this noble
"difference between him and all the reſt of our polite and
"gallant authors: the latter have endeavoured to pleaſe the
"age by falling-in with them, and encouraging them in
"their faſhionable vices, and falſe notions of things. It
"would have been a jeſt ſome time ſince, for a man to have
"aſſerted that any thing witty could be ſaid in praiſe of a
"married ſtate; or that devotion and virtue were any way ne-
"ceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerſtaff ven-
"tured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools,
"and vain coquettes; but in ſuch a manner, as even pleaſed
"them, and made them more than half-inclined to believe
"that he ſpoke truth. Inſtead of complying with the falſe
"ſentiments or vicious taſtes of the age, either in morality,
"criticiſm, or good-breeding; he has boldly aſſured them,
"that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded
"them, with an authority which perfectly well became him,
"to ſurrender themſelves to his arguments for virtue and
"good-ſenſe. It is incredible to conceive the effect his
"writings have had on the town; how many thouſand fol-
"lies they have either quite baniſhed, or given a very great
"check to; how much countenance they have added to

The poor her firſt and deepeſt mourners are,
Firſt in her thoughts, and earlieſt in her care;
All hand in hand with common friendly woe,
In poverty, our native ſtate, they go:

Some,

" virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered " happy, by ſhewing them it was their own fault if they " were not ſo; and, laſtly, how entirely they have convinced " our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of " learning. He has indeed reſcued it out of the hands of " pedants and fools, and diſcovered the true method of " making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the " dreſs he gives it, it is a moſt welcome gueſt at tea-tables " and aſſemblies, and is reliſhed and careſſed by the mer- " chants on The Change; accordingly there is not one lady " at court, nor a banker in Lombard-ſtreet, who is not ve- " rily perſuaded, that Captain Steele is the greateſt ſcholar " and beſt caſuiſt of any man in England." In 1710-11, in concert with Mr. Addiſon, he ſet up "The Spectator;" a work, which, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, "comprizes precepts " of criticiſm, ſallies of invention, deſcriptions of life, and " lectures of virtue; it employs wit in the cauſe of truth, and " makes elegance ſubſervient to piety: it has now for more " than half a century ſupplied the Engliſh nation, in a great " meaſure, with principles of ſpeculation, and rules of prac- " tice; and given Addiſon a claim to be numbered among " the benefactors of mankind." In 1712-13, Mr. Steele began "The Guardian;" and in 1713, "The Engliſhman," under which latter title he began a ſecond collection in 1715. In 1713 he was choſen member for Stockbridge; but was expelled March 15, 1713, for ſome libellous paragraphs in

Some, whom unſtable errors did engage,
By luxury in youth, to need in age:
Some who had virgin vows for wedlock broke,
And, where they help expected, found a yoke;
Others,

"The Engliſhman." — "I am in a thouſand troubles for "poor Dick," (ſays Mr. Addiſon, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, October 12, 1713), "and wiſh that his zeal for "the publick may not be ruinous to himſelf; but he has "ſent me word, that he is determined to go on; and that "any advice I can give him in this particular will have "no weight with him." Mr. Addiſon (as the event ſhewed) was too true a prophet. — In the eighth number of "The "Engliſhman," Oct. 22, 1713, Mr. Steele inſerted a letter, giving notice that "The Criſis" was then ready for the preſs; and concluding in theſe words: "The price of this "diſcourſe will be but one ſhilling; and perſons who are "willing to ſubſcribe for numbers of them, are deſired to "leave their names and ſuch numbers with Mr. Samuel "Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain. I beg the fa-"vour of you to inſert this in your very next paper; for I "ſhall govern myſelf in the number I print according to the "number of ſubſcriptions." After the ſubſcription had continued open more than two months, "The Engliſhman," Number 26, Dec. 26, acquainted the public, that, "at the "deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality, the publication of "The "Criſis" is put off till the female world have expreſſed their "zeal for the publick, by a ſubſcription as large as that "made among the other ſex." This pamphlet at length appeared on the 19th of January, 1714. In the reviſal and correction of it, he was aſſiſted by Biſhop Hoadly,

Others, who in their want feel double weight
From the remembrance of a plenteous ſtate;
There mothers walk, who oft deſpairing ſtood,
Pierc'd with their infants' deafening ſobs for food;

Then

Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Minſhall.—At the end of 1713, Mr. Steele began "The Lover;" and in 1714, "The Reader." In this year he appeared as editor of a volume of Miſcellaneous Poems; and wrote "The Romiſh "Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of late Years;" and in 1715, "An "Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion "throughout the World." In April that year, he was knighted by king George I; who had before appointed him ſurveyor of the royal ſtables at Hampton Court, and governor of the royal company of comedians. In the ſame year he collected ſeveral of his pieces into a volume, under the title of "Political Writings;" and publiſhed a paper called "The Town Talk;" in 1718, "An Account of the Fiſh "Pool;" in 1719, "The Spinſter," and "A Letter to the "Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage:" and, January 2, 1719-20, began "The Theatre;" a taſk which ſeems to have been ſoon laid aſide. In the twenty-eighth number the Author obſerved, that this paper "was not the "product of a mind at eaſe, but written by a man neither "out of pain in body or mind; yet forced to ſuſpend the "anguiſh of both with the addition of powerful men ſoli-"citing his ruin, ſhy looks from his acquaintance, ſurly be-"haviour from his domeſticks, with all the train of public "and private calamity." He took leave of the town with a promiſe of "printing a new comedy called Sir John Edgar;" and at the ſame time ſolicited ſupport in a deſign by which

might

Then to a dagger ran, with threatening eyes
To ſtab their boſoms, and to huſh their cries;
But in the thought they ſtopp'd, their locks they tore,
Threw down the ſteel, and cruelly forbore.
The innocents their parent's love forgive,
Smile at their fate, nor know they are to live:
Theſe modeſt wants had ne'er been underſtood,
But by Maria's cunning to be good;

None

might be divided "above ten *per cent.* ſix times a year." Sir Richard was ſmartly attacked for "The Theatre" by Mr. Dennis, when he had publiſhed ſix numbers, in a pamphlet called "The Characters and Conduct of Sir John Edgar," the name he had aſſumed in that publication. (This latter paper, "The Town Talk," and "The Spinſter," have not yet been collected into volumes.)—On the 23d of that month, his patent of governor of the royal comedians was revoked; on which he printed a ſtate of the caſe between the lord chamberlain and himſelf, computing his loſs at almoſt 10,000 l. He publiſhed "The Criſis of Property," Jan. 31, 1719-20; and, "A Nation a Family; being the Se-"quel of "The Criſis of Property;" or a Plan for the Im-"provement of the South-Sea Propoſal," Feb. 24.—"The "Conſcious Lovers" was acted with great ſucceſs in 1722; and the king, to whom it was dedicated, gave him 500 l. Some years before his death, he grew paralytic, and retired to his ſeat at Llangunner near Caermarthen in Wales; where he died, September 1, 1729. He had been twice married; and his great eſteem for his ſecond lady is teſtified in a dedication to "The Ladies Library."—It appears by his "Reader," May 3, 1714, that he had materials for a

None on their ſtate now caſt a pitying eye,
Hear their complaints, or will their want ſupply;
They mõve as if they went (ſo deep 's their moan)
Not only to her grave, but to their own;
That were relief, but coming days they mourn,
Oppreſs'd with life, and fearful to return.
With dread concern the awful Senate came,
Their grief, as all their paſſions, is the ſame.

Hiſtory of the war in Flanders; which he propoſed to print in folio, but did not execute. Theſe papers afterwards came into the hands of Mr. Mallet; to whom 500 l. was bequeathed by the dutcheſs of Marlborough, to write the life of her deceaſed lord. It was intended by the dutcheſs to have been performed jointly by Mr. Glover and Mr. Mallet, under the immediate inſpection of lord Cheſterfield: but Mr. Glover reſigned the undertaking; and although it is probable that his colleague had the papers directed by the dutcheſs delivered to him, and it is certain was ſeveral years employed about the work (which, he informed the duke of Marlborough in a dedication to his poems, 1762, was ſo far executed, that he hoped *ſoon* to preſent it to him); yet it is ſaid, at the time of Mr. Mallet's death, in April, 1765, he had made but ſmall progreſs in it.—Sir Richard was one of the laſt eminent men who entertained hopes of being ſucceſsful in the purſuit of the Philoſopher's Stone; a circumſtance alluded to in the following couplet of "The Britiſh Cenſor," a ſatire leveled at Steele, in 1712:

"A Chemiſt now, whoſe vain projection broke,
"Was not his ſenſe in part diſſolv'd in ſmoke?"

His Laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London; and is now converted into a garden-houſe.—See an excellent poetical character of Mr. Steele, in vol. III. p. 77. N.

The

The next aſſembly diſſipates our fears,
The ſtately mourning throng of Britiſh peers:
There is each member ſkill'd, and able known
For every weighty purpoſe of a throne;
T' adorn or to defend their native iſle,
Or jarring neighbour ſtates to reconcile;
But moſt from Ormond's port our ſouls we chear,
And hecatombs expect for every tear:
For to the foe is certain vengeance ſent,
When heroes ſuffer, and the brave lament;
To one their every character may fall,
Somers, th' accompliſh'd tongue which ſpeaks them all.
That comprehenſive man, unſkill'd in nought,
With all the arts of learn'd aſſemblies fraught;
Ready his wit, his language free and pure,
His judgement quick and ſudden, yet mature;
He can their different powers at once diſpenſe,
So juſtly is he form'd to ſpeak their ſenſe:
But now dumb ſorrow repreſents them more
Than e'er his powerful eloquence before;
Though, when his lips with their known ſweetneſs flow,
The world 's as ſilent as himſelf is now.
Now all are paſt, yon' wondrous man appears,
We yield to gay diſtreſs and comely tears:
Villiers! * a name deſign'd by Nature chief,
T' invite to joy, or reconcile to grief.
The groſs of men were to coarſe uſes born,
But Heaven made him creation to adorn;

* Edward baron Villiers of Hoo, and viſcount Villiers of Dartford; created earl of Jerſey, Oct. 3, 1697; died in Auguſt, 1711. N.

With

With mix'd diſturb'd delight by all is ſeen
His moving manner, and his ſpeaking mien;
Rage, pity, and diſdain, at once we trace,
In the diſtracted beauties of his face;
We meaſure his each ſtep, each motion ſcan,
The grief of woman! but the ſtrength of man!
To ſuch an height his ſwoln afflictions grow,
H' inſpires the ſteed he leads * with human woe;
The generous beaſt looks back to 's purple ſide,
And now laments what was before his pride:
No more at voice of martial muſick bounds,
He feels new paſſions as the trumpet ſounds;
Nor knows what power his courage ſtole away,
But heaves into big ſighs when he would neigh.
Here at a ſtand our weary'd ſorrow ſeems,
Rack'd with new forms, and tortur'd with extremes;
Ere this ſad triumph paſs'd, we found relief,
Continued anguiſh loſt the ſenſe of grief;
But ſtill the chariot fainting force ſupply'd,
Anew we all reviv'd, anew we dy'd;
Grief did all bounds ambitiouſly deny,
Swell'd every breaſt, and melted every eye.
Lo! Death himſelf! See him triumphant ride!
Lo! the grim Being moves with ſullen pride;
His jaws are glutted for th' enſuing year;
He 'll ſhun our cities, and our armies ſpare:
The mourners, plac'd on high with looks deject,
With down-intended look's our ſouls direct.

* Lord Villiers was maſter of the horſe to Queen Mary.

N.

Gold,

Gold, purple, tiſſue, crowns enchant the ſight,
And move our grief, that us'd to give delight.
There drowſy gems their nature know no more,
But gather darkneſs now, as light before;
There all that 's bright in th' widow'd world is ſeen,
Too faint t' expreſs ev'n the departed Queen.
No mortal beauty yet recalls an eye,
The next bright objects paſs neglected by;
But, as the fair-ones march, the lengthening row
Inſpires a more familiar kindly woe:
One univerſal face their paſſion wears,
But Derby * hides in vain her guſhing tears;
In her, Affliction takes an abject ſtate,
Something ſo very low, yet very great;
No ſingle cauſe ſo different grief could ſend,
She weeps as ſubject, ſervant, and a friend:
To cloſe the pomp, the fair attendant maids
Appear true angels dreſs'd like fancy'd ſhades;
Their clouded beauties ſpeak man's gaudy ſtrife,
The glittering miſeries of human life.
Who that theſe paſſing obſequies had ſeen,
Would e'er believe this were that very Queen;
That very Queen, whom Heaven ſo lately gave
A crown, in the ſame place where, now, a grave!
I ſee her yet, Nature and Fortune's pride,
A ſceptre grac'd her hand, a King her ſide,

* Elizabeth counteſs of Derby, eldeſt daughter of Thomas earl of Oſſory, and ſiſter to the great duke of Ormond. The earl of Derby was one of the ſupporters of the pall. N.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial youth and beauty did impart
Ecſtatic viſion to the coldeſt heart:
We ſaw her children ſhould ſucceed her ſway,
And future monarchs round her table play.
Her people's acclamations rend the ſkies,
The echoing firmament returns their cries.
She, unconcern'd and careleſs all the while,
Rewards their loud applauſes with a ſmile;
With eaſy majeſty and humble ſtate,
Smiles at the trifle Power, and knows its date.
What being prov'd ſo furiouſly inclin'd,
For power each morn aſſum'd, each night reſign'd?
So ſhort a period to her glories given,
The crime of Fate, and the reproach of Heaven!
But to the ſacred fane the pomp is led,
The wide capacious palace of the dead.
What hands commit the beauteous, good, and juſt,
The dearer part of William, to the duſt?
In her his vital heat, his glory lies,
In her the Monarch liv'd, in her he dies.
One was their ſoul: while he ſecur'd her reſt,
War's hardſhips ſeem'd luxurious to his breaſt;
And, he abroad, no peace repoſe could yield;
She felt the diſtant dangers of the field.
No form of ſtate makes the great man forego
The taſk due to her love, and to his woe;
Since his kind frame can't the large ſuffering bear,
In pity to his people, he 's not here:
For to the mighty loſs we now receive,
The next affliction were to ſee him grieve.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE VI.

APPLIED TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY MR. STEELE.

SHOULD Addiſon's immortal verſe
Thy fame in arms, great Prince, rehearſe,
With Anna's lightning you 'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in war:
Repeat the proud Bavarian's fall,
And in the Danube plunge the Gaul.
'Tis not for me thy worth to ſhew,
Or lead Achilles to the foe;
Deſcribe ſtern Diomede in fight,
And put the wounded Gods to flight:
I dare not, with unequal rage,
On ſuch a mighty theme engage;
Nor fully, in a verſe like mine,
Illuſtrious Anna's praiſe, and thine.
Let the laborious Epic ſtrain
In lofty numbers ſing the man
That bears to diſtant worlds his arms,
And frights the German with alarms;
His courage and his conduct tell,
And on his various virtues dwell:
In trifling cares my humble Muſe
A leſs ambitious tract purſues;
Inſtead of troops in battle mixt,
And Gauls with Britiſh ſpears transfixt;
She paints the ſoft diſtreſs and mien
Of dames expiring with the ſpleen.

E,

From the gay noiſe, affected air,
And little follies of the fair,
A ſlender ſtock of fame I raiſe,
And draw from others faults my praiſe *.

TO MR. CONGREVE †;

OCCASIONED BY HIS "WAY OF THE WORLD."

BY MR. STEELE.

WHEN Pleaſure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain ſight;
No ſenſe of Wit when rude ſpectators know,
But in diſtorted geſture, farce and ſhow;
How could, great Author, your aſpiring mind
Dare to write only to the few refin'd! Yet,

* As he had at this period diſtinguiſhed himſelf by three comedies, and ſeems here to inſinuate that he had a turn for the lighter ſpecies of poetry; it is rather ſurprizing that we have no more of his poems. I imagine, however, that ſome of the verſes by anonymous authors in *this* volume, which are ſaid to be from Mr. Steele's collection, are his own. N.

† To this gentleman Mr. Steele thus inſcribed his volume of "Miſcellaneous Poems:" "My name, as publiſher of the following miſcellanies, I am ſenſible, is but a ſlight recommendation of them to the publick; but the town's opinion of them will be raiſed, when it ſees them addreſſed to Mr. Congreve. If the patron is but known to have a taſte for what is preſented to him, it gives an hopeful idea of the work; how much more, when he is an acknowledged maſter of the art he is deſired to favour? Your juſt ſucceſs in the various parts of poetry, will make your approbation of the following ſheets a favour to many ingenious gentlemen, whoſe modeſty wants the ſanction of ſuch an authority. Men of

Yet, though that nice ambition you purſue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to pleaſe but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dreſs'd Barbarians know his aweful name;
Though ſenſeleſs they're of mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.
On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell,
In every way of writing to excell.

Your

your talents oblige the world, when they are ſtudious to produce in others the ſimilitude of their excellences. Your great diſcerning in diſtinguiſhing the characters of mankind, which is manifeſted in your comedies, renders your good opinion a juſt foundation for the eſteem of other men. I know, indeed, no argument againſt theſe collections, in compariſon of any other Tonſon has heretofore printed; but that there are in it no verſes of yours: that gentle, free, and eaſy faculty, which alſo in ſongs, and ſhort poems, you poſſeſs above all others, diſtinguiſhes itſelf where-ever it appears. I cannot but inſtance your inimitable Doris, which excels, for politeneſs, fine raillery, and courtly ſatire, any thing we can meet with in any language. Give me leave to tell you, that when I conſider your capacity this way, I cannot enough applaud the goodneſs of your mind, that has given ſo few examples of theſe ſeverities, under the temptation of ſo great applauſe as the ill-natured world beſtows on them, though addreſſed without any mixture of your delicacy. I cannot leave my favourite Doris, without taking notice how much that ſhort performance diſcovers a true knowledge of life. Doris is the character of a libertine woman of condition, and the ſatire is worked up accordingly: for people of quality are ſeldom touched

Your Muſe applauſe to Arabella brings,
In notes as ſweet as Arabella ſings.
Whene'er you draw an undiſſembled woe,
With ſweet diſtreſs your rural numbers flow;
Paſtora 's the complaint of every ſwain,
Paſtora ſtill the echo of the plain!
Or, if your Muſe deſcribe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horſe;

touched with any repreſentation of their vices, but in a light which makes them ridiculous. As much as I eſteem you for your excellent writings, by which you are an honour to our nation: I chuſe rather, as one that has paſſed many happy hours with you, to celebrate that eaſy condeſcenſion of mind, and command of a pleaſant imagination, which give you the uncommon praiſe of a man of wit, always to pleaſe, and never to offend. No one, after a joyful evening, can reflect upon an expreſſion of Mr. Congreve's, that dwells upon him with pain. In a man capable of exerting himſelf any way, this (whatever the vain and ill-natured may think of the matter) is an excellence above the brighteſt ſallies of imagination. The reflection upon this moſt equal, amiable, and correct behaviour, which can be obſerved only by your intimate acquaintance, has quite diverted me from acknowledging your ſeveral excellences as a writer; but to dwell particularly on thoſe ſubjects, would have no very good effect upon the following performances of myſelf and friends: thus, I confeſs to you, your modeſty is ſpared only by my vanity, and yet I hope you will give me leave to indulge it yet further, in telling all the world, I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE."

And

And her own William, glorious in the ſtrife,
Beſtowing on the proſtrate foe his life:
You the great act as generouſly rehearſe,
And all the Engliſh fury 's in your verſe.
By your ſelected ſcenes and handſome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice;
You check unjuſt eſteem and fond deſire,
And teach to ſcorn what elſe we ſhould admire;
The juſt impreſſion taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player*,
Whom ſtill that world* unjuſtly diſeſteems,
Though he alone profeſſes what he ſeems.
But, when your Muſe aſſumes her tragic part,
She conquers and ſhe reigns in every heart;
To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity 's all the grief they know;
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town-joys muſt maſk it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's reſiſtleſs moan,
And weeps a loſs ſhe ſlighted when her own.
You give us torment, and you give us eaſe,
And vary our affections as you pleaſe;
Is not a heart ſo kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourſelf, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you 'll e'er deceive.
Then ſtill, great ſir, your moving power employ,
To lull our ſorrow, and correct our joy.

* "Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem;" an old theatric motto. N.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL*.

BY MR. STEELE.

WHEN my bright conſort, now nor wife nor maid,
Aſham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the ſtreams, the ſtreams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering flood.
Thus through the glaſs the lovely lily glows,
Thus through the ambient gem ſhines forth the roſe.
I ſaw new charms, and plung'd to ſeize my ſtore,
Kiſſes I ſnatch'd, the waves prevented more.

* With all perſons who have made good ſenſe the rule of action, marriage is deſcribed as the ſtate capable of the higheſt human felicity. Tully has epiſtles full of affectionate pleaſure, when he writes to his wife, or ſpeaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleaſed with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators ſay, it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his ſpouſe was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on that occaſion we owe this epigram. STEELE.—See in The Spectator, No. 490, ſome excellent remarks on this ſubject. N.

PRO-

PROLOGUE* TO "LUCIUS," A TRAGEDY BY MRS. MANLEY.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE†.

NAT Lee, for buſkins fam'd, would often ſay,
To Stage-ſucceſs he had a certain way;
Something for all the people muſt be done,
And with ſome circumſtance each order won;

* See the Epilogue by Prior, Engliſh Poets, vol. XXX. p. 271. N.

† To Sir Richard Steele Mrs. Manley inſcribed her play. "While common Dedications (ſhe obſerves) are ſtuffed with painful panegyricks, the plain and honeſt buſineſs of this, is only to do an act of juſtice, and to end a former miſunderſtanding between the author and him whom ſhe here makes her patron. In conſideration that one knows not how far what we have ſaid of each other may affect our character in the world, I take it for an act of honour to declare, on my part, that I have not known a greater mortification than when I have reflected upon the ſeverities which have flowed from a pen, which is now you ſee diſpoſed as much to celebrate and commend you. On your part, your ſincere endeavour to promote the reputation and ſucceſs of this Tragedy, are infallible teſtimonies of the candour and friendſhip you retain for me. I rejoice in this public retribution; and with pleaſure acknowledge that I find by experience that ſome uſeful notices, which I had the good fortune to give you for your conduct in former life with ſome hazard to myſelf, were not to be blotted out of your memory by any hardſhips that followed hem."—See the particulars of their diſputes in Cibber's Life of Mrs. Manley, and in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

This he thought eaſy, as to make a treat,
And for a Tragedy gave this receipt.
" Take me, ſaid he, a princeſs young and fair,
Then take a blooming victor fluſh'd with war;
Let him not owe to vain report renown,
But in the ladies fight cut ſquadrons down;
Let him, whom they themſelves ſaw win the field,
Him to whoſe ſword they ſaw whole armies yield,
Approach the heroine with dread ſurprize,
And own no valour proof againſt bright eyes:
The boxes are your own—the thing is his,
And ladies, as they near each other ſit,
Cry, " Oh! how movingly that ſcene is writ!"
For all the reſt, with eaſe, delights you'll ſhape:
Write for the heroes in the pit, a rape;
Give the firſt gallery a ghoſt; on the upper,
Beſtow, though at that diſtance, a good ſupper.
Thus, all their fancies working their own way,
They 're pleas'd, and think they owe it to the play."
But the ambitious author of theſe ſcenes
With no low arts to court your favour means;
With her, ſucceſs and diſappointment move
On the juſt laws of Empire and of Love!

TO CAPTAIN STEELE, ON HIS POETRY, BY MR. THOMAS BISHOP*.

TILL now, I own, by partial kindneſs ſway'd,
And raſhly to a groſs miſtake betray'd,
I thought our calm retreat and peaceful ſhade
To Verſe alone could lawful title plead.

* M. A. of Wadham College, Oxford, June 26, 1683; *which* is all I can find about him. N.

I much admir'd to find a Muſe in arms,
Begot in camps, and bred amidſt alarms;
I judg'd her like the Hectors of the age,
Whoſe wit is impudence, and oaths their rage.
The Poets might their favourite God allow,
In peace his tuneful lyre, in war his bow;
But, ſure, thoſe jarring inſtruments to join,
Requires ſuperior force, and power divine.
I freely own my error, ſince in you
I find the Hero and the Poet too:
By double title you the laurel claim,
And wing your daring flight to endleſs fame.

MR. BISHOP TO HIS MISTRESS.

PITY, fair Charmer of my ſoul, thoſe cares
Your faithful ſlave in his curſt abſence bears.
Regard the racking tortures of my mind,
And let my ſufferings your compaſſion find.
Not greater are the agonies of death,
When with reluctance we reſign our breath;
Scarce could my eyes ſuſtain their lateſt view,
And my tongue faulter'd when I ſpoke adieu;
A ſhivering coldneſs ſeiz'd on every part,
The vital ſtream was frozen round my heart;
A ſtupid dulneſs did each ſenſe invade,
As though, when you were gone, my ſoul itſelf were fled:
Then ſoon the feveriſh heat again returns,
And every limb with utmoſt anguiſh burns.
Thus ſome poor baniſh'd wretch, condemn'd to roam
In countries barbarous and realms unknown,
With longing eyes looks on his native home;

His ſad remembrance grieves for pleaſures paſt,
And mourns the joys which he no more muſt taſte.

MR. BISHOP TO A LADY, WHO, IN THE LATE STORM, JUST LEFT HER CHAMBER BEFORE A CHIMNEY FELL ON THE BED WHERE SHE LAY.

PARDON, fair Maid, that, to congratulate
Your happy fortune, I dare tempt your hate;
Permit me in the public joy to ſhare,
Though ſilenc'd Love no larger part muſt bear;
Let me have leave among the reſt to come,
That with officious gladneſs crowd your room.
Bleſt innocence! to whom indulgent Heaven
So ſure an inſtance of its love has given,
Whoſe guardian genius did ſo gently warn,
To fly from death, and ſhun approaching harm!
The ſtanding pile could not ſo well declare
How virgin ſweetneſs is th' Almighty's care;
But the innoxious ruin does evince
The ſteady guard of watchful Providence.
Luxurious Death grew proud to pierce the heart,
Where blooming Cupid ne'er could fix a dart;
But 'twas deny'd his ſacrilegious hand
Should with the blood of ſuch a prize be ſtain'd.
May ſtill new mercies on your dangers wait,
And freſh deliverance ſtay th' approach of Fate!
With grateful zeal may all your praiſes flow,
And pay your great Preſerver what you owe!

ON

ON AN ENSUING STORM.

BY MR. BISHOP.

O Thou Supreme, whoſe univerſal ſway
To all extends whom Nature does obey;
The ſacred dictates of whoſe powerful will
Each element does in its courſe fulfil;
At whoſe command the ſtormy tempeſts rage,
To deal thy vengeance on an impious age;
Let that bright hoſt, who wait in the defence
Of Virtue, Piety, and Innocence,
Watch round the manſion of my charming fair,
And make her ſafety their peculiar care!
Or, if you call her to a haſty tomb,
Let the ſame ſentence ſeal my worthleſs doom;
Unneceſſary wiſh, when ſhe is gone,
In whom I liv'd, for whom I liv'd alone;
On Death I need not for aſſiſtance call
A ſingle dart compleats a double fall.

VERSES BY THE SAME,

ON READING "MR. G'S APOLOGY FOR SELF-MURTHER*."

AWAY, deluding Fiend, thy counſels ceaſe,
Nor lull my fancy to a dream of peace.
Bleſt Heaven! what images doſt thou preſent?
What poiſonous medicines to reſtore content?

Thou

* i. e. Gildon's. Charles Gildon, a Dramatic author, and one frequently mentioned in Mr. Pope's works. In the early part of his life he was editor of the poſthumous works of Charles Blount, who deſtroyed himſelf on account of Love. In the preface to this Collection, Mr. Gildon defends the

Thou bid'ſt me ſhun the weight of miſery,
And talk'ſt how brave a thing it is to die;
That cowards only fear to tempt their fate,
And will compound for life at any rate:
While true heroic valour ſcorns to live,
Or, woman-like, to ſigh, to whine, and grieve;
But, urg'd by manly rage and fierce deſpair,
Reſolves by one bold ſtroke to end its care,
And paſs the Stygian Lake devoid of fear.

Know, curſt Deceiver, all thy arts I ſee,
Thy hidden malice, and black treachery.
Though baulk'd of all the joys on earth I prize,
Thou ſhalt not rob me of eternal bliſs.
Know, that I tremble not to loſe my breath,
But dare the moſt affrighting ſenſe of death,
And ſhould with ſwiftneſs act th' advice you gave,
Were there no proſpect left beyond the grave:
But 'tis the doom that waits the murtherer,
The dreadful flames reſerv'd, create my fear.
The road of death can't my firm ſoul diſmay;
But, when it ends in Hell, I quit the way.

Whene'er my glaſs its lateſt ſand ſhall run
(Let my ſad woes prevail it may n't be long!)
Softly may I ſigh out my ſoul in air!
Stand thou, my pitying Guardian Angel, there!
Guide and conduct her through the milky way
To the bright region of eternal day!
There will her ſorrows find a ſure releaſe,
Unſullied joys begin, and everlaſting peace.

practice of Suicide, and ſeems to threaten to follow Mr. Blount's example. He lived, however, to entertain better ſentiments; and died Jan. 12, 1724. R.

SONG.

SONG. BY MR. BISHOP.

WHEN Wit and charming Beauty meet,
To form an excellence divine,
I own the conqueſt is compleat,
And with a willing joy my heart reſign:
What fool ſo mad to hope for liberty,
When chains like yours can make us more than free?

'Tis true, Eugenia, your fair eyes,
Had gain'd the conqueſt long before,
They made my heart your beauty's prize,
But now your tongue has added ſomething more.
Myſelf your ſlave by double force I find
You firſt attack'd my paſſions, now my mind.

THE CURE. BY THE SAME.

AT laſt th' uneaſy chain is broke;
Thanks to my ſtars, I now am free.
Deſtructive Love no longer I obey,
Nor to his laws my homage pay;
With courage I deſpiſe his yoke,
And range at liberty.
How could my flattering fancy hope to find
A beauteous ſhe without deceit!
The ſex in general is a cheat,
And why ſhould I expect to meet
Conſtant and fair in woman join'd?

Fool that I was to be deceiv'd!
And yet with ſo much art the train was laid,
In ſuch a pleaſing draught the poiſon was convey'd,
I with implicit faith believ'd.

How

How charming was each treacherous ſmile!
What ſoftneſs did in every look appear!
A credulous heart ſhe might with eaſe beguile,
Where ſwelling hopes had left no room for fear.
Oft, on my amorous breaſt reclin'd,
Her bending head Miranda laid;
And, while I ſtrove t' unfold my labouring mind,
She kindly liſten'd to each word I ſaid.
While eternal love I vow'd,
Her looks approving pleaſure ſhew'd;
When from her lips I ſnatch'd a balmy kiſs,
Her ſighs confeſs'd, ſhe felt a ſhare of bliſs:
Love's kind diſguiſe ſhe with ſuch art put on,
Had ſhe been true ſhe could no more have done.

Here ſtop, my Muſe, and prudently forbear:
The captivating charms no more repeat,
Leſt they again enſnare;
Thoſe Powers thou lately didſt adore
Become victorious as before,
And all thy reaſon's force defeat.
No let her falſehood urge thy keeneſt ſpite;
With bittereſt gall and pointed malice write;
Tell how the Syren practis'd to betray,
With all the wily arts and treachery,
With deep deceit and forgery,
Made thy fond unſuſpecting heart her prey.
The hiding veil thrown off, we ſee
The monſter's loath'd deformity;
No more the gawdy charms can pleaſe,
No more the painted beauty ſtrikes our eyes;
The Muſic once diſſolv'd, the ſerpent ſtingleſs lies.

Curſt

Curſt is the wretch, whoe'er he be,
Whoſe doating ſenſe, by Love betray'd,
To Beauty is a captive made,
And ſuffers under female tyranny;
Woman, whoſe malicious will
Deſigns his ruin, whoſe each ſmile can kill!
If with Woman you compare
The fleeting Wind, the faithleſs Sea;
Leſs fantaſtic theſe appear,
And but faint emblems of Inconſtancy.
Though ſome doating Poet feign
A Virgin fair, whoſe flowing wit
And equal judgement in proportion meet,
In whom a thouſand graceful Virtues ſhine,
Like Minerva, all divine,
She too muſt be the offspring of the brain.

ON CLOE'S PATCHES. BY MR. BISHOP.

SO looks the ſmiling face of day
In Heaven's gloomy black array
Of inoffenſive clouds, that fly
O'er the bright ſurface of the ſky;
From whence appears the purer light,
More ſplendid by the foil of night.
As Cloe in her patches deckt,
That more divine her charms reflect;
More lovely thus her looks appear,
With ſweeter grace and ſofter air;
So Beauty reconciles extremes,
And brightneſs ſhines in jetty beams.

ON HER MASK. BY MR. BISHOP.

AH! happy Maſk, that often lies
A veil o'er Love's bleſt paradiſe,
There keeps each blooming ſweet that grows,
The ſnowy lily, purple roſe!
Preſerve them ever ſafe, to ſhew
How pure by Nature firſt they grew;
The ſacred ſtore with care maintain,
Which let no vulgar eyes prophane;
But, when poor Damon ſhall appear,
To charm his mind, and eaſe his care,
Then ſteal, kind Maſk, with haſte away,
And all the bliſsful ſcene diſplay.

ODE TO ST. CECILIA*, BY THE SAME.

CECILIA, charming Saint! we raiſe,
Our ſouls to thee in ſongs of praiſe;
Fill with ſeraphic ſtrains our thoughts,
With Heavenly muſic tune our notes:
For none dare ſpeak or ſing of thee,
Unleſs inſpir'd by ſacred Harmony. A tune-

* The twenty-ſecond of November, a day appropriated by the calendar of the church of Rome to Saint Cecilia, was religiouſly obſerved in moſt parts of Europe. This lady was eminently beautiful and pious, particularly ſkilful in muſic, and a martyr for the Chriſtian faith. Towards the latter end of the laſt century an entertainment was inſtituted in commemoration of her, by many of the firſt rank in this kingdom; which was continued annually for a conſiderable time. A ſplendid entertainment was provided at Stationers Hall, which was conſtantly preceded by a performance of vocal

A tuneful concert then be made,
Bring in the Lute and Viol to our aid;
The joyful train of inſtruments command,
Taught by Cecilia's powerful hand.
See how the trembling ſtrings, all, at Cecilia's name,
In grateful notes give back their Muſic whence it came:
Behold how they rejoice to move, [above.
And celebrate her once abode below, as now her reign

The melancholy Flute forgets to mourn
Forſaken Damon's ſad deſpair;
And all the riſing notes return
"Cecilia!" in a briſk and more exalted air.
Tir'd with the rough alarms of war,
The martial Trumpet hither does repair,
Joys with a milder blaſt to ſwell,
And on Cecilia's praiſes dwell;
Joys here a peaceful Saint to yield [field.
Thoſe ſounds, due to the fighting hero and the noiſy

vocal and inſtrumental muſic by the moſt capital performers. This feaſt is repreſented by Mr. Motteux, in 1691, as "one "of the genteeleſt in the world; there are no formalities "nor gatherings like as at others, and the appearance there "is ſplendid." The words, which were always an encomium on their patroneſs, were ſet by Purcell, Blow, and others of the greateſt eminence; and it became the faſhion for writers of all ranks to celebrate Saint Cecilia. Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, Yalden, employed their talents on this ſubject. We have alſo Odes to Saint Cecilia by Shadwell, D'Urfey, and ſome ſtill more indifferent poets. But we may pardon the traſh which this fertile ſubject has given birth to, on account of the excellence of Mr. Dryden's moſt admirable performance. It appears by Mr. Motteux that there were, in 1691, "admirable *concerts* in Charles-ſtreet and York-*buildings*." *N.*

And

And the majeſtic Organ, known
Cecilia's care and art alone,
That warms us with divine deſires,
And kindles in our ſouls ſeraphic fires;
The ſounding Organ does aſpire,
With its monopoly
Of tuneful ſounds, to pierce the ſky; [choir.
And join with its own Saint in concert in the heavenly

Cecilia's ſacred memory,
Whilſt Muſic lives, ſhall never die;
Muſic, the charming magnet of the whole,
Of Heaven and Earth the mighty ſoul!
Muſic, that ſweetens all our mirth,
And gives new blooming joys their birth,
That drives pale ſorrow from our breaſt,
And lulls our waking cares to reſt;
Our willing ſoul reſigns to thee,
Thou tun'ſt its paſſions to thy harmony:
By thee 'tis led at every turn,
And even joys with thee to mourn;
Quick as its thoughts at every ſound flies out,
And hovers o'er the trembling accent of each dying note.

GRAND CHORUS.

To Muſic and Cecilia's name
Let every year return the ſame;
Whilſt we the praiſe of both rehearſe
In ſounding accents, grateful verſe;
And, in thoſe praiſes that we give,
We ourſelves ſhall joyful live.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR, FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

PArdon, great Duke, if Britain's ſtyle delights;
Or, if the Imperial title more invites,
Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muſe,
That dares not hope for more than your excuſe,
Forc'd at a diſtance to attempt your praiſe,
And ſing your victories in mournful lays,
To caſt in ſhadows, and allay the light
That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled ſight,
Nor durſt in a direct and open ſtrain
Such acts with her unhallow'd notes prohane:
In towering verſe let meaner heroes grow,
And to elaborate lines their greatneſs owe;
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praiſes no greater than a foe may grant.
Oh! when ſhall Europe, by her Marlborough's ſword,
To laſting peace and liberty reſtor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his riſing ſeat?
Where your ſoft partner, far from martial noiſe,
Your cares ſhall ſweeten with domeſtic joys:
Your conqueſts ſhe with doubtful pleaſure hears,
And in the midſt of every triumph fears;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her life,
A Friend obſequious, and a faithful Wife.
Hail, Woodſtock! hail, ye celebrated glades!
Grow faſt, ye woods! and flouriſh thick, ye ſhades!

Ye

Ye riſing towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new ſtructure does ſurpaſs the bower.
The pleaſing proſpects and romantic ſcite,
The ſpacious compaſs, and the ſtately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme;
And, if the Muſe would ſecond the deſign,
Mean as they are, ſhould in my numbers ſhine;
There live the joy and wonder of our iſles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's ſmiles.
While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Roſamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace;
But, bleſs'd with equal virtues had ſhe been,
Like them ſhe had been favour'd by the Queen,
Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthieſt beds of England's Peers.
Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with thoſe of Venus burns,
To his forſaken mate and ſhades returns;
On ſome proud tree more ſacred than the reſt,
With curious art he builds his ſpacious neſt;
In the warm ſun lies baſking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to ſee the noble brood
Fill all the loftieſt cedars of the wood.

HORACE

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

IMITATED BY MR. FENTON*.

SInce the hills all around us do penance in ſnow,
And winter's cold blaſts have benumb'd us below;
Since the rivers chain'd-up flow with the ſame ſpeed
As criminals move tow'rds the Pſalm they can't read;
Throw

* Elijah Fenton, deſcended from an antient family, and born at Shelton, near Newcaſtle under Line, in Staffordſhire, being the youngeſt of twelve children, was intended by his parents for the miniſtry. He was ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, where he embraced principles very oppoſite to the government, by which he became diſqualified for entering into holy orders. After quitting the univerſity, he was for ſome time uſher to Mr. Bonwicke, a celebrated ſchool-maſter at Headley in Surrey; and afterwards became ſecretary to the earl of Orrery: but how long he remained in that ſtation, we cannot aſcertain. After he quitted the ſervice of this noble peer, it was his cuſtom to pay a yearly viſit in the country to his brother, who poſſeſſed an eſtate of 1000l. per annum. He was a man of great tenderneſs and humanity, and carried the faireſt reputation. After a life at the cloſe of it ſpent in eaſe and tranquillity, he died at Eaſt-Hampſtead-Park, near Oakingham, on the 13th of July, 1730, much regretted by all men of taſte, as, what is very ſingular, having never been obnoxious to the reſentment of his brother-poets. He publiſhed in 1709 the volume whence this and the following poems of his are taken, under the title of "Oxford and Cambridge Verſes," printed for Lintott, without a date. In 1717 he publiſhed a volume of his own

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay whole groves on the fire;
To keep out the cold, and new vigour inſpire;
Ne'er waſte the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and purſue the grand buſineſs of drinking.

Come,

poems, and in 1723 introduced upon the ſtage his tragedy of Mariamne, built upon the ſtory related of her in the third volume of The Spectator, which the ingenious author collected out of Joſephus. He publiſhed alſo a very fine edition of the works of Mr. Edmund Waller, illuſtrated with full and uſeful notes of his own; and wrote a Life of Milton, which Dr. Johnſon very handſomely commends. Mr. Fenton was much beloved and eſteemed by Mr. Pope, who honoured him with an epitaph. The "Oxford and Cambridge Verſes" were thus inſcribed to Lionel earl of Dorſet and Middleſex:

"My Lord, I hope, on your return from having been admired in foreign Courts to adorn our own, you will not be ſurprized with a privilege the Poets aſſume, of being troubleſome to perſons of your rank. But they have more particularly applied themſelves to your Lordſhip's family; in which a continued race of Genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged its profeſſors. We owe the riſe of our Engliſh Tragedy to one of your Lordſhip's anceſtors, who fixed us ſecond to the Greek ſtage before Shakeſpeare wrote. And, my Lord, your father came the neareſt of all the moderns to Horace, in the ſweetneſs and gallantry of his Lyricks, and equalled him in Satire. Thus the ſtream flows pure in its deſcent, to receive a farther increaſe from your Lordſhip. We read of a Scipio and a Mæcenas, who uſed to ſoften the troubleſome honours of ſtate by converſing with the Muſes; and cheriſhed thoſe arts of which they themſelves were maſters: yet as ſingle inſtances of this kind are not frequent, ſo the

Come, pierce your old hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in ſherry,
For this is the ſeaſon to drink and be merry;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud ſtorms, and defy the cold weather.
We 'll have no more of buſineſs; but, friend, as you love
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us. [us,

vein is very ſeldom found to have continued a ſecond generation. But, in your Lordſhip's line, Nature ſeems induſtrious to preſerve the genius of Poetry, by ſucceſſively uniting delicacy of taſte, and brightneſs of wit, with the greateſt abilities for council and action. Thus ſhe reconciles the Seaſons in her moſt generous productions, by allowing them to bear Fruit and Bloſſoms together, and both in perfection. Theſe ſhining qualities made your Father the delight and wonder of his age; and had he not ſurvived himſelf in your Lordſhip, he had been the envy of ours. The praiſes which he received from the moſt refined Wits of our nation have proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleaſure we foreſee that poſterity, to deſerve the higheſt characters, will form themſelves on the model of your family, and copy from my Lords of Dorſet as the moſt originals. But, my Lord, I am afraid I ſhall forfeit all hopes of your patronage, by violating your modeſty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily ſupplied, to render her Majeſty's reign, at leaſt, a rival to her Virgin-predeceſſor's; ſo, to complete the parallel, it was neceſſary that you, my Lord, like another Sidney, ſhould ariſe, to receive the ſofter arts into your protection; to excite the young Writers of this age to attempt thoſe actions in verſe, which will ſhine ſo fairly diſtinguiſhed in our Britiſh ſtory. My Lord, I am Your Lordſhip's moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant,

E. FENTON."

Whilſt your appetite's ſtrong, and good-humour remains,
And active briſk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the ſweet minutes in ſcenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your miſtreſs the night:
In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever deſign'd;
Though ſhe runs from your arms, and retires to a ſhade,
Some friendly kind ſign will betray the coy maid:
All trembling you 'll find then the poor baſhful ſinner,
Such a treſpaſs is venial in any beginner; [her,
But remember this counſel, when once you have met
Get a ring from the fair-one, or ſomething that 's better!

CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

TRANSLATED BY MR. FENTON.

LET 's live, my dear, like Lovers too,
Nor heed what old men ſay or do.
The falling ſun will ſurely riſe,
And dart new glories through the ſkies.
But when we fall, alas! our light
Will ſet in everlaſting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the buſineſs of the day.
Give me this kiſs—and this—and this!
A hundred thouſand more.—Let 's kiſs
Till we ourſelves cannot expreſs,
Nor any lurking ſpy confeſs
The boundleſs meaſure of our happineſs.

CLAU-

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

BY MR. FENTON.

HAppy the man who all his days does paſs
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where firſt his trembling infant ſteps he try'd,
Which now ſupports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It ſaw his birth, ſhall ſee his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to ſtrange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native ſhore.
Free from all anxious intereſts of trade,
No ſtorms at ſea have e'er diſturb'd his head:
He never battle's wild confuſions ſaw,
Nor heard the worſe confuſions of the law.
A ſtranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded ſtreets, their ſtink and noiſe;
He a more calm and brighter ſky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of conſuls know,
The year his fruit's returning ſeaſons ſhow;
Quarters and months in Nature's face he ſees,
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
The whole day's ſhadows, in his homeſtead drawn,
Point out the hourly courſes of the ſun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whoſe tender ſetts his infancy beheld.
Of diſtant India, Erythræan ſhores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighboring towers,

(Alike unſeen) from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and ſtrong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny ſire.
The ſpacious globe let thoſe that will ſurvey,
This good old man, content at home to ſtay,
More happy years ſhall know, more leagues and countries they.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

BY MR. FENTON.

WOuld you, my friend, in little room expreſs
The juſt deſcription of true happineſs;
Firſt ſet me down a competent eſtate,
But rais'd and left me by a parent's ſweat;
('Tis pleaſure to improve, but toil to get:)
Not large, but always large enough to yield
A chearful fire, and no ungrateful field.
Averſe to law-ſuits, let me peace enjoy,
And rarely peſter'd with a town-employ.
Smooth be my thoughts, my mind ſerene and clear,
A healthful body with ſuch limbs I 'd bear
As ſhould be graceful, well-proportion'd, juſt,
And neither weak nor boriſhly robuſt.
Nor fool nor knave, but innocently wiſe;
Some friends indulge me, let a few ſuffice:
But ſuited to my humour and degree,
Not nice, but eaſily pleas'd, and fit for me:
So let my board and entertainments be.

With

With wholeſome homely food, not ſerv'd in ſtate,
What taſtes as well in pewter as in plate.
Mirth and a glaſs my chearful evenings ſhare,
At equal diſtance from debauch and care.
To bed retiring, let me find it bleſt
With a kind modeſt ſpouſe and downy reſt.
Pleas'd always with the lot my fates aſſign,
Let me no change deſire, no change decline;
With every turn of Providence comply,
Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

BY MR. FENTON.

AN honeſt mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawleſs crew:
Firm as a rock he to his purpoſe ſtands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
Him loudeſt ſtorms can't from his centre move,
He braves th' Almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should daſh in pieces, and ſhould cruſh the world;
Undaunted he the mighty craſh would hear,
Nor in his breaſt admit a thought of fear.
Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
Were by ſuch acts among the Gods enroll'd.
Auguſtus thus the ſhining powers poſſeſs'd,
By all the immortal deities careſs'd;
He ſhares with them in their etherial feaſts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly gueſts.

This was the path the friſking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore their jolly God,
Who fix'd in Heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars through this bleſt path was ſhown,
And 'ſcap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
And gain'd the manſions of eternal day;
For him ev'n Juno's ſelf pronounc'd a word
Grateful to all the etherial council-board.

O Ilion! Ilion! I with tranſport view
The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew:
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that curſt ſhepherd, that inceſtuous judge;
Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
And baſely broke the ſolemn oath he made.
But now the painted ſtrumpet and her gueſt
No more are in their pomp and jewels dreſt;
No more is Hector licens'd to deſtroy,
To ſlay the Greeks, and ſave his perjur'd Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghoſt,
Doom'd with his houſe to tread the burning coaſt.
The God of Battle now has ceas'd to roar,
And I, the Queen of Heaven, purſue my hate no more.
I now the Trojan Prieſteſs' ſon will give
Back to his warlike Sire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to uſe
Ambroſia and the nectar's heavenly juice;
To be enroll'd in theſe ſerene abodes,
And wear the eaſy order of the Gods.
In this bleſt ſtate I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome 's divided by the main;

While

While ſavage beaſts inſult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the capitol triumphant ſtand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let aweful Rome, with ſeven refulgent heads,
Still keep her conqueſt o'er the vanquiſh'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to ſhores without an end;
Where mid-land ſeas divide the fruitful ſoil
From Europe to the ſwelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by deſpiſing gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mold.
To be the wicked inſtrument of ill,
Let ſword and ruin every country fill,
That ſtrives to ſtop the progreſs of her arms;
Not only thoſe that ſultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endleſs winter lie,
Whoſe froſts and ſnows the ſun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy deſtiny;
That, when they univerſal rule enjoy,
They not preſume to raiſe their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens ſhall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myſelf a ſecond war will move,
Ev'n I the ſiſter and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp ſhould thrice erect a wall,
And all of braſs, yet thrice the work ſhould fall,

Sack'd

Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives ſhould drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their huſbands ſlain.

But whither would'ſt thou, ſoaring Muſe, aſpire!
To tell the counſels of the Heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canſt not ſtrain thy weakly ſtrings,
To ſing in humble notes ſuch mighty things:
No more the ſecrets of the Gods relate;
Thy tongue 's too feeble for a taſk ſo great.

THE ROSE. BY MR. FENTON.

SEE, Sylvia, ſee, this new-blown roſe!
The image of thy bluſh,
Mark how it ſmiles upon the buſh,
And triumphs as it grows.
"Oh, pluck it not! we 'll come anon,"
Thou ſay'ſt. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty 's ſpread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And ſoon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, ſeems it not to ſay,
Come on, and crop me whilſt you may?

EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

BY THE SAME.

MIlo's from home; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a ſon:
Why ſhe ſo fruitful, and ſo bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

ODE.

ODE. BY MR. FENTON, IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

THE man that's reſolute and juſt,
Firm to his principles and truſt,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind:
No paſſions his deſigns control,
Not Love, that tyrant of the ſoul,
Can ſhake his ſteady mind.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Not threatenings of a court enrag'd,
Nor ſtorms where fleets deſpair:
Not thunders pointed at his head;
The ſhatter'd world may ſtrike him dead,
Not touch his ſoul with fear.

From this the Grecian ſtory roſe,
By this the Romans aw'd their foes,
Of this their poets ſing:
Theſe were the paths the heroes trod,
Theſe arts made Hercules a God,
And great Naſſau a king.

Firm on the rolling deck he ſtood
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening ſtorms combine:
"Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way,
The winds may for a while delay,
Not alter our deſign.

The

The men whom ſelfiſh hopes inflame,
Or vanity allures to fame,
May be to fears betray'd:
But here a Church for ſuccour flies,
Inſulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for aid.

Yes! Britons, yes! with ardent zeal
I come, the wounded heart to heal,
The wounding hand to bind.
See, tools of arbitrary ſway,
And prieſts, like locuſts, ſcour away
Before the Weſtern wind.

Law ſhall again her force reſume,
Religion clear'd from clouds of Rome
With brighter rays advance:
The Britiſh fleet ſhall rule the deep,
The Britiſh youth, as rouz'd from ſleep,
Strike terror into France.

Nor ſhall theſe promiſes of Fate
Be limited to my ſhort date,
When I from care withdraw;
Still ſhall the Britiſh ſceptre ſtand,
Shall flouriſh in a female hand,
And to mankind give law.

She ſhall domeſtic foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her flag ſhall fight,
Whole armies drag her chain:
She ſhall loſt Italy reſtore,
Shall make th' imperial Eagle ſoar,
And give a king to Spain.

But know, theſe promiſes are given,
Theſe great rewards impartial Heaven
Does on theſe terms decree;
That, ſtrictly puniſhing men's faults,
You let their conſciences and thoughts
Reſt abſolutely free.

Let no falſe politicks confine
In narrow bounds your vaſt deſign
To make mankind unite;
Nor think it a ſufficient cauſe,
To puniſh men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

Rome, whoſe blind zeal deſtroys mankind,
Rome's ſons ſhall your compaſſion find,
Who ne'er compaſſion knew:
By noble actions theirs condemn;
For what has been reproach'd in them
Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

Theſe ſubjects ſuit not with the lyre:
Muſe, to what heighths doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The thoughts of Gods and God-like kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen lofty things
By mean ignoble verſe.

TO

TO THE HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE.

A FRAGMENT*; BY MR. PRIOR.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle, and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we declare,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly air.

To the mind's-eye things well appear,
At distance through an artful glass;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They 're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

* See the five first stanzas of this poem in the English Poets, vol. XXX. p. 46. The conclusion, as there printed, differs materially from this, which is the original, and was *first* printed in 1692. N.

APO-

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR*.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

FAIR Sylvia, ceaſe to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange Deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thouſand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I ſaw thoſe eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the ſkies,
And vaniſh into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never ſettle more!

* By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have aſcribed them. N.

AGAINST

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

BY MR. PRIOR.

FOR many unſucceſsful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Deſpair'd, but durſt not pray.

No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of any ſaint above,
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more aweful love.

Still the diſdainful dame look'd down
With an inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or toſs'd her head aſide.

When Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
"Uſe more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modeſt fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your arms.

With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he warmly muſt invade,
Who would poſſeſs the heart."

With that I ſhook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what ſhe for years
Had fooliſhly deny'd.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN IN THE SPRING. BY THE SAME.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's ſhade,
With folded arms and eyes caſt down,
Gently repos'd his love-ſick head:
Whilſt Thyrſis, ſporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the diſcontented youth complain:

"Aſk not the cauſe why ſickly flowers
Faintly recline their drooping heads;
As fearful of approaching ſhowers,
They ſtrive to hide them in their beds,
Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
And feel with him a ſympathy of woe.

Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
Regardleſs of her dying ſwain,
Leaves him to languiſh, to deſpair;
And murmur out in ſighs his pain.
The fugitive to fair Auguſta flies,
To make new ſlaves, and gain new victories.

So reſtleſs monarchs, though poſſeſs'd
Of all that we call ſtate or power,
Fancy themſelves but meanly bleſt,
Vainly ambitious ſtill of more.
Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
Not ſatisfy'd with private ſway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE*, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

"In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
"In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A LADY once (ſo ſtories ſay)
By Rats and Mice infeſted,
With gins and traps long ſought to ſlay
The Thieves; but ſtill they ſcap'd away,
And daily her moleſted.

Great havock 'mongſt her cheeſe was made,
And much the loſs did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of Cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The Vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin ſwift as lightning flew,
Thouſands of Mice he daily ſlew,
Thouſands of Rats defeated.

* The hints of this and the following Fable appear to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and "her Cats," printed in "The General Poſtſcript," Nov. 7, 1709. They have both been aſcribed to Dr. Swift. N.

Ne'er

Ne'er Cat before ſuch glory won,
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all Cats out-ſhone,
And in his Lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite Lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him ſhe did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, ſhe ſwears ſhe won't,
To ſee the Cat regarded;
But firmly is reſolv'd upon 't,
And vows, that, whatſoe'er comes on 't,
She 'll have the Cat diſcarded.

She begs, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe fawns, ſhe frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pett,
Grimalkin coſt her more in meat
Than all the Rats deſtroy'd.

At length this ſpiteful Waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite Cat 's a victim made,
To ſatisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now Lap-dog is again reſtor'd
Into his Lady's favour;
Sumptuouſly kept at bed and board,
And he (ſo Nab has given her word)
Shall from all Vermin ſave her.

Nab much exults at this ſucceſs,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her Lady fondly does careſs,
And tells her, Fubb can do no leſs
Than all her foes deſtroy.

But vain ſuch hopes; the Mice that fled
Return, now Grim 's diſcarded;
Whilſt Fubb till ten, on ſilken bed,
Securely lolls his drowſy head,
And leaves cheeſe unregarded.

Nor Rats nor Mice the Lap-dog fear,
Now uncontrol'd their theft is:
And whatſoe'er the Vermin ſpare,
Nab and her Dog betwixt them ſhare,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and ſlander grim;
Nab ſays, the Cat comes out of ſpight
To rob her Lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn ſecure in garret high,
Nor cheeſecake ſafe in cloſet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every ſhelf the Vermin prey;
And ſtill Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the Dairy-maid,
The Mice had ſpoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheeſe alſo.

With

With this ſame Lady once there liv'd
A truſty Servant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her Lady was deceiv'd,
And haſten'd to her aid.

Much art ſhe us'd for to diſcloſe
And find out the deceit;
At length ſhe to the Lady goes,
Diſcovers her domeſtic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the ſenſe of her miſtake,
The Lady, diſcontented,
Reſolves again her Cat to take,
And ne'er again her Cat forſake,
Leſt ſhe again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT; A FABLE *.

A WIDOW kept a favourite Cat,
At firſt a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown ſleek and fat,
With many a Mouſe, and many a Rat,
He ſoon diſclos'd his nature.

The Fox and He were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly ſlunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the Lambs, the fleeces ſold;
And Puſs grew lion-hearted.

* In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII. 454, this Fable is ſaid to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is *applied* to the duke of Marlborough, it is ſaid to be by Swift or Prior. N.

He ſcratch'd her maid, he ſtole the cream,
He tore her beſt lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor Chick, nor Duckling, 'ſcapes, when Grim
Invites the Fox to dinner.

The Dame full wiſely did decree,
For fear he ſhould diſpatch more,
That the falſe wretch ſhould worried be;
But in a ſaucy manner he
Thus ſpeech'd it like a Lechmere*:

"Muſt I, againſt all right and law,
"Like Pole-cat vile be treated?
"I! who ſo long with tooth and claw
"Have kept domeſtic Mice in awe,
"And foreign foes defeated!

"Your golden-pippins, and your pies,
"How oft have I defended!
"'Tis true, the pinner which you prize
"I tore in frolick; to your eyes
"I never harm intended.

"I am a Cat of honour."—"Stay!"
Quoth ſhe, "no longer parley;
"Whate'er you did in battle ſlay,
"By law of arms became your prey:
"I hope you won it fairly.

"Of this we'll grant you ſtand acquit,
"But not of your outrages:
"Tell me, Perfidious! was it fit
"To make my cream a perquiſite,
"And ſteal, to mend your wages?

* *The celebrated Lawyer.* N.

"So

" So flagrant is thy inſolence,
" So vile thy breach of truſt is,
" That longer with thee to diſpenſe,
" Were want of power, or want of ſenſe —
" Here, Towzer! — do him juſtice."

THE WRECK. A SATIRE.

BY JAMES GARDINER*, B. A.

" Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam."
HOR. Ode iv.

THE welcome ſun, with long-expected light,
At length ariſing, chac'd away the night,
Yet could not, with the ſhades, remove my fears,
Diſſolve my grief, and diſſipate my cares;
Remembrance

* Son of Dr. James Gardiner, Bp. of Lincoln; born at Weſtminſter in 1678, and admitted of Immanuel College, Cambridge, in 1694; where having taken the degree of B. A. he removed to Jeſus College, obtained a fellowſhip, and proceeded M. A. During his reſidence at the Univerſity, he was aſſiduous in ſtudy, and acquired, by repeated peruſal of the claſſics, a turn to poetry. His tranſlation of " Rapin of " Gardens" was publiſhed in 1704, as a farewell to the Muſes, upon his entering into holy orders, and accepting of the ſubdeanry of London, in 1705. A ſecond edition of this tranſlation was printed in 1717, with alterations which reflect much credit on Mr. Gardiner's judgement. This is the ſubſtance of what I can meet with of this ingenious poet's hiſ-

Remembrance of paſt dangers fill'd my breaſt
With anxious terrors, and denied me reſt:
Coy ſleep refus'd, though courted much, to cloſe
My wearied eye-lids; ſo from bed I roſe;
And, having thanks to the kind owner paid,
I left the fiſher's hoſpitable ſhed,
Whoſe generous mind a needful ſuccour gave,
Snatch'd me from death and from a watery grave.
Then walk'd I penſive on the rocky ſhore,
The angry waves had ceas'd their horrid roar;
Each mountain-billow ſhrunk its towering head,
And peaceful ſlept upon its oozy bed;
The winds had ſpent their breath, and to their caves were fled.
Yet, as the new-calm'd ocean grew ſerene,
On its ſmooth plain appear'd a diſmal ſcene:

tory. Jacob has preſerved the three following ſtanzas tranſcribed from the middle of an epitaph on this writer's father:

Vera ſi cordi eſt Pietas Fideſque,
Si Pudor priſcus, placiduſque mentis
Candor, antiquos imitare mores
Gardinerumque;
Qui diu Patrum æmulus optimorum
Legibus vitæ, ſtudiiſque ſanctis,
Duxit exemplar, ſpecimenque primi
Retulit ævi.
Proſperæ pectus bene præparatum
Res nec adverſæ poterunt movere;
Se parem ſemper ſibi cæteriſque
Geſſit amicum.

Br. Gardiner died in 1705. His ſon's death is unknown. N.

Diſtinctly

Diſtinctly now my wandering eyes beheld,
With our late wreck, the tragic ſurface fill'd;
Mix'd with the keel, in rude confuſion lies
The lofty pine that threaten'd once the ſkies;
Prodigious planks, the painted veſſel's pride,
Torn by the tempeſt from her wounded ſide,
Are borne along the triumph of the tide:
While all her cargo, a defenceleſs prey,
To ravenous ſharks and mews unguarded lay.
The ſilken ſtreamers, that ſo lately ſhone
With all their gawdy ſhew and glories gone,
Shatter'd and ſullied, now can only be
Mementos of the world's inconſtancy.
But a dead carcaſs, driven before the wind,
Afflicted moſt my melancholy mind.
Long with myſelf I weigh'd th' uncertain ſtate
Of all things human, made the ſport of Fate;
Yet, by no reaſon or example won,
Men, diſappointed, daily ſtill hope on,
And from one labour to another run;
Thouſand impracticable ſchemes project,
And thouſand caſtles in the air erect;
Nor think of death, although before their eyes
A neighbour often, or relation dies.
Perhaps, thought I, this ſilly wretch, for gain,
Tempted the many dangers of the main;
No terrors could his avarice withhold,
He ran all hazards in his ſearch of gold;
And vainly pleas'd himſelf with hopes to come
Laden with wealth and foreign treaſures home.
How mean his projects, and how weak his power!
Himſelf, and wealth, at once the ſeas devour;

When

When, may be now, his poor impatient wife
Leads in ſome diſtant realm her deſolate life;
On this once dear, now ghaſtly, thing employs
Her waking hours, or dreams o'er former joys;
With tears each night bedews her widow'd bed,
All real comfort with her husband fled,
Yet little fears, the worſt of all, he's dead;
Expects he's now upon his wiſh'd return,
And hopes ſhe may not long his abſence mourn.

Or the young orphan, whom this father left
Of every good, but innocence, bereft;
Unſkill'd in all the dangers of the deep,
And now miſtruſtful of no ſtorm, may ſleep.
May the ſweet babe in endleſs ſleep ne'er know
What troubles waking he muſt undergo!
Elſe muſt his growing ſenſe the loſs bemoan,
And in his father's ſhipwreck find his own.

Perhaps this was an only ſon and heir,
His mother's darling, and his father's care,
Whom the kind parents ſent to foreign parts,
To learn new manners, languages, and arts;
That he, whoſe younger years were well employ'd,
In time for buſineſs might be qualified.
But to thoſe hopes ſee Death has put an end;
Though thus our lives the wiſeſt of us ſpend;
The beſt part, if not all our life we give,
Only to purchaſe means whereby to live,
And treaſures for old age, to which ſo few arrive.
The good old people, when they kindly laid
Their hands with bleſſings on their ſon's dear head,

Which

Which kindneſs, with a kiſs, the youth return'd,
And all with true concern at parting mourn'd,
Did little then this direful chance preſage,
But hop'd he 'd come, the comfort of their age,
To cloſe their eyes, their lateſt breath receive,
And with a filial love attend them to their grave.
  Theſe the conderns and thoughts of mortals are,
Who, mov'd alternately by hope and fear,
Barter true happineſs for griping care.
How does vain man with fond expectance wait!
Yet all events are fix'd by certain fate.
In this unconſtant world, by paſſions drove,
Deceiv'd by hope, from wiſh to wiſh we rove;
As on the waves this lifeleſs body 's toſt
With all its grand intrigues, its mighty nothing 's loſt.
  Thus tender I did paſſionately bemoan
The dire misfortune of a wretch unknown;
And pity to mankind my ſoul could move,
Afflicted only with a general love.
But, as the floating carcaſs nearer drew,
The not much alter'd countenance I knew:
The Captain of the ſhip, who, ſwoln with pride,
The day before had all the fates defied;
Loud, as the ſtorm, did oaths and fury breathe,
Blaſphem'd the Gods, and careleſs laugh'd at Death.
This with ſevere reſentment fir'd my breaſt,
Nor could my juſt reproaches be ſuppreſt.
  Is this the boaſter, in whoſe ſwelling mien
Nothing but pride and fiery rage was ſeen?
Who vow'd deſtruction every word he ſpoke?
And does his fiery rage thus end in ſmoak?

Alas! where 's all thy ſwelling fury fled?
And how contemptible the ſcorner 's dead!
Where 's all his government and boundleſs ſway,
Himſelf to fiſh and beaſts expos'd a prey?
Thoſe ſhining treaſures, and that empire loſt,
Of which ſo lately he did vainly boaſt?
And of his veſſel, and his ſhipwreck'd ſtore,
Not one plank left to bear him ſafe to ſhore.
Go, ſilly mortals, after this be proud,
Let all your time in projects be beſtow'd;
Vainly preſuming on long life, engage
In what would be the buſineſs of an age.
Than this proud lump no man had fairer dreams,
Of happineſs miſcall'd drew finer ſchemes,
Had hopes of longer life, or promis'd more
What he would do when once he gain'd the ſhore;
Had fix'd the very time when he would come,
Enjoy his friends, and his eſtate at home.
But lo! how ſhort he lies of his deſign!
So little can we men fate's dark decrees divine!
Then, with theſe ſad reflections wearied out,
I left the corpſe, and chac'd away the thought.
But, ah! how little did I then foreknow
More racking tortures I muſt undergo,
And meet a fight to cauſe me ſharper woe.
One only friend I had, whoſe conſtant mind
Was to my ſoul by ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Our hearts united were ſo much the ſame,
They ſeem'd enliven'd by one common flame:
In mutual acts of love was our delight,
Which ſelfiſh men as notional may ſlight;

And

And how ſhould friendſhip hope a better fate,
When every other virtue's out of date.
Our true affections early firſt began,
Before ſelf-intereſt does debauch the man:
Our tempers made us to each other dear,
Alike our ſtudies and diverſions were;
While reaſon fix'd what inclination choſe,
And frequent trials knit the band more cloſe;
Nothing could force us from each other's ſight,
In converſation was our chief delight:
In the ſame veſſel both embark'd, to bear
In danger, or ſucceſs, an equal ſhare.
When ſhipwreck'd, we embrac'd, reſolv'd to lie
In cloſeſt folds, and thus united die,
Had not the ſea diſſolv'd our loving tie.
Soon as on ſhore my wandering ſenſe return'd,
I miſs'd my Damon, and his abſence mourn'd;
My Damon's ſafety was my earlieſt care,
Dear Damon's ſafety was my fervent prayer.
No conſolation could aſſuage my grief,
Till I was flatter'd with my Damon's life;
Aſſur'd he was eſcap'd, and gone before,
With ſeveral of our crew, who ſwam to ſhore.
But now, alas! my too unerring view
Confirms that all, I fear before, is true:
Breathleſs and pale the bloated carcaſs lies
To unrelenting death a ſacrifice;
While thou, my darling Caſtor, thus muſt die,
Thy Pollux juſtly hates his immortality.
When we were firſt moſt happily made friends,
Whoſe humours were the ſame, the ſame our ends,

Entirely

Entirely of each other's heart poſſeſt,
With mutual ſtriving which ſhould love the beſt;
What ſatisfaction might I not propoſe,
In the poſſeſſion of what's ſo well choſe?
For friendſhip ſure, of all terreſtrial bliſs,
Suits beſt with man's divineſt faculties.
But ſee, a fatal accident deſtroys
Thoſe ſchemes of bliſs, and blaſts the blooming joys.
Thus in this ſea of life poor mortals fare,
And on a thouſand rocks we ſhipwreck'd are;
On Heaven alone we wholly can depend
For joys unmix'd with grief and pleaſures without end.

ODE. BY MR. SMITH*.

ORMOND'S glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms:
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty

* Mr. Oldiſworth, in the account of this ingenious poet which Dr. Johnſon has adopted, obſerves that "there are "many of Smith's firſt eſſays in epigram, elegy, and epique, "ſtill handed about the Univerſity in manuſcript, which "ſhew a maſterly hand;" and that "the Encœnia and "public collections of the Univerſity upon ſtate ſubjects were "never in ſuch eſteem as when he contributed moſt largely.

"to

Mighty George *, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the ſtroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head,
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles,
More chearful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

"to them." The Odes here printed were publiſhed anonymouſly at the time when they were written, and are now aſcribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. — The "ludicrous Analyſis of Pocockius," in the Life by Dr. Johnſon, p. 62, was originally printed in The Student, vol. I. p. 383. and was addreſſed by the author to Mr. Urry, who had enliſted himſelf in the third regiment raiſed at the time of the Monmouth rebellion; which accounts for the expreſſion "Halberdarie ampliſſime." N.

* George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen. N.

ODE

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS, FOR THE DEGREE OF BATCHELOR OF MUSIC; PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON FRIDAY THE ELEVENTH OF JULY, 1707 *.

POSSIBLY WRITTEN BY MR. SMITH.

MUSIC, ſoft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous maſs
Of earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning ſtars their anthems ſang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The Seraphin, with the bright hoſt
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worſhip before th' Eternal Shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
In love and wonder paſs their bliſsful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine:
Here 's Muſic too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHO-

* The honours paid to St Cecilia have been mentioned in p. 28; where might have been added, that a Sermon was preached

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accents vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muſic yield.

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſecred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who ſay the Prophet's Harp e'er ſpoil'd the Poet's Song?

preached at St. Bride's church, on her anniverſary, in 1697, by Dr. Brady, which he publiſhed under the title of "Church "Muſic Vindicated." The laſt account I have ſeen of any entertainment to her memory at Stationers Hall is in Mr. Hughes's Ode in 1703. The feſtivity appears to have been alſo celebrated at Oxford, and to have been continued there longer: at leaſt, I have two Odes to St. Cecilia, one in 1707 compoſed by Mr. Purcell, the other in 1708 by Dr. Blow, "both performed at St. Mary Hall in Oxon, by Mr. Saunders "and Mr. Court, aſſiſted by the beſt voices and hands." Mr. Addiſon's Ode was performed there in 1699; and he has "a Song," without date, on the ſame occaſion. N.

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muſe, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat
Amongſt Apollo's ſons enquire,
And ſee if any friend of thine be there:
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt Bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here.

LOVE'S CONQUEST. BY MR. J. JACKSON*.

OFT have I laugh'd at Love's fond pain,
From little Cupid's fiery dart;
And ever thought theſe torments vain,
And he no power to wound a heart;

Till lovely Chloe I beheld:
Bright youth ſat blooming on her face,
Her frame with beauty's glory fill'd,
And deck'd in every charming grace.

Strait to my ſoul, through every vein,
The ſubtle charms like lightning run:
I languiſh with a pleaſing pain,
And willing yield to be undone.

* Of this writer I know nothing but by conjecture. He is probably the ſame who took the degree of M. A. at Queen's College, Oxford, Nov. 3. 1688; and as probably the tranſlator of "Ajax," mentioned in Mr. Duncombe's Letters, vol. II. p. 190. N.

Whilſt

Whilſt then I gaze upon her eyes,
Where little armed Loves advance,
Wing'd at each look, an arrow flies,
And pointed darts in every glance.

With grief her abſence kills me too!
I droop, I pine, when ſhe 's away;
As tender plants in winter do,
That want the ſun's reviving ray.

Ah, cruel Love! at laſt I wear
Thy chains, thus taken by ſurprize;
Whilſt to fair Chloe you repair,
To reign and triumph in her eyes.

THE CONTRARY AGREEMENT.

BY MR. JACKSON.

WHEN I tell Chloe how I love her,
She turns all to ridicule:
When with my ſighs I try to move her,
I 'm a whining canting fool.

Well, Chloe, if it thus muſt be,
I 'll own myſelf as great an aſs,
As fam'd in Love's knight-errantry,
As the great Don of Mancha was.

I 've ſigh'd, and vow'd, and all in jeſt,
(For once my tongue my heart belies)
And in romantic tales confeſt
The fancy'd conqueſts of your eyes.

So, Deareſt, then, we 're both agreed,
Alike deteſt, alike approve;
And the grand point 's at laſt decreed,
We both agree, that is, we love.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

BY MR. JACKSON.

BEHOLD this bright and lovely piece!
Such was the charming Queen of Greece,
Whoſe flame Troy's palaces conſum'd.
As many hearts to hers are doom'd!

ESSAY ON A FIRST PRINCIPLE OF DES CARTES,

"I THINK, THEREFORE I AM."

BY THE SAME.

COME, ſelf-reflecting Thought!
With deep and ſilent meditation fraught;
Confin'd unto my penſive ſoul,
Eternal circling eddies roll,
Dam up the avenues of ſenſe,
Let me no more receive from thence [penſe.
Th' uncertain objects the deluding world does now diſ-
Ah! let me then be nought
But pure abſtracted Thought,
Whilſt the idea of myſelf I frame,
For firſt I think, and thence conclude I am.

What

What then 's this gaudy ſcene I ſeem to ſee?
Above, a convex canopy;
Below, a ſpecious painted ball,
And every where a moving animal.
Thoſe various objects, that appear
T' affect my touch, my taſte, my ſmell, my ear,
Chimæras all—nor do I know
Where any ſuch exiſt or no,
Or can as yet a juſt criterion ſhow.

For, if I 've once deluded been,
Why may not I be ſo again?
What if in Error's mould my mind was caſt
At firſt, and ſtill the ſame impreſſions laſt?
Or ſome malignant Dæmon me deludes,
And all theſe fairy images obtrudes?
But then, what real ſubſtance can I find?
I 'll think—and ſomething 'tis that thinks—and muſt exiſt—my mind.

But can't I be abſtracted too from Thought?
No—'tis a ſelf-diſcovering note
To the Exiſtence, whilſt I will not, does convey
That very Will, my Being does diſplay
Like fire, that its own flames betray.
Since then I'm ſure of Thought, and know thereby I am,
But all external objects may be empty name,
On that I 'll all my age employ, and look on theſe
But as ſuppos'd deceitful ſubſtances.

SONG. BY COL. HENNINGH.

SINCE Spartan heroes were ſo dull,
They felt not Beauty's power;
Thrice happy we, whoſe joys are full,
Whilſt Love grows every hour.
'Tis pity in a noble mind
Nature ſhould bear no part,
How can the brave be truly kind,
And Love not touch the heart?

Though Mars his empire rule by day,
And boaſt his mighty ſpoils,
Yet Love at night ſhall ſtill repay
The hazard of his toils:
Whilſt courage does with vigour move,
Our conqueſt to compleat,
The Fair an eaſy victim prove,
The brave by force ſubmit.

THE INDIFFERENT. A SO

TO THE TUNE OF LALERIDA.

BY THE EARL OF ORRERY*.

HE that in Love would ſtill prevail,
Or not be troubled if he fail,
Let him my way be a Lover;
At firſt I ſeem to die for Love,
If that her pity will not move,
Without it I recover.

* Charles, the well-known opponent of Bentley in th
t

But if the Lady 's kind and true,
I always ſtrive to be ſo too,
  Thus to pity I invite her;
But if a tyrant ſhe will prove,
And deny that for which I love,
  I tyrant turn and ſlight her.

Thus when I do a beauty ſee,
I like her juſt as ſhe likes me,
  Who vexes if I don't take her:
But yet the conſequence is bad;
For, if ſhe 's fair, muſt I be mad?
  I 'll rather ſtraight forſake her.

troverſy on Phalaris's Epiſtles, and the inventor of the machine which bears his name, who ſucceeded to the earldom of Orrery on his brother Lionel's death in 1703. In the abovementioned controverſy he was ſuppoſed to have had the aſſiſtance of the wits of Chriſt Church, Atterbury, Smallridge, &c. which Swift, in his Battle of the Books, ſtyles "a ſuit "of armour given him by all the Gods." This, however, his ſon well obſerves, "the Gods never beſtowed but upon their "favourites," an Achilles or an Æneas: Life of Swift, Let. xiii. Some Cambridge wags, on this occaſion, made a truly claſſical pun, exhibiting, in a print, Phalaris's guards thruſting Bentley into the tyrant's brazen-bull, and this label iſſuing from the Doctor's mouth "I had rather be *roaſted* "than *boyled*." His Lordſhip alſo wrote a copy of verſes on The Diſpenſary, a Prologue to one of Southern's plays, and a Comedy called "As You find it," whoſe only fault, Budgell ſays, is, it had too much wit in it. He died Aug. 28, 1731. The late elegant tranſlator of Pliny was his ſon. D.

TO BELINDA.

ANONYMOUS*; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

IN Church, the prayer-book, and the fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn curt'ſies, ſhew the wily maid;
At Plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
And nods and ſmiles, are fondly meant for ſnares.
Alas! vain Charmer, you no Lovers get;
There you ſeem Hypocrite, and here Coquette.

TO FLAVIA. FROM THE SAME.

NATURE, in pity, has deny'd you ſhape,
Elſe how ſhould mortals Flavia's chain eſcape?
Your radiant aſpect, and your roſy bloom,
Without this form would bring a general doom;
At once our ruin and relief we ſee;
At ſight are captives, and at ſight are free.

ON NICOLINI'S LEAVING THE STAGE.

FROM THE SAME.

BE gone, our nation's pleaſure and reproach!
Britain no more with idle trills debauch;
Back to thy own unmanly Venice ſail,
Where luxury and looſe deſires prevail;
There thy emaſculating voice employ,
And raiſe the triumphs of the wanton boy.

* Some of theſe poems, as I have already mentioned, I believe to be Mr. Steele's. N.

Long

Long, ah! too long the ſoft enchantment reign'd,
Sedue'd the wiſe, and ev'n the brave enchain'd;
Hence with thy curſt deluding ſong! away!
Shall Britiſh freedom thus become thy prey?
Freedom, which we ſo dearly us'd to prize,
We ſcorn'd to yield it—but to Britiſh eyes.
Aſſiſt, ye gales; with expeditious care
Waft this prepoſterous idol of the Fair;
Conſent, ye Fair, and let the trifler go,
Nor bribe with wiſhes adverſe winds to blow:
Nonſenſe grew pleaſing by his Syren arts,
And ſtole from Shakeſpeare's ſelf our eaſy hearts.

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

ANONYMOUS: FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and chear the nights:
Or the leaves that ſtrew the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn:
Or Bridegroom's joys, or Miſer's cares,
Or Gameſter's oaths, or Hermit's prayers:
Or Envy's pangs, or Love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ———n's charms?

A SIGH.

A SIGH. FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a ſecret fire,
Which by thee itſelf diſcovers,
Ere yet daring to aſpire;

Softeſt note of whiſper'd anguiſh,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the liſtener's heart;

Safeſt meſſenger of paſſion,
Stealing through a crowd of ſpies,
Who conſtrain the outward faſhion,
Cloſe the lips, and watch the eyes;

Shapeleſs Sigh! we ne'er can ſhow thee,
Fram'd but to aſſault the ear:
Yet, ere to their coſt they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee — Here.

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

BY THE SAME WRITER.

COULD he, whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.
Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?

Since

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom Deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye Powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtill
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

ANACREON, ODE XLV.

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHEN Mars the Lemnian darts ſurvey'd,
Which Vulcan forg'd for Cupid's bow;
"What fooliſh toys are theſe, he ſaid,
How brittle and how ſlight they ſhow!
Fit play-things for a child!" When ſtraight
The little God did one prepare;
"Here try, ſaid he, if this wants weight;"
And gave it to the God of War.

He took the dart, its weight he try'd,
While Venus ſmil'd to ſee him caught;
"Here, take it back again, he cry'd,
'Tis much more weighty than I thought."

The

The little archer, wanton grown
To find the God of War ſhew fear,
" Keep it, ſaid he, and henceforth own
My dart wounds deeper than your ſpear."

ANACREON, ODE XXX.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

THE Muſes, frolick ſome and gay,
Caught Cupid as he ſleeping lay,
With myrtle twigs his hands they ty'd,
And laid him by Cleora's ſide.

She ſtroak'd his cheeks, and often preſt
The wanton archer to her breaſt;
Then loos'd his hands.—" You 're free!" ſhe ſaid;
Yet he refus'd to leave the maid.

In vain his mother hunts about,
Offers rewards to find him out;
In vain would ſet the captive free,
He 's pleas'd with ſuch a ſlavery.
Cloſe by her ſide he watching lies;
The wretch who ſees Cleora dies.

MARY QUEEN OF FRANCE, TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

The Princeſs Mary, Henry the Eighth's younger ſiſter, being in love with the Duke of Suffolk, was, for public reaſons, married to Lewis the Twelfth of France, who died in ſix months after. The Queen, being again at liberty, writes the following Epiſtle to the Duke of Suffolk, her firſt lover.

LET theſe ſoft lines my kindeſt thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I ſuffer by thy ſtay.
Did ſeas divide us, this might well excuſe
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuſe.
But Calais from the Kentiſh ſtrand is ſeen;
A gentle current only rolls between.
Nor needs my Suffolk, like Leander, brave
A preſent death in every breaking wave,
When, guided only by a glimmering light,
He croſs'd the ſtormy Helleſpont by night.
Tall ſhips, with flying ſails and labouring oars,
Attend to land thee on the Gallic ſhores.
But thou art chang'd — that ardor is expir'd,
Which once thy wiſhes with impatience fir'd;
When Savoy's blooming dutcheſs ſtrove in vain
From me the conqueſt of thy heart to gain:
Invited by great Henry's martial fame,
The haughty princeſs, with her brother, came

To

To compliment the King for Tournay gain'd;
Where, in a rich pavilion entertain'd,
Thy noble form th' unguarded Fair ſurpriz'd;
Nor were her tender wiſhes long diſguis'd:
Whatever Flattery, Love, or wanton Art,
Could do, ſhe practis'd to ſeduce thy heart.
Great Anthony, by ſuch allurements gain'd,
For Cleopatra all his glory ſtain'd:
But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd;
For you ſtill lov'd, or I was well deceiv'd:
Nor were my virgin vows leſs true to thee,
When young Caſtile addreſs'd the court for me.
The charms of proffer'd empire I reſign'd;
Brandon was more than empire to my mind:
While, without rivals, in thy breaſt I reign'd,
My thoughts the pageantry of power diſdain'd.
But, ah! what changes human joys attend!
On fickle turns our brighteſt hopes depend.
Victorious Henry's arms ſtill meet ſucceſs;
The vanquiſh'd Gauls at laſt propoſe a peace.
By Wolſey's policy their terms ſucceed;
The long contending nations are agreed;
And I the public victim am decreed.
Condemn'd to ſhare the Chriſtian Monarch's bed,
And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.
I knew my rank no private choice allow'd,
And what a Princeſs to her country ow'd.
Theſe ſplendid maxims ſhould have ſway'd my breaſt,
But Love entirely had my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
How oft I wiſh'd my kinder deſtiny
Had ſunk the Queen in ſome obſcure degree;

While

While, crown'd by rural maids with painted flowers,
I rang'd the fields, and ſlept in verdant bowers;
Belov'd of ſome young ſwain, with Brandon's face,
His voice, his geſture, and his blooming grace,
In all but birth and ſtate reſembling thee!
Then unmoleſted we had liv'd, and free
From all the curſt reſtraints which greatneſs brings;
While grots, the meads, the ſhades, and purling ſprings,
The flowery valley, and the gloomy grove,
Had heard of no ſuperior name to Love.
Such ſcenes of this inglorious life I drew,
And half believ'd the charming fiction true,
Till real ills diſſolv'd the pleaſing dreams,
The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and ſilver ſtreams.
The gay fantaſtic paradiſe I mourn'd;
While courts and factions, crowns and cares, return'd.
With ſighs I ſtill recall the fatal day,
When no pretence could gain a longer ſtay.
The lovely Queen my parting ſorrow ſaw,
Nor Henry's preſence kept my grief in awe.
No rules of decent cuſtom could control,
Or hide the wide diſorder of my ſoul,
When ſhipp'd for France before the dancing wind
The navy fled, and left my hopes behind.
With weeping eyes I ſtill ſurvey'd the ſtrand,
Where on a riſing cliff I ſaw thee ſtand;
Nor once from thence my ſtedfaſt ſight withdrew,
Till the lov'd object was no more in view.
"Farewell, I cry'd, dear charming youth! with thee
Each chearful proſpect vaniſhes from me."

Loud ſhouts and triumphs on the Gallic coaſt
Salute me; but the noiſy zeal was loſt.
Nor ſhouts nor triumphs drew my leaſt regard,
Thy parting ſighs, methought, were all I heard.
But now at Albeville by Louis met,
I ſtrove the thoughts of Suffolk to forget;
For here my faith was to my monarch vow'd,
And ſolemn rites my paſſion diſallow'd:
However pure my former flames had been,
Unblemiſh'd honour made them now a ſin.
But ſcarce my virtue had the conqueſt gain'd,
And every wild forbidden wiſh reſtrain'd;
When at St. Dennis, with imperial ſtate
Inveſted, on the Gallic throne I ſate;
The day with noble tournaments was grac'd,
Your name amongſt the Britiſh champions plac'd.
Invited by a guilty thirſt of fame,
Without regard to my repoſe, you came.
The liſts I ſaw thee entering with ſurprize,
And felt the darting glances of thine eyes.
"Ye ſacred Powers, I cry'd, that rule above!
Defend my breaſt from this perfidious love!
Ye holy Lamps! before whoſe aweful lights
I gave my hand; and ye religious rites!
Aſſiſt me now; nor let a thought unchaſte,
Or guilty wiſh, my plighted honour blaſt!"
While paſſion, ſtruggling with my pious fears,
Forc'd from my eyes involuntary tears.
Some tender bloſſom thus, with leaves enlarg'd,
Declines its head, with midnight dew o'ercharg'd:

The

The paſſing breezes ſhake the gentle flower,
And ſcatter all around a pearly ſhower.
From this diſtracting hour I ſhunn'd thy ſight,
And gain'd the conqueſt by a prudent flight.
But human turns, and ſovereign deſtiny,
Have ſet me now from thoſe engagements free.
The ſtars, propitious to my virgin love,
My firſt deſires and early vows approve;
While buſy politicians urge in vain,
That public reaſons ſhould my choice reſtrain;
That none but York's or Lancaſter's high race,
Or great Plantagenet's, I ought to grace!
Nor Suffolk wants a long illuſtrious line,
And worth that ſhall in future records ſhine.
They own'd thy valour when thy conquering lance
Carry'd the prize from all the youth of France.
Thy merit Henry's conſtant favour ſhows,
And Envy only can my choice oppoſe.
Thy noble preſence, wit, and fine addreſs,
The Britiſh and the Gallic court confeſs.
Alançon's ſhape, and Vendôme's ſparkling eye,
Count Paul's gay mien, and Bourbon's majeſty,
No longer are admir'd, when thou art by.
There nothing wants to juſtify my flame,
The ſtateſmen grant, but a poor empty name.
And what 's the gaudy title of a King?
What ſolid bliſs can royal grandeur bring?
When thou art abſent, what 's the court to me,
But tireſome ſtate, and dull formality?
This toy a crown I would reſign, to prove
The peaceful joys of innocence and love.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS*.
BY THE SAME WRITER.

AS Cippus in the trembling ſtream ſurvey'd
The ſhooting horns that ſhade his conquering head,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurprize
His touch confirms the cenſure of his eyes.
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious prayers:
"If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me!"
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the Augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head;
Then cry'd, "Hail, Conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſovereign power as Fate's decree!"
He ſaid; and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
"Far hence, ye Gods, this execration ſend;
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the Capitol ſhould ſtyle me Lord."

* From Ovid, Met. XV. And ſee Valerius Maximus. N.

This

This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and ſaid:
" If Augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by Deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns he has: if e'er within the town,
Your liberty and Latian laws are gone.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own."
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er ſome grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
" The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes."
The anxious throng look'd down, and, ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the Senate — " Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So Godlike is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of the day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold."

THE LOVER'S PRAYER,

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

YE gentle Loves and ſoft Deſires,
That fan your own fantaſtic fires;
Why are ye ſo unjuſt to me,
To leave fair Sacchariſſa free;
To let her triumph in my pain,
And all your little arts diſdain?
Untouch'd ſhe rambles up and down,
And captivates the gazing town;
Where-e'er ſhe caſts her wandering eyes,
In every face they meet ſurprize;
In every heart a temple 's rais'd,
By every tongue her beauty 's prais'd;
While ſhe, unkind, neglects a ſeat,
And thinks to wander 's to be great.
So the bold Macedonian boy,
Thought it was Godlike to deſtroy:
Not knowing, that to truly reign,
Is not to conquer, but maintain.
O Venus, daughter of great Jove,
Queen of Beauty, Queen of Love;
If e'er Adonis bleſs'd your arms,
If e'er you revel'd in his charms,
If e'er you kiſs'd his rolling eyes,
Or e'er devour'd his amorous ſighs;
Or e'er you did thoſe torments prove
That wait upon neglected Love;
Let this fair tyrant feel thy power,
Though proof againſt a golden ſhower.

WOMAN.

WOMAN. FROM THE SAME.

NOW thus it is when tender Virgins burn,
And feel the fiery God within their veins;
They affect the downy chin, and roſy cheek;
And like the youth that 's baſhful as themſelves.
But, when experience and ripe years bring knowledge,
Then, with a wary eye, and ſharp diſcerment,
They chuſe a man of faultleſs ſhape and features,
Able of limbs, and ſprightly in his looks,
That can both raiſe and ſatisfy deſires.
Him to allure they have a thouſand arts,
Deep in their kind as thoſe of Machiavel.
With ſuch an one they wiſh to ſpend their days,
With ſuch an one an age were ſcarce a day!
In junketing, and ſong, and frolic dance,
And reſtleſs mirth th' unwearied day they 'll paſs,
And longeſt winter nights are then too ſhort.
But quickly comes old age, forlorn, forſaken,
Which cannot love, becauſe not lov'd again:
Then 'tis they will approve the homely drudge,
And pay him wages ſtinted to his merit:
For looks and beauty they have ſmall regard,
But value ſhoulders of prodigious ſize,
Thick ſtrutting calves, a black and ſtubbed beard,
Which, newly ſhorn, looks blue about the chin.
Thus women love in their declining years;
And theſe the charms which win that brittle ſex.
But as for learning and the ſkill of arts,
(Bright ornaments of life, the gift of heaven)
Know, though a man knew all that 's to be known;

Could challenge Phœbus, and the tuneful nine;
Could ſo exalt himſelf by vigorous thought,
That, in the trances of ſweet contemplation,
He were all ſoul and pure intelligence;
This man would they deſpiſe of all mankind,
And could no more be brought with him to join
In holy wedlock's bands, or otherwiſe,
Than angels to inform an earthly clod.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

IN vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruſe
Th' inſtructive labours of the Tragic Muſe,
If Cato's virtue cannot cure my ſoul,
And all the jarring paſſions there controul
In vain—but ah! what arguments can prove
Sufficient to reſiſt the force of Love?
I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire;
Like him I languiſh with the fond deſire;
Like him I groan beneath th' uneaſy weight,
And ev'n, like him deſpairing, wiſh my fate.
Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
Then would you ſtrive to ſoften your diſdain:
My anxious griefs you tender breaſt would move,
And raiſe compaſſion, where they could not love.
But lo bright Marcia! ſee, relentleſs fair,
In Cato's daughter thy whole ſelf appear.
In thee, alas! her lovely virtues ſhine,
Her charms, her heavenly beauties all are thine;

And whilſt in moving numbers is diſplay'd
Juba's ſoft paſſion for the glorious maid,
Think you behold your lover proſtate lie,
In tendereſt accents think you hear me ſigh:
Then, then be kind—and on my ſufferings ſmile,
As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
Let not the Roman mercy thine excel;
Since Love like that of Juba fills my breaſt,
Let me at length with equal joys be bleſt.

THE SPRING. FROM THE SAME.

WHEN wintery blaſts and ruffling ſtorms expire,
And nature kindles up her genial fire;
When the gay park puts on a lively green;
Clariſſa there in all her charms is ſeen.
Her ſparkling eyes did double luſtre bring;
Her glowing bloom confeſt the youthful Spring:
O'er her ſtain'd cheeks vermillion bluſhes ran;
A Goddeſs mov'd. And Florio thus began:
"See, ſee, Clariſſa, how theſe meadows riſe
In all their flowery pride and varied dies!
How on thoſe trees the orient bloſſom blows,
And yon ſmooth amber ſtream in ſilence flows!
Here the tall elm from falling rains defends:
The lime-tree there a grateful fragrance ſends.
Above, ſee gilded tracts and cryſtal ſkies:
Below, gay landſkips, verdant ſcenes ariſe;
The verdant ſcenes, reflecting mildeſt light,
Soften the proſpect, and refreſh the ſight.

And

And now yon clouds in pearly currents flow,
And glancing ſun-beams paint the gaudy bow,
Whoſe colour'd tracts, obſcurely waſting, die,
Varniſh the earth, and purge the middle ſky.
The wafting air, freighted with ſpices, comes;
With every breath we draw in rich perfumes:
The ſoft ſerene in every feature ſhines:
The heart beats joyous, and the head refines:
The ſprightly limbs their ſpringing vigour ſhow;
In ſwifter tides the dancing ſpirits flow:
The ſwelling fluid wantons in the vein:
And gay ideas play about the brain:
Each organ labours to exert its power,
And life exults, and nature ſallies o'er.
Inform me, fair-one, whence theſe ſymptoms riſe;
Why pants the breaſt? why languiſh thus the eyes?
What makes the maid to bluſh? the youth to ſtart?
Whence are theſe ecſtaſies and pangs of heart?
Is it not nature's call, ſoft joys to prove?
Means it not life? and what means life but Love?"
Here, his voice failing as his rapture roſe,
In moving ſilence Florio ſigh'd his vows:
When to his heart the refluent ſpirits came,
With riſing joy he urg'd his heighten'd flame:
"Hear, how mild Zephyr ſooths the amorous breaſt!
Hear him, like me, in dying murmurs waſte!
See, how the birds, through all the ſhady ſeats,
Fill up the melody, and woos their mates!
The birds, the beaſts, a gentle fury moves,
Through the wide air and earth, to ſeek their Loves.

The glow of Love in every boſom reigns,
And every maid diſſolves in melting pains.
Ev'n in thy breaſt more tender paſſions riſe,
And ſpread unuſual ſoftneſs o'er thy eyes:
A florid bloom ſits on thy ripen'd charms,
And lambent youthful heat each beauty warms:
The vernal ſoul, diffus'd through all, invites
To ſweeten Cypria's joys with Hymen's rites."
Soon as the trembling nymph heard Hymen nam'd,
Her warmth redoubled, and her wiſhes flam'd;
Her raviſh'd heart leap'd up; ſhe joy'd to find
She might be ſtrictly good, and fondly kind.

FROM SANNAZARIUS*.

ANONYMOUS: FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

AS Venus once Latona's daughter ſpy'd
Prepar'd for ſylvan game, the Wanton cry'd:
"What! ſtill a loitering on the wood-land green,
Still ſpreading nets for beaſts, moſt noble Queen?"
Then ſhe: "With nets I make the beaſts my prey.
But who ſpread thoſe, fair, modeſt creature, ſay,
When naked, caught, but not alone, you lay!"

* A celebrated Italian and Latin poet; born at Naples, and died 1530. His verſes on Venice (ſee vol. II. p. 140 and 221) are printed in the ſecond volume of Selecta Poemata Italorum qui Latine ſcripſerunt, publiſhed by Mr. Pope, 8vo. 1740, p. 23. and alſo by Tom Coryat in his Crudities, p. 159; who ſays, the ſenate of Venice beſtowed on Sannazarius a hundred crowns for every verſe. See the paſſage quoted at length in Dodſley's Old Plays, VIII. 29. N.

TO

TO A PAINTER,

ON HIS DRAWING A LADY'S PICTURE.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SO fair a ſemblance of ſo fair a face,
What hand but thine ſucceſsfully could trace?
To blended colours ſo much beauty give,
As might a lover's careful eyes deceive?
On the dark canvaſs ſee Dalinda riſe,
Whilſt every ſenſe confeſſes its ſurprize:
So beauteous Cynthia darts a radiant light
Through gloomy clouds, and gilds the ſable night.

SONG. FROM THE SAME.

STREPHON the young, the loveliеſt ſwain,
That ever grac'd th' Arcadian plain,
Fair Celia lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,

Hymen had warranted delight;
But ſtill the ſun, with hated light,
Deferr'd the pleaſures of the night.

To eaſe his pain, his harp he ſtrung,
And charm'd the wain of night along,
With his ſoft harmonious ſong.

"Phœbus, ruler of the day,
Swiftly drive the hours away;
In the ocean drop the light,
And haſten on the lazy night.

If e'er thou heard'ſt a Lover's vow,
Propitious Phœbus, hear me now;
Since thou, who art the ſun, haſt known
Love's fires burn fiercer than mine own.

And when, by my entreaties bow'd,
Thou ſett'ſt in yonder evening cloud;
In Thetis' boſom thou may'ſt lie,
And truſt the day to Celia's eye.

To her bright look thy rays will be
But what Aurora is to thee:
Env ſhall make thee later riſe,
And own the conqueſt of her eyes."

With ſuch ſoft muſic did the ſwain
Of Love's tormenting cares complain,
That Phœbus haſted on the night,
And in the ocean dropt the light:
To Celia's arms then Strephon came,
And in them quench'd as bright a flame.

BION IMITATED. FROM THE SAME.

THE Nine fair daughters of immortal Jove
Refuſe to patronize licentious Love;
And yet diſdain not kindly to inſpire
The man, whoſe breaſt contains a purer fire.
To foul, diſhonour'd luſt, the baſhful Muſe
Will every prayer and every wiſh refuſe.
Not ſo to him who in his virgin lays
The ſpotleſs image of his ſoul diſplays.

Then

Then the chaſte Goddeſs preſent to his view
Stands forth confeſt, nor need he once purſue.
Unaſk'd ſhe inſpires him with the tuneful art,
To ſooth the mind, and captivate the heart.
This I atteſt, ſince I have often known
The truth of what, by me, the Muſes own.
For, if ſome Love leſs noble were my ſong,
The faultering numbers died upon my tongue.
But, fair Amelia, when to thee I ſing,
Then all the Muſes their aſſiſtance bring;
With living thoughts they animate each line,
Pleas'd to immortalize the bright deſign,
Which bears the luſtre of a name like thine.

TO ARISTUS,

IN IMITATION OF A SONNET OF MILTON.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

O Thou, who in thine early bloom of youth,
(Though dark the path, though rugged is the way)
Didſt labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
By glory led, impatient of delay;
And now among thoſe few moſt eminent art ſeen,
That tread the turf of that immortal green;

Ariſtus! in whoſe breaſt the heavenly Muſe
(Such is her care of godlike minds, like thine)
The ſpirit of each perfection did infuſe
That graces Phœbus and the tuneful Nine:
Thou wondrous youth, my artleſs numbers guide,
And gently fan the fire, which, but for thee, had died.

Ev'n

Ev'n as that image, which Prometheus made,
When uninform'd with that celeſtial fire,
Upon the ground a ſenſeleſs lump was laid,
Till heat divine did motion firſt inſpire;
So me from this low earth thou firſt didſt raiſe,
And animate with thy inſpiring praiſe.

When ſhall we meet; and when wilt thou reſtore
To me the ſunſhine of a friendly ſmile?
When ſhall we turn to joy each ſullen hour,
And with ſweet talk our various cares beguile?
When ſhall we, charm'd with thoſe dear joys we feel,
Let grey-ey'd morn on night unheeded ſteal?

Then ſhall the burning hearth with chearful blaze
Diſſolve the froſt, and chilling Winter's cold:
The ſparkling wine ſhall ſwift-wing'd fancy raiſe,
And every faculty of joy unfold; [the ear,
Then from the well-tun'd harp ſoft ſounds ſhall ſtrike
And warble in ſublimer notes the Tuſcan air.

So ſhall the wintery minutes chearful paſs,
Until Favonius with his breath inſpire
Each gentle youth, and every blooming laſs,
To feel returning love, and ſoft deſire;
Till, crown'd with roſes, new-born Spring appear,
Spring, the ſweet, purple dawn and morning of the year.

If thee, Ariſtus, ſuch delights can pleaſe,
Loſe not th' enjoyment of the preſent hour;
Let this be paſs'd in no inglorious eaſe;
The preſent only is within our power.
Do not, too wiſely, from this joy refrain;
Neglected once, perhaps 'twill ne'er return again.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, THE DAY AFTER HIS MAJESTY'S PUBLIC ENTRY.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

AT length, Britannia, reſcued from thy fears,
Renew thy joys: thy promis'd King appears.
How did thy ſons, each hour, with anxious mind,
Conſult the ſkies, and importune the wind!
How did they count each wave that caus'd his ſtay,
Still rolling backward o'er the watery way!
How did his entry every ſoul employ!
How ſtrong the tranſport! and how loud the joy!
While you were zealous for your Sovereign's right,
For him we made our Greeks and Romans fight.
Oft as the Muſe ſome godlike hero drew,
Or ſet a virtuous patriot to your view;
So oft we warm'd you in the Brunſwick cauſe,
And fix'd a generous people to their laws.
Though great the dearth of Comic fools will be,
And a thin crop of coxcombs we foreſee;
Though ſenſe is like to thrive throughout the land,
And all French fopperies will be contraband:
We not deſpair. Some ridicule may riſe,
Some modiſh oddneſs, ſome bizarre diſguiſe:
So oft doth rapture ſober ſenſe deſtroy;
For Folly ever was the child of Joy.
At leaſt, for dear variety, you 'll chuſe
Sometimes to liſten to the Tragic Muſe:

Here

Here ſhall you ſit, and ſolemn ſilence keep,
Leſt you grow wanton, and forget to weep:
When ſuch a Monarch comes to bleſs the age,
No ſorrows ſhall be felt, but from the ſtage.

ODE ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN. FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

" Tum meæ (ſi quid loquar audiendum)
" Vocis accedet bona pars: & ô Sol
" Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
" Cæſare felix." HOR. Od. IV. 2.

SAFETY attend the ſhip that brings
The greateſt, wiſeſt, beſt of Kings!
Conduct her, Heaven, acroſs the deep!
Lay the unruly winds aſleep,
Command the bluſtering ſtorms to ceaſe,
And will the elements to peace!

O happy nation! people bleſs'd!
(Late moſt unhappy! moſt diſtreſs'd!)
Forget thy fears, forgive thy wrongs;
In willing, loyal, joyful throngs
Meet the Preventer of thy fate,
Meet the Redeemer of thy ſtate.

With pious tears and grief confeſs'd,
Belgia reſigns the Royal gueſt:
Her pious tears our joys increaſe,
Her grief beſpeaks our happineſs;
And ſhouts, which echo from her coaſt,
Say Belgia's wants are Britain's boaſt.

Diſpell'd be our unquiet fears;
For ſee, at length, great George appears:
The glad exulting crowd ſurveys
The pride of Britain, Europe's praiſe;
The Prince by bounteous Heaven deſign'd
The common Patron of mankind.

Indulgent Father of our Iſle,
Monarch of our affections, hail!
With bloodleſs unbought laurels crown'd,
Welcome once more on Engliſh ground;
To ſubjects welcome, bleſs'd, and free,
Protected, reſcued, ſav'd by thee.

Ye Powers divine! whoſe righteous ſway
All ſublunary things obey!
Accept our thanks for George reſtor'd,
Britannia's greateſt, beſt-lov'd Lord,
Whoſe glory is his people's eaſe,
Juſtice his Throne, his ſceptre Peace.

Continue ſtill, kind Heaven, to bleſs
His arms and councils with ſucceſs!
His perſon guard; prolong his reign,
Our legal freedom to maintain;
Invading tyrants to oppoſe;
And cruſh the hopes of home-bred foes!

PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY SEVERAL HANDS*.
DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to diſcard
Your perſevering, unexhauſted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the fair *againſt* her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wiſhes eaſy,
Who in your own *deſpite* has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.
He ſcorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore;
But ever writ as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, ſhould each man bring his claim,
Have deſperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I 'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws;
Nor ſinks his credit lower than it was.
Though Plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reaſons—to be paid.
Believe him, Sirs, he has known the world too long,
And ſeen the death of much immortal ſong.
He ſays, poor Poets loſt, while Players won;
As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.
Though Tom the Poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
The Comic Tom abounds in other treaſure.

* Firſt printed in Steele's Collection; and afterward in the Miſcellanies of Swift and Pope. N.

Fame is at beſt an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial happineſs to *eat*.
Let eaſe, his laſt requeſt, be of your giving;
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

LOVE'S RELIEF.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

A Wretch long tortur'd with diſdain,
That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of Wine addreſs'd,
The refuge of a wounded breaſt:

"Vouchſafe, oh Power, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the Lover's part,
Fluſh his wan looks, and chear his heart."

Thus to the jolly God he cried;
And thus the jolly God replied:
"Give whining o'er, be briſk and gay,
And quaff this ſneaking form away.

With dauntleſs mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is to dare."
The Swain purſued the God's advice;
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

She ſmil'd, and ſpoke the ſex's mind;
"When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themſelves are moſt ſevere,
And make us tyrants by their fear."

ST. JULIAN'S PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHILST on their wings the gentle Zephyrs bear
The youthful ſeaſon of the blooming year;
While the bright ſun attends on nature's birth,
And with a warmer kiſs ſalutes the earth;
While Venus o'er the whole creation reigns,
And Cupid revels on the flowery plains;
Pregnant with ſweets, while fanning breezes move,
Saluting as they paſs the citron-grove,
And univerſal Nature glows with Love;
I feel my blood and ſpirits ſwifter glide,
And fancy flowing in a fuller tide.
Alone, I now ſome tale of Love rehearſe;
Or, if I ſlumber, ſtill I dream of Verſe.
Celeſtial Muſe! if 'tis from thee my breaſt
Is with the love of Poetry poſſeſt;
Raiſe thy young Poet from the vulgar throng,
Suſtain his flight, and animate his ſong:
Far from my thoughts all other cares remove,
But only thoſe of Poetry and Love.
Be this an earneſt of my future praiſe,
An omen thou wilt bleſs my growing bays;
Confirm the youthful bard, who trembling fears
To bear a weight unequal to his years.
Shew, that it is from thee my heart o'erflows,
While Fancy paints the ſubject Judgement choſe.

In fair Milan there dwelt, of mighty fame,
A noble Knight, and Tancred was his name;
Famous he was in many a bloody fight,
But moſt in courtly arts was his delight:
Thoſe ſofter combats, and more pleaſing wars,
Which broke no bones, nor ſeam'd the face with ſcars.
Ne'er did our Knight of any She complain,
That much he lov'd, and was not lov'd again.
Envy'd by all, and happy was the dame,
Who was the object of brave Tancred's flame:
Vers'd in the arts of Love, full well he knew
When to retire, and when again purſue.
Thus ſkill'd the tender moment to improve,
Succeſs ſtill waited on his roving Love.
Long had our Warrior thus victorious reign'd;
A nymph, by him beſieg'd, was ſurely gain'd,
But in Milan there grew not palms enow;
With other garlands he would deck his brow;
Be Lord of all, and own'd without diſpute,
Through all the realms of Cupid abſolute.
Thus Philip's ſon, of Perſia's crown poſſeſt,
And with the ſpoils of conquer'd nations bleſt,
No limits in his wild ambition knew;
And wanted worlds to make his triumphs new.
Let other Poets, in a lofty ſtrain,
Deſcribe their Hero on the duſty plain;
Make Mars his helmet bear, his fauchion wield,
And paint Minerva on his ample ſhield;
Shew him impatient, ſmit with glory's charms,
Courteous in peace, invincible in arms;

In

In thickeſt dangers all ſerene and calm,
And bring down Victory to wreath his brows with palm.
But naked Love the ſword of Mars defies;
Venus has keener weapons in her eyes.
Unarm'd our Knight, nor arms were his intent,
His amorous courſe to Pavia's city bent;
Pavia, the place which Venus honours moſt,
Next her own Paphos and the Cyprian coaſt.
There live the Graces, thither flock the Fair;
Her chariot, doves, and all her train, were there.
The Legend ſays, the Knight with conſtant care,
Ne'er fail'd to ſay each morn a magic prayer;
And then he ne'er had cauſe of juſt complaint,
By Julian kept, his tutelary Saint:
Leſs powerful charms, the ſtory goes, than theſe,
Could alter Nature in her fixt decrees.
With ſuch of old were midnight Witches known
Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring Moon.
'Twas ſaid, its virtues too prevail'd in Love;
But that mean art did Tancred never prove:
Much more avails in Love a youthful grace,
And the ſoft magic of a charming face;
The Knight relied on this, the prayer once ſaid,
He ne'er ſhould want a ſupper, nor a bed.
Bright Phœbus now his meaſur'd courſe had run;
The day was ended, and the night begun:
Cloſe by the road an ancient foreſt ſtood,
Fenc'd from the light, and thick o'erſpread with wood.
By noon-day robbers a retreat 'twas made,
And ſafe they lurk'd beneath the gloomy ſhade.

Thoughtleſs of danger, Tancred urg'd his way;
Out ruſh the gang, and ſeize the deſtin'd prey.
Horſe, money, cloaths, and all, the villains take,
Regain the foreſt, and the Knight forſake.
Naked, diſtreſs'd, deſpairing, and alone,
On the cold earth he hopeleſs laid him down.
Pavia was diſtant far; the lowering ſky
And guſts of wind proclaim'd a tempeſt nigh.
No ſtar appear'd, to guide the wandering Knight;
In vain he look'd; no chearful beam of light
Shot through the pitchy darkneſs of the night.
Amidſt the wood an ancient tree aroſe,
Extending far its hoſpitable boughs;
Tancred that night his lodging there deſign'd,
As ſome ſmall ſhelter from the cutting wind.
But ſtill from fate more torments he muſt prove,
The whiſtling winds ſtill ſhook the bending grove,
And rain pour'd down, in ſtreams, from angry Jove.
At length by happy chance the Knight perceives
A trembling beam dart through the waving leaves;
With joy tranſported he purſues the light,
While forward ſtill the friendly rays invite.
About half way 'tween Pavia and the wood,
Among the fields an ancient villa ſtood.
Thence, from the light within, proceeds the ray,
Which with an happy omen marks his way.
Within the houſe a lady, once a wife,
Liv'd at her eaſe, and made the moſt of life:
Indulgent fate had broke the marriage nooſe,
Untied the knot, and ſet the fair-one looſe.

Long

Long did ſhe weep her poor departed dear,
Paid him a huſband's tribute — to a tear.
But, when the widow's cloudy days blew o'er,
She wip'd her radiant eyes; would cry no more;
Grew chearful, airy; and then thought, at laſt,
How beſt ſhe might repay her ſorrows paſt:
Propos'd again that Hymen's known delights
Should make amends for all her lonely nights.
But to be tied for better and for worſe;
She lik'd the bleſſing, but ſhe fear'd the curſe:
Far then ſhe'd be from matrimonial care,
Be miſtreſs of herſelf, and free as air.
At laſt, in ſhort, a Love-intrigue preſents;
And that, ſhe thought, might anſwer all intents:
Determin'd thus, ſhe ventures on the game,
And every night the luſty Lover came.

It happen'd that ſame night, as Tancred lay
Wringing his cloaths, and longing for the day;
The loving nymph within expecting ſate,
And wondered why her Lover ſtaid ſo late.
Nought there, but he, was wanting: for the Fair
Had order'd all things with a Lover's care.
There Ceres, Bacchus, and the Graces came,
The gay attendants on the Cyprian dame.
Ragouts and jellies overſpread the board,
And all the wines which Autumn could afford:
Th' expecting Nymph, with ſighs and heaving breaſt,
Female impatience, female love expreſt.
At length a truſty page brings word, that night
Her Lover was (though loth) debarr'd her ſight;

Some

Some urgent buſineſs, what he did not ſay,
Forc'd him, againſt his will, to keep away.
Be this the Lover's loſs, 'twas Tancred's gain.
A maid within, who heard the Knight complain,
Mov'd with his weakly voice and ſhuddering tone,
Looks out, and aſks what creature made that moan.
Tancred could hardly ſee the taper's light,
So much the beating rain had dimm'd his ſight:
Pierc'd through with cold, and frozen are his limbs,
Yet even thus he charms, and lovely ſeems.
He tells his quality, and begs relief;
His graceful carriage gains a quick belief.
She tells her miſtreſs all ſhe heard, and more,
And ſhows her Tancred ſhivering at the door.
The Fair had often heard of Tancred's name;
Rude muſt they be, who knew not Tancred's fame.
The ſight her yielding heart to pity mov'd;
She brought him in, and knew not that ſhe lov'd.
Freſh cloaths were fetch'd; the ſtranger, warm and dreſt,
In courtly phraſe his gratitude expreſt.
They ſit, they chat; the nymph was not reſerv'd;
The wine is brought, and the rich banquet ſerv'd.
Tancred was keen; the labours of the night
Had thinn'd his blood, and whet his appetite.
Hunger th' attentive widow could not move;
She long'd for Tancred, and ſhe fed on Love.
Penſive ſhe ſat, and on the comely Knight,
Unmov'd with other objects, fix'd her ſight.
Love, unattended with its anxious pains,
Plays round her heart, and dances in her veins.

The

The ſupper ended, and the ſervants gone,
And the kind longing couple left alone;
A parly ſoon began. Brave Tancred's heart
Was ſtruck quite through with Cupid's golden dart.
Love choſe the ſhaft, and look'd his quiver o'er
To find a match for that had ſtruck the Nymph before.
Lovers imagine what moſt hidden lies,
See with their fancy what 's denied their eyes.
Nothing could Tancred's eager ſight eſcape,
Her winning carriage, and her eaſy ſhape;
The foot, the well-turn'd leg, the taper thigh,
Were ſoon examin'd by his knowing eye;
Her hand, her arm, her neck, he ran all o'er,
Beſides a thouſand nameleſs graces more.
Nameleſs be they—nor will the Muſes name
What kindles in their cheeks a guilty flame.
Thus much ſuffice, nor more ſhall be expreſt,
I leave the baſhful maid to gueſs the reſt.
In decent garb ſhe ſat, and plain attire,
The Loves flew all around, and kindled ſoft deſire.
With native charms and careleſs art array'd,
Ten thouſand Graces in her beauties play'd:
Could I her look, and negligence of dreſs,
In living verſe with ſtudied art expreſs,
The Loves would think their Mother I had ſeen,
And for the Nymph deſcrib'd th' Idalian Queen.
But, if the Knight was wounded by her eyes,
She ſaw brave Tancred with no leſs ſurprize.
His mien, his comely port, and manly grace,
And youthful bloom, which flush'd the Lover's face,

She

She long admiring ſat, with down-caſt look;
At length the man belov'd ſhe thus beſpoke:
" How happily, alas, do you renew
The thought of one ſo much reſembled you!
Through all his features not one pleaſing line,
But does in yours with equal beauty ſhine.
Such graces had propitious Venus ſhed
Around the deareſt partner of my bed.
In you his every action I can trace,
And when I look on you, I ſee his face!"
Tell me, ye learn'd, and ſay, ye mighty wiſe,
What ſtoick apathy, what Cato, could deſpiſe
A fair-one's praiſes? whom could Love diſpleaſe,
When urg'd by ſuch endearing charms as theſe!
Fir'd with the praiſe, his cheeks with bluſhes glow'd,
Then anſwer'd thus; and as he ſpoke, he bow'd:
" Such mighty glory is not Tancred's due;
But, faireſt creature, what reſembles you?
The ſun, when ſhining with meridian light,
Shews not one object ſo divinely bright."
The Nymph here ſtopt him, and with dextrous art
Seem'd to diſlike what pleas'd her to the heart.
From beauty's favourite title ſhe 'd recede,
That for her beauty he might ſtronger plead:
Aſſerted moſt, what moſt ſhe 'd have deny'd,
And by humility ſhe gratified her pride.
So when fair Iris, in the clouds of night,
Avoids th' embraces of the God of Light;
With doubled rays he darts upon the ſkies,
Seeks out the Nymph, and paints her as ſhe flies.

Tancred

Tancred continues, praiſes o'er again
All that he has, and all he has not ſeen;
But which full willingly the Squire would ſee,
Were but the fair-one half ſo bold as he.
" To praiſe, ſaid he, your beauty as I ought,
Exceeds the power of language, and of thought.
To ſpeak an object ſo divinely bright,
Would aſk an age, and I have but a night;
Which, with your leave, might better be employ'd:"
The fair-one ſmil'd; and Tancred, over-joy'd,
Left compliment; provoking is delay
In a kind couple, when alone, as they.
He manag'd Love as Generals do War,
Took each advantage, and with haſty care
Urg'd-on the tender moment with the Fair.
Artful reſiſtance, juſt enough, was made,
Till pleaſure to its criſis was delay'd.
The Lady ſeem'd obſequious to the call,
And anſwer'd nothing—that was ſaying all!
Yielding, but coy, as ſeemingly ſhe ſtrove
To give Compulſion what ſhe gave to Love.
Young and unſkill'd, O that I could proceed
To tell of all the amorous Tancred's deed:
Him through Love's groves and labyrinths purſue,
And keep the ardent Lover ſtill in view!
Round Tancred's neck her ſnowy arms ſhe caſt,
And paid with kiſſes all his labours paſt;
This for the thieves, and forty for the fright,
And this, and this, repay the ſtormy night.
Happieſt of happy Lovers! O that I
Such precious favours from my Fair could buy!

The

The greateſt dangers I ſhould ne'er regard,
Nor ſufferings feel, which ſhe would ſo reward.
'Twas late; the whole creation ſilent lay,
And ſlumbers drown'd the labours of the day:
No noiſe was heard, all nature ſeem'd to nod,
And own the empire of the Sleepy God.
Ev'n Envy ſlumber'd, and old Morpheus ſhed
His drowſy poppies full on Tancred's head.
The Fair departed to her bed of down;
And by the legend it is plainly ſhown,
That happy Tancred did not lie alone.
How much delight they took, how little reſt,
How the fond Lovers all their fire expreſt,
I paſs—Nymphs, conſcious of a Lover's flame,
Will in their minds the ſoft idea frame.
And ſhould I vainly now proceed to tell
The plenty of their Loves; I might as well
Count all the roſes which the Zephyrs bring,
Or number up the lilies of the Spring.
But now Aurora, harbinger of day,
Roſe from the bed where aged Tithon lay;
Unbarr'd the doors of Heaven, and overſpread
The path of Phœbus with a bluſhing red.
Up roſe the Lovers; and th' obliging Fair
Continued ſtill to Tancred all her care:
Him all her treaſures and her gold ſhe ſhow'd,
And many preſents on the Knight beſtow'd:
Pleas'd with the ſweet remembrance of the night,
She thus repaid him for the dear delight:
Then the departing Knight with tears ſhe kiſs'd,
And, with repeated vows of conſtancy, diſmiſs'd.

ON A BEAUTIFUL LADY WITH CATARACTS IN BOTH EYES.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS AN IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHAT mean theſe wonders? Can ſuch beams of light
Break from the ſolid darkneſs of the night?
Diamonds, I now believe, their charms diſplay
Brighter in gloom, and duller in the day.
Flavia, too well I know your harſh decree,
You ne'er can pity whom you ne'er can ſee.
Yet to my paſſion lend a liſtening ear,
You need no ſoft deluding accents fear.
Never on artleſs lips perſuaſion hung,
There trills no muſic from this faultering tongue.
Ev'n Flavia's name I oft attempt in vain,
Long ſtruggling ſtand, unable to explain,
At laſt, cry, "Flavia, pleaſure gives me pain!"
Nor do I mourn my voice its aid denies,
For Love's dumb language is beſt ſpoke by eyes.
But eyes unknowing wound, my fate is ſuch,
That yours too little ſee, and mine too much.
So quick they lighten, yet ſo chaſte they roll,
The nice Platonick there might kiſs the ſoul.
Love's Deities the Poets ill defin'd;
The charming Mother, not the Boy, is blind.
Still can you grieve your ſenſe of ſight is gone?
The reſt are doubled by that loſs of one.

I ſee

I ſee my Flavia variouſly excel,
And think, but know not how thoſe thoughts to tell.
You bright ideas eaſily diſplay,
But fain would view the world in cloudleſs day.
Since then, not I can ſpeak, nor you can ſee,
Some other ſenſe is left, where both agree.

SONG. ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

HOW long will Cynthia own no flame,
And my warm ſuit diſprove?
Our ages mutually proclaim,
'Tis now the time to love.

Ah! think how ſwift each minute flies,
How years will form conſume:
No Lover, when you wither, dies;
We ſicken when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in war,
The nuptial joys declin'd:
But had ſhe been, like Venus, fair,
She 'd been, like Venus, kind.

In vain you force ſevere replies,
And willing Nature wrong:
While Cupids languiſh in your eyes,
Who can believe your tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,
Nor damps nor blows deſire:
In looks, as well as words, deny,
Or put out fire with fire!

TO

TO A JEALOUS MISTRESS.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

NO more, ſeverely kind, affect
To put that lovely anger on;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou canſt ſuſpect
Thy Lover's eyes, yet truſt thy own.

Aw'd by ſtern Honour's watchful ſpies,
Dull formal rules I'm forc'd t' obey;
Like dungeon-ſlaves, my haſty eyes
Juſt ſnatch a glimpſe of chearful day.

Abſent, the defart walks I view;
Here went Eliza, there ſhe came:
With tears my lonely couch bedew,
And, dreaming, ſigh Eliza's name.

"Where is his ſoul, the women cry,
The ſtupid lump! the lifeleſs earth!"
"Where, ſay the men, his briſk reply,
His crimſon glaſs, and noiſy mirth!"

Haſt thou not mark'd my burning kiſs,
My lawleſs pulſe, my bounding heart?
How oft when, wild for further bliſs,
All trembling from thy arms I ſtart?

Ah, ſpotleſs Fair! too well I find
My paſſions ſtrong, my reaſon frail:
Ah! can I ſtain that angel mind,
And, Virtue loſt, let Love prevail?

No! down in ſhades below we 'll rove,
A glorious miſerable pair;
Gaz'd-at through all the myrtle grove,
For burning love, and chaſte deſpair.

Say, if thou lov'ſt, did ever youth,
That wiſh'd like me, like me endure?
Doſt thou not blame this ſwainiſh truth,
And wiſh my flame were not ſo pure?

In pity hate me, tempting Fair;
An happy exile let me fly.
What feveriſh wretch his thirſt can bear,
That ſees the cooling ſtream ſo nigh!

Oh! I ſhall all my vows unſay,
If once I gaze — my blood will glow;
This virtuous froſt will melt away,
And Love's wild torrent over-flow.

IN AMOREM TAMI ET ISIDIS*.

NYMPHA Iſis liquidos agros dum læta pererrat,
Incaluit madidæ Tamus amore Deæ.
Serpit amans tacitus, ſinuoſáque brachia circum
Fundit, & æterno fœdere jungit aquas.
Nunc torrens idem, & limes datur unus utrique,
Nec doluere vices Ille, vel Illa ſuas.
Tamus amat quicquid ſua dulcis amaverat Iſis;
Et quod Tamus amat, Tamus & Iſis amant.
Jam nullam agnoſcas Tami, nullum Iſidis undam;
Commune imperium Tamiſis unus habet.

* This and the imitation are by an anonymous writer in Steele's Collection. See Dr. King's "Thame and Iſis," Engliſh Poets, vol. XX. p. 426. N.

THAMES

THAMES AND ISIS.

IN IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM. 1708.

WHILE through the flowery meads glad Iſis ſtray'd,
Enamour'd Tame purſu'd the lovely maid;
With ſilent haſte to her embraces flies,
And on her boſom ſinks in endleſs bliſs.
Now both ſo one, one fruitful bed ſtill bears,
Alike the happy change is his and hers.
Tame, what his charming Iſis loves, enjoys;
What's Tame's delight, alike is hers and his.
So one, ſo happy in their union grown!
Like Britain's ſelf, in Thames they're now but one.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

IMITATED, BY THE SAME WRITER.

TO enjoy your life in happineſs,
My friend, the ways and means are theſe:
Deſcended wealth, a fruitful farm,
An houſe by ſcite and ſtructure warm:
Still void of ſtrife. Your dreſs ſtill plain;
But unaffected, neat and clean.
Alike at peace in head and heart,
And vigorous health in every part.
Truth without craft; a friend, or two,
Juſt ſuch, and only ſuch, as you.
A table with cheap plenty ſpread;
Where health, and no diſeaſe, is fed.
Still ſober nights, yet free from cares,
A bed, that luſt nor ſorrow ſhares;

Where pleaſing daily labours give
Unbroken ſleeps from ten to five.
From further views entirely free;
But, as you are, content to be.
And thus while all your hours are paſt;
Nor fears, nor wiſhes, for your laſt.

SONG. BY THE SAME WRITER.

PHYLLIS the young, the fair, the gay!
The youth, that fain would ſpoil ye,
Gives you at once the bloom of May,
And riper bluſh of July.

Whilſt thus the ſoothing rogue prepares
His Phyllis for his pleaſures;
Learn, Fair-one, hence t' eſcape his ſnares,
And ſave your faireſt treaſures.

"The bloſſoms by too hot a taint
"Soon droop, and fall neglected;
"And fruit that has a maggot in 't,
"However fair, 's rejected."

TO AN OLD BED-MAKER.

WHO HAD SCANDALIZED ME.

IMITATED FROM BUCHANAN.

IN vain, old Dipſas, you 'd aſperſe my fame,
In vain with praiſes I 'd adorn your name;
Your Satire 's vain, my Panegyrick too,
For no one credits either me or you.

HYMN TO VENUS,

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

IMmortal Venus, to whoſe name
Millions of altars daily flame;
Daughter of Jove, whoſe flattering art
Knows well to wound a wretch's heart;
Sappho to you directs her prayers:
Afflict not thus my ſoul with cares;
But, ah! expel this raging pain,
Nor let my wiſhes prove in vain.

If miſeries your pity move,
If Sappho has deſerv'd your love,
Hear me, and eaſe a tortur'd mind,
And ſtill, as you were once, be kind;
When pity ſway'd your gentle breaſt,
And me above my hopes you bleſt.

Hither from Heaven you took your way,
(For ever ſacred be that day!)
Your wanton birds the chariot drew,
Like lightning through the clouds they flew,
With opening wings they cut the air,
And left on earth their heavenly care;
Then ſwiftly back your ſparrows fly,
And waft the chariot to the ſky.

A pleaſing ſmile your face adorn'd;
You aſk'd the cauſe for which I mourn'd;

'Twas then theſe joyful words you ſaid,
"Why does my Sappho ſeek my aid?
If Love diſtreſs'd has caus'd your pain,
You ſhall not ſue to me in vain.
The youth whoſe graces you admire
Shall burn again with equal fire;
Doom'd, though he now your paſſion flies,
A certain victim to your eyes."

O Venus! with propitious care,
Indu'ge my flame, receive my prayer;
The torments of uncertain love
From my ſoft bleeding heart remove!
Ah! with your own reſiſtleſs fire,
Your dying votary inſpire;
Do thou, bright Goddeſs! grant ſucceſs;
My numbers ſhall thy power confeſs.

TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS, ON HIS DISTREST MOTHER.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age
With human ſacrifices drench'd the ſtage;
That ſcarce one Hero dares demand applauſe,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
As if, like ſwans, they only could delight
With dying ſtrains, and, while they pleaſe, affright.
Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
Dares not deſtroy, where Horace bids him ſpare:

His

His decent ſcene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.
While he from nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.
Oft' as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers ſadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage poſſeſt,
Now ſooths, now animates, each maiden breaſt.
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Deſpair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Oreſtes, to diſtract his mind.
From-firſt to laſt, alternate paſſions reign;
And we reſiſt the Poet's will in vain.

EPISTLE TO D——.

I Know your paſſion, friend, and well approve
The chaſte endearments of a mutual love;
Yet ſmile to ſee the airy youth confin'd,
His boaſted freedom all to one reſign'd,
Who widely rang'd and courted woman-kind.
But only you, thrice happy you, can tell
How far theſe chains ſuch liberties excell;
Her chaſte embrace, one ſoft tranſporting kiſs,
Surpaſſes all your ſcenes of guilty bliſs.
Let modeſt D—— laugh, and F—— jeſt,
At ſacred pleaſures, they want thought to taſte;
They'd change their mind if bleſs'd with Mira's charms,
And own the ſweet conviction in her arms.
But thoſe are paths untrod, reſerv'd for you,
Whilſt I a wretched beaten track purſue;

A widow is my lot, impos'd by fate
To pay-off debts, and marry an eſtate:
No charms but thoſe of money join our hands,
And nature ſhrinks at what the prieſt commands;
But golden chains muſt fix me to the oar,
I ſtill muſt drudge, and ſhe 'll ſtill heave for more.
See! where methinks th' inſatiate creature lies,
Whilſt I ſtand deſtin'd for the ſacrifice.
What can I do? will hectic warmth aſſuage
The tenfold fury of her wanton rage?
But parents, friends, and ſhatter'd fortunes, claim
Her rich alliance, to ſupport our name.
So when the Earth her opening breaſt laid wide,
And all the Forum yawn'd from ſide to ſide,
The Roman youth appeas'd her angry womb,
Leap'd in, and made the mighty deep his tomb.

SOLOMON'S SONG*. CHAP. IV.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SOLOMON.

DAughters of Salem, and ye Virgin throng,
That tread Judæa's plains, regard my Song.
Let kindly thoughts your ſofter paſſions raiſe,
And on my Fair-one with complacence gaze.
Her dove-like eyes ten thouſand charms diſpenſe,
Breathing at once both Love and Innocence:
Behold, adown her neck the wavy locks
Bound like exulting kids o'er Gilead's rocks:

* This beautiful poem is inſerted by Mr. Croxall, in "The "Fair Circaſſian." He was probably the writer of it. N.

Her

Her ivory teeth in beauteous order ſtand,
Whiter than new-ſhorn ſheep on Jordan's ſtrand;
When dropping from the flood with fleecy ſkins,
Each with her lambs appears, and each with twins:
Her lips like threads of ſcarlet brightly glow;
In comely ſpeech her moving accents flow:
Her cheeks amidſt ſoft circling treſſes ſhine,
As when the tender ringlets of the vine
Around the bluſhing fruit their greener curls entwine.
Her marble neck the ſparkling gems adorn,
As radiant Phoſphor paints the ſhining morn;
Stately, like David's tower in Sion's fields,
Emblazon'd all around with warrior ſhields,
Her even breaſts, where youthful Graces dwell,
Pregnant with bloom, and ripening beauties ſwell;
Like young twin roes that graze the flowery meads
With buds juſt ſprouting from their velvet heads.
Hence to the hills of myrrh I'll haſte away,
Where ſpicy breezes round my head ſhall play;
In gentle dreams I'll ſpend the gloomy night,
Till morning ſun reſtores his golden light.
Return from Lebanon, my Spouſe, my Love,
To Hermon's dewy hill and Shenir's grove:
See, from Amana's green and ſhady brow,
The diſtant proſpect of the vales below;
Securely hence the ſpotted leopard view,
Nor fear the grizly lion's yellow hue.
O Spouſe divinely fair! whoſe every part,
With ſtreams of lightning, melts my raviſh'd heart!
Full of thy Love, I ſcorn Baalhamon's wine,
Nor for the vineyard's purple juice repine:

Such

Such ſweet perfumes attend thee every where,
That Saba's ſpices flow when thou art here.
A balmy milk does from thy tongue diſtil,
And all thy lips with liquid honey fill:
With ſmells of Lebanon thy veſture crown'd,
Scatters refreſhing odours all around:
The various ſweets which feed the thymy bee,
My Spouſe, my lovely Siſter, are in Thee.
So when the ſun, with orient beams replete,
On ſome fair garden ſheds his genial heat,
Each vernal flower uprears its painted head,
While opening buds their folded leaves diſ-ſpread;
With trembling ſtream the limpid fountains play,
And from their gilded waves reflect the day.
Ripe thural fruits their frankincenſe exhale,
Spikenard and cinnamon, that loves the vale,
Saffron and ſpikenard, precious pleaſant oil,
That ſprings from rich Arabia's happy ſoil:
Their ſpicy rind, with gummy ſap diſtent,
Breathes through the air a ſoft balſamic ſcent:
Nocturnal dews in humid vapour riſe,
And fragrant clouds perfume the azure ſkies.

THE SPOUSE.

Awake, O North! or thou kind Southern breeze,
In ſoftly murmurs whiſper through the trees:
With ſoothing breath upon my garden blow,
That grateful ſmells from every part may flow.
Let my Beloved, in the cooly ſhade,
Upon ſome lily bank repoſe his head;
Or with delicious fruitage pleaſe his taſte,
Be fill'd with joy, and bleſs the kind repaſt.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

SO fair a form, with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a ſpotleſs mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious ſees
The lovely Vot'reſs on her bended knees,
Sure it muſt think ſome Angel loſt its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt realms of light.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

IS Britain reſcued from th' Italian chain,
And the dear ſong neglected for thy ſtrain?
Are ev'n the Fair reclaim'd? and dare they ſit
Intent on Virtue, and be pleas'd with Wit?
What Muſe, but thine, could thus redeem our taſte.
With ſhow deluded, and with ſound debas'd?
Hard was the taſk, and worthy of your rage,
You ſeem the great Alcides of the age:
How glorioufly you riſe in our defence!
Your cauſe is Liberty; your armour, Senſe;
The brood of tuneful monſters you control,
Which ſink the genius, and degrade the ſoul:
Thoſe foes to verſe you chace with manly arts,
And kindle Roman fires in Britiſh hearts.
Oh! fix, as well as raiſe, that noble flame:
Confirm your glory, and prevent our ſhame.

The

The routed Opera may return again,
Seduce our hearts, and o'er our ſpirits reign:
Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
And Right, oppreſt with odds, again may fall;
Let our juſt fears your ſecond aid implore,
Repeat the ſtroke, this Hydra ſprings no more.

ON SOME SNOW

THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haſte,
To prove her breaſt leſs fair:
Grieving to find themſelves ſurpaſs'd,
Diſſolv'd into a tear.

ON THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE FRENCH INVASION, IN FAVOUR OF THE PRETENDED PRINCE OF WALES, 1707.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

O Sacred Bards! O all ye tuneful throng!
Raiſe Anna's name in an immortal ſong.
Let every breaſt the tuneful God inſpire,
Kindle poetic flames, a true celeſtial fire.
Let ſofter Ovid now neglected lie,
And ſoar on Maro's pinions to the ſky.
Let Cam's fam'd ſons in lofty numbers ſing,
And Iſis' ſwans their rival muſic bring.

Let

Let Garth renew his pleaſing ſtrains, and draw
Fam'd Anna's form as bright as great Naſſau;
Her let the virgins in their ſongs proclaim,
And ſmiling babes liſp out the darling name;
Let every voice her laſting praiſe reſound,
And paſſing winds convey the chorus round.
No baſe impoſtor can diſturb thy reign;
His vain attempts thou mockeſt with diſdain,
Thou Empreſs of the Land, thou Goddeſs of the Main!
So I have ſeen a meteor blaze on high,
Dance through the ſpaces of the liquid ſky,
Then quickly fade, and in a moment die.
Go, purple Cheat! Let St. Germain contain
Thy narrow empire, and thy baffled train;
There rule thy ſtill, and fancy'd ſceptres wield,
And kingdoms in Utopian regions build.
In ſtate and port with Latian Cæſars vie,
Act the mock prince, and mimic majeſty;
Let crowds of ſlaves around thy table wait,
Attend thy nod, and truckle to thy ſtate.
Such viſionary realms does Lewis give,
And ſuch the crowns his faithful friends receive.
Britannia's generous ſons behold with ſcorn
A Popiſh pageant by contrivance born:
Hold, puny wretch; the Briton is too brave,
Sooner he 'll free-born die than live a ſlave.
Let the baſe Turk and Gauls, ignoble ſwains,
Their fetters hug, and glory in their chains;
But, all ye Heavenly Powers, permit that we
May live like men, and breathe in Liberty!

As towering Spain did to Eliza yield,
And own'd her Sovereign of the watery field,
When Drake and Rawleigh laſting trophies rear'd,
And early in the book of fame appear'd:
So Gallic fleets victorious Anna's fly;
Truſting to canvaſs wings, they dare not try
The Britiſh force, nor caſt the fatal dye.
Now Leake and Bing, with noble Durſley, gain
Eternal honours on the briny main;
Whilſt crowds of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd ſhine
Above the wing of ſuch a Muſe as mine,
Whoſe gallant breaſts have future wars in view,
Deſtin'd to ſave old worlds, or conquer new.
Then whither, poor Pretender, wilt thou fly?
Thy patron ſees, too late, thy ruin nigh.
In ſome dark convent hide thee from the day,
Shave thy thin ſkull, and to St. Lewis pray:
Let Pater-noſters be thy conſtant theme;
But never more of promis'd Empires dream.

ON A TOBACCO-BOX.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHoever in a mean abode prefumes
To lodge that ſacred herb, whoſe curling fumes
(More grateful than Sabæan odours far)
Play round the noſe, and wanton in the air;
May Æſculapius let him always want
The virtues of the health-reſtoring plant;
Or let th' unworthy ſinner be confin'd
To abject weeds of ſome plebeian kind!

Bacchus

Bacchus his herb ſhould have for its abode
The workmanſhip of the Ætnean God,
Well-poliſh'd ſteel, that, like the mimic glaſs,
Reflects the image of the Smoaker's face,
And lets him ſee how well a taper pipe,
Of mold refin'd, becomes his humid lip.
Such, ſuch a ſeat is worthy to receive
The myſtic, Dionyſian, ſhort-cut leaf.
Pandora's box, that angry Jove did ſend,
A fatal troop of maladies contain'd;
This better gift as many cures does hold
As were diſeaſes in that box of old.
Here, were I not confin'd to narrow ſpace,
The virtues of the wondrous herb I 'd trace;
How its green beauties flouriſh, in what ground,
And by that happy chance it was by Liber found;
How the defect of talk it can ſupply,
If we this other way our breath employ;
How it collects the thoughts, and ſerves inſtead
Of biting nails, or harrowing-up the head.
But this great taſk I leave to future rhymes,
And abler Poets born in better times.

SONG. ANONYMOUS;

FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

WHY will Florella, while I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with Love?

To

To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a Nymph more kind:
And, while I range from Fair to Fair,
Still gentle uſage find.

But, oh! how faint is every joy
Where Nature has no part:
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So reſtleſs exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity every where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

VERSES BY MR. EUSDEN*,

ON A LADY WHO IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND WITTY WHEN SHE IS ANGRY.

LONG had I known the ſoft enchanting wiles,
Which Cupid practis'd in Aurelia's ſmiles.
Till by degrees, like the fam'd Aſian, taught,
Safely I drank the ſweet, though poiſonous, draught.
Love, vex'd to ſee his favours vainly ſhown,
The peeviſh urchin murder'd with a frown.

What

* Lawrence Euſden, deſcended from a good family in Ireland, was educated at Trinity College in Cambridge; after which he went into holy orders; and was for ſome time chaplain to Richard Lord Willoughby de Broke. His firſt patron was the eminent Lord Halifax, whoſe poem "On "the

What cautious youth would thence have fear'd ſurprize?
Can beauty from deformity ariſe?
In cloudleſs nights do lightnings harmleſs fly,
And only blaſt from a tempeſtuous ſky?
Mild Venus haunts the ſhades and peaceful groves,
Her thoughts, her looks, are tender as her doves.
Smooth'd were the waves, and every Triton ſung,
When from old Ocean firſt the Goddeſs ſprung.
Aurelia ſhuns the calm, and loves the ſtorm,
Ruffles her paſſions to improve her form;

She,

"the Battle of the Boyne," Mr. Euſden tranſlated into Latin. He was alſo eſteemed by the Duke of Newcaſtle, on whoſe marriage with the honourable lady Henrietta Godolphin he wrote an Epithalamium, for which, upon the death of Mr. Rowe, he was by his Grace (who was then lord chamberlain, and conſidered the verſes as an elegant compliment) preferred in 1718 to the laureatſhip. He had ſeveral enemies; and among others, Mr. Pope, who put him into his Dunciad; though we do not know what provocation he gave to any of them, unleſs by being raiſed to the dignity of the laurel. Cooke, in his "Battle of the Poets," ſpeaks thus of him:

"Euſden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By few been read, by fewer ſtill been prais'd," &c.

And Oldmixon, in his "Art of Logic and Rhetoric," p. 413, is not ſparing of his reflexions on the poet and his patron. His cenſures, however, are plainly thoſe of a diſappointed competitor. And perhaps great part of the ridicule, which has been thrown on Euſden, may ariſe from his ſucceeding ſo ingenious a poet as Mr. Rowe. That he was no inconſiderable verſifier, the ſpecimens here ſelected will evince; and,

She, by ſome art to th' artful ſex unknown,
Has all the graces, when the reſt have none.
Th' unfated victor ſeeks new triumphs ſtill,
And whom her eyes but wound, her tongue muſt kill.
No hope of ſafety, if inflam'd her breaſt;
At once the charmer looks and talks the beſt.
So Dryden ſweeteſt ſung, by envy fir'd;
Thirſt of revenge, where Phœbus fail'd, inſpir'd.
His Anthony did Sedley's Muſe o'ertake,
And Abſalom was writ for Zimri's ſake.
New injuries new laurels did preſage,
And a Mac Flecno was the child of Rage.

as his moral character appears to have been reſpectable, his Grace acted a generous part in providing for a man who had conferred an obligation on him. The firſt-rate poets were either of principles very different from the government, or thought themſelves too diſtinguiſhed to undergo the drudgery of an annual Ode. Mr. Euſden, however, ſeems to have been but little known before his preferment, if we judge by the manner in which he is mentioned in the Duke of Buckingham's "Seſſion of the Poets:"

"In ruſhed Euſden, and cried, who ſhall have it,
"But I the true laureat, to whom the King gave it?
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

He died at his rectory at Coningſby, Lincolnſhire, the 27th of September, 1730; and left behind him in MS. a tranſlation of the Works of Taſſo, with a Life of that Poet. His father, Dr. Euſden, was rector of Spotſworth in Yorkſhire. N.

In ſome old book, which I cannot recollect, I have ſeen it obſerved, that Euſden ſet out well in life, but afterwards turned out a drunkard, and beſotted his faculties away. R.

TO

TO CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

OCCASIONED BY TRANSLATING INTO LATIN TWO POEMS* BY HIS LORDSHIP AND MR. STEPNEY.

BY MR. EUSDEN, 1709.

MY LORD,

TO you, when public grief † implor'd your aid,
The firſt faint products of my Muſe were paid:
To you again in canniſters I bring
Theſe early gatherings of a ſecond Spring.
The nobleſt fruits, that ever bleſt our iſle,
See here tranſplanted to the Roman ſoil;
But ſo tranſplanted, that too ſoon they ſhow,
They did not firſt in Roman climates grow.
Sure, rolling ſpheres in other orbits run,
And Italy has loſt her warmer ſun;
Or now the boaſted majeſty of Rome;
Is more than rival'd in the Britiſh loom;
Or I forget my faults, and ſhould accuſe
The raſh endeavours of a feeble Muſe.
Fool as ſhe was, to imitate, ſo young,
The lov'd, the prais'd, th' inimitable ſong;
And paint your glories in the Latian tongue.

* Lord Halifax's Epiſtle to the Earl of Dorſet, on the Battle of The Boyne (Engliſh Poets, vol. XII. p. 229); and Mr. Stepney's Epiſtle on King William's Voyage to Holland, (ibid. p. 248). N.

† The Prince's death. E.—This Poem I have never ſeen. N.

The callow eaglet wiſely takes his reſt
Safe in the covert of a downy neſt;
Till, grown mature in ſtrength, he dares to fly,
Faces the glaring ſun, and towers on high,
And bears the rattling thunder through the ſky.

As, in return to heaven for large ſupplies,
From the ſame gifts we cull a ſacrifice;
So you receive a labour of your own,
If, thus diſguis'd, the wondrous piece be known;
If through this rough-drawn copy ſtill you trace
Some lively features of a beauteous face:
But I beyond Promethean frauds aſpire,
Not only ſteal, but ſmother heavenly fire.
"Where are the flights (true Critics may exclaim)
The heat, the force, and fancy, wing'd with flame?
Where is great William's glorious image ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien?
No Gods deſcending here adorn the ſcene*."
Such was the change when bright Diana ſtood
Amidſt her thouſand nymphs, beſmear'd with mud:
Alphæus, cloſe purſuing, gaz'd unmov'd,
Nor knew the Goddeſs he ſo fiercely lov'd.

Yet blame your Muſe, that gave too much delight;
'Tis fatal to be eminently bright.
You from Tranſlations had eſcap'd unharm'd,
Were I leſs daring, or had you leſs charm'd.
Poems I view'd around of every ſize;
But, Pirate-like, flew to the richeſt prize.
So, ſtarting ſudden from his dark abode,
To chuſe a conſort, ruſh'd the Stygian God.

* Lord Halifax's expreſſions are here well introduced. N.

Scouring,

Scouring, he drove his ſteeds o'er Enna's plains,
Through crowds of ſwooning nymphs and frighted ſwains:
On every ſide his eager eyes he caſt,
But Proſerpine the reſt in form ſurpaſt.
The raviſher no longer could forbear;
Furious on her he ſeiz'd, though many a Fair,
And all Sicilia's blooming pride, was there.

Some, by kind fates, to greatneſs force their way,
And without dawnings ſhew a glorious day:
Others, by fortune and induſtrious ſtrife,
Arrive at honours in the noon of life.
Many by painful ſlow degrees aſcend,
And, anxious, till the verge of death, attend.
Great Dryden did not early great appear,
Faintly diſtinguiſh'd in his thirtieth year:
But Nature, when ſhe would a Poet doom
To ſhew ripe wonders in his opening bloom,
Laviſhly gives from all her choiceſt mines,
And the rich ore with nicer care refines.
Britannia grieves, ſuch bleſſings are but few,
A Cowley, Congreve, and a Montague.

Could you, my Lord, the trembling Muſe forgive,
And bid the criminal, twice guilty, live;
Yet how can ſhe thoſe injuries defend,
Done to your dear, (alas!) departed * friend?
Stepney! in foreign courts a favourite name,
For ever ſacred to the voice of Fame!
Abroad, at home, his actions wonder mov'd;
Great was the glory to be thus approv'd,
But greater that, to be by you belov'd.

* Mr. Stepney died two years before this was written. N.

O! were the Graces, which adorn your mind,
Not to themſelves ſo glorioufly unkind!
Could you, untroubled, your own praiſe receive,
Who praiſe to others are ſo pleas'd to give!
Fir'd with the theme, I had not crept ſo long
In lowly number, and a rural ſong.
Ev'n now my voice I would attempt to raiſe,
And to new wonders conſecrate new lays;
Such as might ſooth the moſt harmonious ear,
Nor Garth, nor Addiſon, ſhould bluſh to hear.
But you already modeſtly refuſe,
And check the ſallies of th' ambitious Muſe.
Yet though your glories are with care conceal'd,
Virtues, when cover'd moſt, are moſt reveal'd.
We view with pleaſure every vulgar ſtone,
While richeſt jewels are with caution ſhown.

WRITTEN BY MR. EUSDEN,

AND SPOKEN AT

A CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT*.

" Non ego mendaci diſtinxi carmine quenquam,
" Nulla venenato litera miſſa joco eſt." OVID.

HAIL, Britiſh fair-ones, who in ſilence ſit,
And fancy, all you know not, muſt be wit,
Who own your ignorance in Roman books,
Yet judge of Roman eloquence by looks;
Unknown, in Latin, we your fame might wrong,
But who dares taint you in your native tongue?

* I know not in what year. They were printed for the *ſecond* time in 1714, folio. N.

A ſecret

A ſecret truth at firſt muſt be confeſt;
We Students are too grave or dull to jeſt.
An Engliſh jeſt ſuch jealouſies can raiſe,
We Puppet-ſhows receive, and baniſh Plays.
Here, ev'n the Tragic Muſe is thought unchaſte:
Well may learn'd Oxford boaſt a happier taſte!
Andromache there ſheds a guiltleſs tear,
And Mourning Brides without a bluſh appear;
Brave Anthony may own Love's power divine,
Indulge his paſſion, and the globe reſign:
Great Cæſar there has fall'n with decent pride,
And greater Cato more than once has died.
But here the ſcene is chang'd to trifling ſhows,
A German juggles tricks, and ſlits his noſe.
No more the Salamander's coldneſs name;
That only lives in, but this breathes out, flame.
Another glorious ſight, a ſecond call;
A man too little, or a man too tall.
Obſerve what crowds the hideous artiſt draws,
Who poſtures ſkrews, that ſtart from Nature's laws;
The lovely image Heaven had ſtamp'd is fled,
And fair Humanity deform'd for bread.
To Afric's wild inhabitants you run,
And meet thoſe monſters, which the wiſe ſhould ſhun.
Mix'd with the ſpruceſt bands, bright Celias ſhine,
And ſhoot more darts than quills the Porcupine.
Here Indian Otters and white Owls you ſee,
With tawney Lions in dumb majeſty:
There the dead Tortoiſe forms a ſpacious boat,
In which Miſs Venus us'd of old to float.

From Sciences we ſolemnly repair
To ropes, and fiddles, and a bounding Fair.
With ſuch a graceful mien, ſo ſtrong a ſpring,
The nymph ſtill riſes from the quivering ſtring,
That the ſwift motion our kind thoughts improve,
And paint her flying on the wings of Love.
Feats of activity, till theſe, unknown,
And yet not all her wondrous feats are ſhown.
Cloſe by degrees Philoſophers advance,
Glote on the Dancer, but ſtill praiſe the dance.
Our Alma Mater promiſes relief,
She can allay the pain, or ſooth the grief:
Enamour'd Strephons! chuſe you as you pleaſe,
Cool grottos, purling ſtreams, or willow trees.
Or, if your vapours rage not too ſevere,
Ev'n dancing Dogs and three-legg'd Cats are here,
And Punch is merry twice at leaſt a year.

Now let th' unpointed ſatire gently note
Th' enormity of each vaſt petticoat.
Sometimes the Muſes, languiſhing, might droop;
But baſhful Clio never wore a hoop.
O! had Diana on the wood-land green
Entrench'd her females in this odd machine,
With pleaſure ſhe had heard th' affrighted boar
Ruſtle in ſilks, and pierc'd with whalebone roar;
Her nymphs, unknown, had driven an amorous trade,
Briſk Atalanta had no gambols play'd,
But, like St. Winifred, been ſtill a maid.

The weak, th' afflicted, kindly, hoops befriend,
And injur'd Virtue generouſly defend,

While, widely ſpread, with tutelary care,
They cheat the world, and ſkreen the pregnant fair:
Or elſe ſome Literati might have ſhown,
All are not Saints, nor Eunuchs, in a gown,
And had long ſince loſt Fellowſhips deplor'd,
Who ſtill glare reverend on the buttery-board.
Hoops were at firſt a Pagan innovation,
Though now moſt us'd in the moſt Chriſtian nation.
Fame ſays, a Critic, for vaſt depths renown'd,
Secret Memoirs of Ithaca has found;
Thoſe muſty rolls ſome wondrous truths declare!
Penelope was not ſo chaſte as fair.
She, for ſtate-reaſons, was the firſt beginner
Of hoops; a ſly, diſcretionary ſinner!
What though ſhe heatheniſh ſwell'd about the waiſt,
The ſilken umbrage ſtill proclaim'd her chaſte:
The prude in ſun-ſhine ſicken'd at a ſpark,
But was a very woman in the dark;
Virtue's ſtrict rules ſhe readily could teach,
But to walk by them was beyond her reach;
You know, 'tis hard to practiſe what you preach.
This the true meaning of the web is thought,
The night unravel'd what the day had wrought.
Hence adages of endleſs toil begun,
A woman's work, grave ſirs, is never done.
With proper furniture ſhe grac'd the room;
Here the ſoft couch was ſpread, there ſtood the loom.
Fine linen ſhe admir'd;—well! where 's the hurt?
She wove for each new lover a new ſhirt;
Nay, and more preſents made (her zeal was ſuch)
Than here are Would-be-wits!—You'll ſay, that's much.

Supplied.

Supplied with piquet-friends, it plain appears
The lady might live out full twenty years.
Perhaps ſhe wept too at her lord's return,
And then, then only, had juſt cauſe to mourn.
Good man! he went diſſatisfied away,
But feign'd a madneſs firſt, in hopes to ſtay:
He had been mad indeed, unforc'd to roam,
And leave ſo beautiful a wife at home.
Tell me, ye Learn'd, is it not too preſuming
To truſt a creature with herſelf, when blooming?
Some ſofter minutes may the beſt ſurprize,
Women are fleſh and blood, and men have eyes.
Unnumber'd ſcenes of various dangers paſt,
The virtuous huſband ſafe return'd at laſt:
Heedleſs I call'd him virtuous—O, for ſhame!
Adulterers deſerve another name.
His boaſted purity receiv'd a ſpot;
Telegonus he rakiſhly begot.
With ſtronger charms, he the fam'd charmer won,
And boldly claſp'd the Daughter of the Sun.
If this were all, I dare be poſitive,
Some of you, Ladies, could one ſlip forgive:
But much I fear, he ſtaid not (may be thought)
With Queen Calypſo, ſix whole years, for nought.
By other ſlanderers he ſeems belied;
They fancy, he took freedoms with his guide;
His guide was Pallas:—judge you, if he cou'd;
She was too chaſte;—in Engliſh plain—too proud.
Beſides, though all divine in every feature,
The Goddeſs was no very tempting creature.

She read him ſerious lectures; but, alas!
She never told the cuckold what he was.
I gueſs you Fair-ones, by your ſmiles, inclin'd
To think his madam paid him in his kind.
Howe'er, 'twas happy for their nuptial vows,
He grew not jealous of his faithleſs ſpouſe.
But who her peccadillo's could diſcover?
Each gallant prov'd an honourable lover.
O Ladies! now, how alter'd quite the caſe is!
How few deſerve to be in your good graces!
The ſcandal-mongers in confuſion ceas'd,
Leſſen'd their noiſe as petticoats increas'd;
No buſy tongues could tell her curious elf,
And ſhe had prudence not to tell herſelf:
Poor Lyſſey found the fate of modern men,
And was ſtill bubbled by his own dear Penn.
From Grecian tales 'tis eaſy to digreſs
To Britiſh Cynthias, in laconic dreſs.
There happy elegance of taſte is ſeen
In ſtockings purple, and in garters green.
The well-turn'd ſhoulder is diſclos'd, to move
And feed the ſight with avenues to Love.
When Phœbus ran, young Daphne to embrace,
His paſſion glow'd, and heighten'd in the race.
Immodeſt winds her tender limbs reveal'd,
And beauties ſhew'd, which innocence conceal'd.
Still as ſhe turn'd, her ſnowy neck he view'd;
No wonder if his Godſhip had been rude:
A naked proſpect wantonly inſpires
Our beardleſs novices with ſtrange deſires.

Where

Where will you ſtop?—Already we can ſee
Below the boſom, and above the knee.
If from your heads and feet ſuch dangers riſe,
Ah! whither, whither ſhall I point my eyes?
When you kill Sages, thoſe you kill by chance;
O'er heaving breaſts with caution ſtill they glance:
But ſanguine Freſh-men, indiſcreetly warm,
Dwell with their eyes, and ſuck in every charm.
Thus Egypt's Queen, a ſpeedier death to bring,
Preſt cloſe the ſerpent, and enjoy'd the ſting.
Who firſt ſaw Baſiliſks with ſpeckled pride,
Gaz'd on their ſpots, but as he gaz'd he died.
Chang'd is the mode from that of former days.
Ladies receiv'd no viſits without ſtays;
Eliza's dames of honour took no ſnuff,
And huſbands only peep'd beneath the ruff.
In faſhions ſtill the difference was as great,
Ere Nuns were baniſh'd from this ſacred ſeat;
When charitable Monks could grant with eaſe
A licenſe for all Pagan liberties;
When ſqueamiſh conſciences gave no reſtraint;
For gold, a Sinner might commence a Saint;
A happineſs much wanted in our times:
The crimes of Love were conſtrued venial crimes.
Then Barnwell virgins might ſecurely rove,
Unharm'd, though rifled in the neighbouring grove:
No Proctor's ſtaff yet walk'd its aweful round,
Nor midnight purple ſtartled at the ſound;
Ere Sunday-nymphs on Clare-Hall-piece were ſeen,
Or Coffee-booths aſpir'd on Jeſus-Green;

Ere Covent-Garden Miſtreſſes came down,
And taught the youths to tympanize the town;
Ere Sophs had learnt with hums the pit to fill,
Or Beaux to flutter round the Market-hill.
Alas! our Beaux but flutter here a while,
They part, and longing Laundreſſes beguile.
Rich heirs our humble Colleges forget,
And launch into the vices of the great.
From tutors freed, to Inns of Court they run,
And faſhionably learn to be undone.
A ſkittiſh Chloe coſts (nor think her dear)
A ſplendid brace of hundred pounds a year.
Beſides, expect a frequent, ſad complaint,
For watches, rings, and ſilks—but never paint.
Th' Athenian Orator, who lean'd to Vice,
Found Laïs' beauties bore too high a price.
For a full looſe to joys, the niggard ſoul
Bade but a ſolitary Greek piſtole.
Not Virgin-Danaë alone was ſold
With dextrous cunning for a ſhower of gold;
Nor did a husband's ſhape Alcmena move,
She yielded to a ſecond, golden Jove:
While the ſly God for one night did agree,
And then for cheapneſs ſtretch'd that one to three.
Now change the hand, and different ſtrike the lyre;
How reigns Apollo in this tuneful choir?
Our wits, who moſt harmoniouſly compoſe,
Drink not at Helicon, but at The Roſe.
If circling years new dividends account,
I quit all claim to the Pierian mount.

What

What would rich miſers give for the command
Of barren provinces in Claſſic land?
Why! juſt as much (a Soph would anſwer ſoon)
As for ten thouſand acres in the Moon.
My laurel'd hopes I willingly reſign,
Give me but Flavia—take the tuneful Nine.
Where am I by uxorious fancies led?
We Fellows want the privilege to wed.
Have no kind creatures charity in ſtore
For thoſe who by neceſſity are poor?
The Cambridge-wives maliciouſly agree
To keep our Doctors Maids till ſixty-three.
They ſtill might ſate their lawful dears with bliſs,
Yet ſpare an eleemoſynary kiſs.
Indulge my youth, and cure me of Love's blindneſs,
For pity take me, kill me—but with kindneſs.
You would be mov'd, if you my virtues knew—
I can be happy, and be ſecret too.
Some may their favours from Parnaſſus boaſt,
My Muſe ſhall ever be a Britiſh Toaſt.
A ſmile from Flavia can ſecure renown,
Though Polyhymnia and her ſiſters frown.
If e'er I gain'd, I gain'd from beauty, fame;
It rais'd my numbers, and inſpir'd my flame.
This truth allow'd, I logically thence
Draw but one ſweet, material conſequence;
With me no Fair her reputation loſes:
A Poet ſure may toy with all the Muſes.
Oft her Catullus Lesbia entertain'd,
And tender Ovid his Corinna gain'd.

Still

Still Sacchariſſa's pride all tongues upbraid,
Who own'd no muſic, though a Waller play'd.
But in his ſtrength of genius few excel;
We praiſe you faintly, till you uſe us well.
By you diſdain'd, we ſtretch a feeble wing,
Approv'd, we boldly ſoar, and ſweetly ſing.
So in long droughts, with no kind moiſture fed,
The ſickening lily languiſhes its head:
But if the friendly ſkies indulgent pour
On Earth's parch'd boſom a ſoft genial ſhower,
The faded leaves their youthful bloom regain,
And a new brightneſs ſmiles around the plain.

CLAUDIAN'S COURT OF VENUS.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

IN the fam'd Cyprian iſle a mountain ſtands,
That caſts a ſhadow into diſtant lands.
In vain acceſs by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile through ſeven wide channels ſpread,
And ſees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its ſides no hoary froſts preſume
To blaſt the myrtle ſhrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution ſweep the riſing flowers,
While balmy dews deſcend, and vernal ſhowers.
The ruling orbs no wintery horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal Spring.
Unfading ſweets in purple ſcenes appear,
And genial breezes ſoften all the year.

The

The nice, luxurious ſoul, uncloy'd, may rove,
From pleaſures ſtill to circling pleaſures move,
For endleſs beauty kindles endleſs love.

The mountain, when the ſummit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and ſinks into a plain;
Where the pleas'd eye may flowery meads behold
Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold.
Or where large crops the generous glebe ſupplies,
And yellow harveſts, unprovok'd, ariſe.
For, by mild Zephyrs fann'd, the teeming ſoil
Yields every grain, nor aſks the peaſant's toil.
Theſe were the bribes, the price of heavenly charms,
Theſe Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms.
For ſuch a bliſs he ſuch a gift beſtow'd,
The rich, th' immortal, labours of a God.

A ſylvan ſcene, in ſolemn ſtate diſplay'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a ſhade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unleſs elected by the Queen of Love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the ſongſter, and approves the ſong.
The joyous victors hop from ſpray to ſpray;
The vanquiſh'd fly, with mournful notes, away.

Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
And ſhoot, and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant platanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alder alders ſigh.
Blue heavens above them ſmile, and all below
Two murmuring ſtreams in wild meanders flow.

This,

This, mix'd with gall, and that, like honey, ſweet;
But, ah! too ſoon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in theſe ſprings (if verſe belief can gain)
The darts of Love their double power attain.
Hence all mankind a bitter ſweet have found,
A painful pleaſure, and a grateful wound.
Along the graſſy banks, in bright array,
Ten thouſand little Loves their wings diſplay.
Quivers and bows their uſual ſport proclaim,
Their dreſs, their ſtature, and their looks, the ſame:
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender as the Nymphs from whom they ſprung.
For Venus did but boaſt one only ſon,
And roſy Cupid was that boaſted one.
He, uncontrol'd, through Heaven extends his ſway,
And Gods and Goddeſſes by turns obey:
Or, if he ſtoops on Earth, great Princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
Th' inferior Powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely ſwain.
Here Love's imperial pomp is ſpread around;
Voluptuous Liberty, that knows no bound,
And ſudden ſtorms of wrath, which ſoon decline,
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine;
Unartful tears, and hectic looks, that ſhew,
With ſilent eloquence, the Lover's woe;
Boldneſs unfledg'd, and to ſtol'n raptures new,
Half trembling ſtands, and ſcarcely dares purſue;
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our ſwelling hopes, but not deſtroy;

And ſhort-breath'd vows, forgot as ſoon as made,
On airy pinions flutter through the glade:
Youth, with a haughty look and gay attire,
And rolling eyes, that glow with ſoft deſire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous ſeat,
While ſullen cares and wither'd age retreat.
Now from afar the palace ſeems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is ſeen
The gold ſtill vary'd by a waving green.
For Mulciber with ſecret pride beheld
How far his ſkill all human wit excell'd;
And, grown uxorious, did the work deſign
To ſpeak the artiſt, and the art divine.
Proud columns, towering high, ſupport the frame,
That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet ſcarce adorn
The ruby walls, on which themſelves are borne.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate, lies;
And ſteps, with ſhining jaſpers ſlippery, riſe.
Here ſpices in parterres promiſcuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow.
The wanton winds through groves of caſſia play,
And ſteal the ripen'd fragancies away.
Here, with its load the mild amomum bends;
There, cinnamon in rival ſweets contends.
A rich perfume the raviſh'd ſenſes fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm diſtills.
At theſe delightful bowers arrives at laſt
The God of Love, a tedious journey paſt:

Then

Then ſhapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majeſty, and walks in ſtate.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden treſſes did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian ſiſters, rang'd in order, ſtand.
Ambroſial eſſence one beſtows in ſhowers,
And laviſhly whole ſtreams of nectar pours.
With ivory combs, another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens, the diſhevel'd hair.
A third, induſtrious, with a nicer eye,
Inſtructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
Yet leaves ſome few, that, not ſo cloſely preſt,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the reſt.
Sweet negligence! by artful ſtudy wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgement of the glaſs is here unknown,
Here mirrors are ſupply'd by every ſtone.
Where-e'er the Goddeſs turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now, while ſhe did her ſpotleſs form ſurvey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire and almighty ſway,
She ſpy'd her ſon, and, fir'd with eager joy,
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the favourite boy.

PLUTO'S SPEECH TO PROSERPINE.

FROM CLAUDIAN, BY MR. EUSDEN.

CEASE, ceaſe, fair Nymph, to laviſh precious tears,
And diſcompoſe your ſoul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glittering courts with ſcorn;
A nobler ſceptre ſhall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp ſhall ſooth a generous pride;
The bridegroom never will diſgrace the bride.
If you above terreſtrial thrones aſpire,
From Heaven I ſpring, and Saturn was my ſire.
The power of Pluto ſtretches all around,
Uncircumſcrib'd by Nature's utmoſt bound:
Where matter, mouldering, dies, where forms decay,
Through the vaſt trackleſs void extends my ſway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night.
A fairer ſcene ſhall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and an heaven more blue.
Another Phœbus gilds thoſe happy ſkies;
And other ſtars, with purer flames, ariſe.
There chaſte adorers ſhall their praiſes join,
And with the choiceſt gifts enrich your ſhrine.
The bliſsful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.
That golden age your world awhile could boaſt,
But here it flouriſh'd, and was never loſt.
Perpetual Zephyrs breathe through fragrant bowers,
And painted meads ſmile with unbidden flowers:

Flowers

Flowers of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival ſweets in your own Enna grew.
In the receſs of a cool ſylvan glade,
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar ſhade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to your reach deſcend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harveſt will increaſe the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor ſpeak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole Nature owns your bower: whate'er have birth,
And live, and move, o'er all the face of Earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns ſleep,
Or ſportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on ſtiff pinions airy journies take,
Or cut the floating ſtream, or ſtagnant lake;
In vain they labour to preſerve their breath,
And ſoon fall victims to your ſubject, Death.
Unnumber'd triumphs ſwift to you he brings,
Hail! Goddeſs of all ſublunary things!
Empires, that ſink above, here riſe again,
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elyſian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the ſlave,
Know no ſuperior honours in the grave.
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs, ſhall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
The impious, forc'd, ſhall then their crimes diſcloſe,
And ſee paſt pleaſures teem with future woes;
Deplore in darkneſs your impartial ſway,
While ſpotleſs ſouls enjoy the fields of day.

When, ripe for ſecond-birth, the dead ſhall ſtand
In ſhivering throngs on the Lethæan ſtrand,
That ſhade, whom you approve, ſhall firſt be brought
To quaff oblivion in the pleaſing draught;
Whoſe thread of life, juſt ſpun, you would renew,
But nod, and Clotho ſhall re-wind the clue.
Let no diſtruſt of power your joys abate,
Speak what you wiſh, and what you ſpeak is fate.
The raviſher thus ſooth'd the weeping fair,
And check'd the fury of his ſteeds with care:
Poſſeſt of Beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And Love firſt ſoften'd the relentleſs God.

TO MR. ——. BY MR. EUSDEN.

YOU aſk, my friend, how I can Delia prize,
When Myra's ſhape I view, or Cynthia's eyes:
No tedious anſwer ſhall create you pain,
For beauty, if but beauty, I diſdain.
'Tis not a mien that can my will control,
A ſpeaking body with a ſilent ſoul.
The loveliеſt face to me not lovely ſhows,
From the ſweet lips if melting nonſenſe flows:
Nor muſt the tuneful Chloris be my choice,
An earthly mind ill ſuits a heavenly voice.
What though my Delia not decay'd appears,
She wants, you cry, the gawdy bloom of years.
True; but good ſenſe perpetual joys will bring;
Her wit is ever youthful as the ſpring.
Thoſe fluttering ſparks, who faſhionably burn,
And hourly for ſome fair Dorinda mourn,

Soon

Soon as the fancied Goddeſs is enjoy'd,
To find her woman, ſicken, and are cloy'd.
Not ſo my Delia ſhall conſume her charms,
But riſe each morn more beauteous from my arms.
With envious ſwiftneſs rolling years may move,
Impair her glories, not impair my Love:
Time's waſteful rage the husband ſhall deſpiſe,
And view the wife ſtill with the bridegroom's eyes.
So kneels, at ſome fam'd antiquated ſhrine,
The pious pilgrim to the power divine.
Around he ſees wild rugged heaps of ſtone,
Where Parian marble once, and jaſper ſhone:
Yet, conſcious what thoſe ruins were of old,
Dares not, unmov'd, the moſſy walls behold;
But trembles at the Deity's abode,
And owns the powerful preſence of the God.

ON A DISPUTE WITH A GENTLEMAN ABOUT THE EXCELLENCE OF SOME OF MR. DRYDEN'S WRITINGS; WHEN A LADY, BEING ASKED HER OPINION, BLAMED THEM.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

TO Dryden's Muſe I early homage paid,
And manhood fix'd the choice my youth had made.
The numbers flow'd delightful from his tongue,
And all was harmony when Dryden ſung.
But, ſince Cleora the ſweet Bard diſdains,
Harſh is his verſe, and rugged are his ſtrains:

Not kneeling Torriſmond can pity move,
And the world ſeems too meanly loſt for Love.
Nor let my rival triumph, though I yield;
Her charms, and not his reaſonings, won the field.
Pleas'd with Cleora's cenſures, I ſubmit:
So fair a face is ſure a judge of wit.
Rough are the lines, that rough to her appear;
Her eyes confeſs the juſtneſs of her ear.
The fam'd Corinthian thus redeem'd her cauſe,
And with bright glances baffled all the laws.
Her orators had labour'd long in vain
To prove her injur'd, and her right regain.
Imperial Reaſon ſtill unwarp'd was found,
And juſt decrees the joyful victor crown'd:
Till Laïs, riſing with a ſweet ſurprize,
Diſclos'd her boſom, and unveil'd her eyes.
Amaz'd, each judge the ſilent pleader view'd,
Repeal'd the ſentence, and her ſuit renew'd.
The faults they ſaw, they now can ſee no more,
And blame thoſe actions, which they prais'd before.
Triumphant Wrong o'er vanquiſh'd Right prevail'd,
And Beauty won, where Eloquence had fail'd.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TATLER.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

AT laſt is granted, what we wiſh'd for long,
The Roman arts have learn'd the Britiſh tongue.
The ſweet Venuſian Bard could laſh the crimes,
And ridicule the follies of his times:

Yet

Yet the ſly ſatyr mov'd with ſo much eaſe,
The ſting, while wounding, never fail'd to pleaſe.
Nature, we fear'd, had here herſelf out-done,
Too weak again to raiſe ſo great a ſon:
But now in fame we dare with Rome engage;
A ſecond Horace has adorn'd our age.
Hail you! whoſe every thought, and every line,
Our judgements ripen, and our taſtes refine.
Who reads your works knows what the world e'er knew,
All human life lies open to his view.
Old age with tears ſees artfully diſplay'd
Thoſe fruitleſs pleaſures which they once obey'd;
While by too dear experience youth, untaught,
Fly from the ſnares, in which their ſires were caught;
And by your labours double their delight,
Learn how to live, as well as how to write.
O! in what beauteous elegance of dreſs
Th' immortal bloom of Virtue you expreſs!
How ſweetly mild ſhe looks in all her rules!
The choice of wiſe men, though the ſcorn of fools.
How Vice can never with true reaſon ſuit!
The man degraded ſinks into the brute.
Our bliſs is loſt, when ill we once begin;
There is no Eden in the paths of ſin.
If ſacred thirſt of glory you inſpire,
Each labouring breaſt glows with a generous fire.
Had fate reſerv'd young Ammon for this age,
We had not ſeen him with wild frenzies rage;
His vain deſcent from Heaven he would diſclaim,
To ſhine the foremoſt in your Court of Fame.

While

While the Coquette her airy motions tries,
"The man has humour!" gay Emilia cries;
Laughing goes on, and hugs the faithful glaſs,
Pleas'd with the true reflection of her face.
But grave Althæa reads the Prude with ſpleen,
And wonders how her ſecret faults were ſeen.

When rules of honour, in the married life,
You ſtrictly fix to husband and to wife,
The libertine from Chloe's arms retires,
Forgets to luſt, and burns with nobler fires.

Or, when the fluttering coxcombs of the town
And all their nauſeous fopperies are ſhown,
Such is the wit, as needs no critick fear,
And the chaſte veſtal, unconcern'd, might hear;
Such as can never innocence defile,
Yet from the moſt ſevere extorts a ſmile.

The happy delicacy of your Plays
I paſs in ſilence, nor attempt to praiſe.
O Charlotte! who thy character can read,
But ſoon muſt languiſh, ſigh, and ſecret bleed?
Is it your fancy that thus boundleſs roves,
Inflames our paſſions, yet eludes our loves?
Or to the world are living Charlottes known,
Or ſhe, th' unrival'd Phœnix, reigns alone?
To wealth, to power, I every wiſh reſign,
If only that dear Charlotte might be mine.

Go on, great man! if you need farther go,
Whoſe bright meridian can no brighter ſhow.
Still you their favourite let the Muſes call,
All arts adorning, and adorn'd by all.

So

So variouſly you write, yet ſtill ſo well,
We know not where to judge you moſt excel:
Nor can you, though you multiply the ſtore,
Add to your glory, or our wonder more.

MR. EUSDEN TO A LADY, WHO WEPT AT HEARING CATO READ.

IF ever grief could perfect form improve,
Euphrenia, weeping, more commands our love.
How ſhall we call that we ſo much admire,
A melting brightneſs, or a humid fire?
Bluſh not at ſorrows ſeen, in vain ſuppreſt,
Sighs ſwell to ſtreams, and flowing ſhine confeſt.
The happy Poet muſt with tranſport hear
His art confirm'd by ſuch a precious tear;
Precious as that which good Octavia ſhed,
When Virgil mourn'd o'er young Marcellus dead.
Alas! the generous Roman differs ſtill!
She wept, ſhe could not ſave; you weep, to kill.
Ah, gentle Fair! too kind, too cruel Maid!
Can you in others Tyranny upbraid,
Yet be the cauſe of Liberty betray'd?
Think on his halcyon hours you could deſtroy;
Each glided ſmooth, for each was wing'd with joy.
Whate'er he freely wiſh'd, he freely choſe,
Like Roman Senates, till a Cæſar roſe.
Theſe lips, which us'd no favourite ſound to claim,
Now fondly quiver on Euphrenia's name.

This

This heart, which once no pointed glance had ſtung,
Bleeds at your ſight, and trembles at your tongue.
Yet do I court, not ſtruggle with, my chain;
Eaſy the thraldom, pleaſant is the pain,
And you for ever ſhall Dictator reign.
The ſtubborn Cato, whoſe unſhaken ſoul
No flatteries could allure, no force control,
Had you then liv'd, had ſweet confuſion felt,
His ſterneſs ſoften'd, and begun to melt:
Oft would have look'd, and oft with glad ſurprize
Bondage itſelf own'd lovely through thoſe eyes.
Tell me, ye Learn'd, how equal objects ſtrike
Euphrenia's breaſt with paſſions ſo diſlike?
How tender and relentleſs thus agree!
Why there all diſcord, here all harmony?
Can you lament the miſeries of Rome,
Patricians loſt, or ſlavery their doom;
Yet ravage careleſs o'er your native iſle,
Sport in deſtruction, and in murder ſmile?
Oh! when you weep, and vanquiſh'd Virtue grace,
Who would deſire the mighty victor's place?
Misfortune proudly triumphs o'er ſucceſs,
And Cæſar envies Cato's happineſs.
How willing for ſuch tears to yield up all,
Scarce an equivalent, the conquer'd ball!
How pleas'd ſuperior glory to allow,
The world by Cæſar, Cæſar rul'd by you.
Sure, Bards of old deceiv'd us in their ſtrains,
Syrens were all Euphrenias of the plains;
Who, gently touch'd by ſome ſoft mournful ſound,
Melted in tears, and laviſh'd deaths around.

The

The nobleſt Poet drew the nobleſt throng,
And the bright hearers made the dangerous ſong.
Was not this piece ſo elegantly fine,
You had not liſten'd to a full deſign;
Gay, pompous nonſenſe had leſs fatal been,
You could not weep where Nature was not ſeen.
Ah! let the Muſe aid to the Lover bring,
Nor from her excellence his ruin ſpring.
The charms of Verſe ſhould ſtill the Charmer move,
And whom they melt to Pity, ſooth to Love.

VERSES BY MR. EUSDEN,

ON THE SPECTATOR'S CRITIQUE ON MILTON.

LOOK here, ye Pedants, who deſerve that name,
And lewdly raviſh the great Critick's fame.
In cloudleſs beams of light true judgement plays,
How mild the cenſure, how refin'd the praiſe!
Beauties ye paſs, and blemiſhes ye cull,
Profoundly read, and eminently dull.
Though Linnets ſing, yet Owls feel no delight;
For they the beſt can judge, who beſt can write.
O! had great Milton but ſurviv'd to hear
His numbers try'd, by ſuch a tuneful ear;
How would he all thy juſt remarks commend!
The more the Critic, own the more the Friend.
But, did he know once your immortal ſtrain,
Th' exalted pleaſure would increaſe to pain:
He would not bluſh for faults he rarely knew,
But bluſh for glories thus excell'd by you.

IMITATIONS OF STATIUS*.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

BOOK IV. 246.

GREECE thus embroil'd, and arms around prepar'd,
With joy the young Parthenopæus heard.
New to the field, yet fir'd with thirſt of fame,
The beauteous, blooming, beardleſs, hero came.
Mean-time beyond the bleak Lycæus ſtray'd
Swift Atalanta, in a diſtant glade;
Purſued the ſylvan game with eager joy,
Nor fear'd the danger of her favourite boy.
Oh, had her heart the leaſt forebodings known,
The mother's fondneſs had preſerv'd the ſon,
Had bid the warrior to the groves retreat,
And cool'd a glorious, but deſtructive, heat.
Never of beauty to a male before
Indulgent Nature laviſh'd ſuch a ſtore.
Yet the rich work compleatly ſhe deſign'd;
A woman's face conceal'd a manly mind.
A proof of courage in each act apppears;
But what is courage in ſuch tender years?
For him, the Nymphs, that haunt the verdant woods,
Or bathe their ſnowy limbs in cryſtal floods;
Or on the mountain ſport, or on the plain;
All ſigh'd, all languiſh'd, and all burn in vain.

* A longer imitation of the Thebaid (Book IX. 570.) is printed anonymouſly in Steele's Collection, perhaps by the ſame hand. But I have not room for it. N.

And

And ſure his form might Nymphs inflame with love,
Which could Diana's ſettled hate remove.
For when ſhe ſaw, in the Mænalian ſhade,
How the fair, ſmiling, little wanton play'd;
How harmleſs o'er th' unbending graſs he flew,
Of the ſtol'n raptures ſhe unmindful grew:
Well ſeem'd the virgin in the mother loſt,
That could this ſweet, this heavenly burthen boaſt.
New friendſhip ſoon the Goddeſs did commence,
Recall'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence.
The marks of honour did again beſtow,
The darts, the quiver, and the Cretan bow.

Th' unfledg'd commander, vainly raſh of thought,
Already burns with battles yet unfought.
To his quick view the bloody ſcene appears,
And comely duſt his yellow locks beſmears.
Tranſports unknown the numerous captives yield,
While the gay victor prances o'er the field.

His wonted pleaſures now delight no more;
No muſic in the hounds that bay the boar.
Inglorious ſeem the conqueſts of the wood;
He ſcorns the dart, not dy'd with human blood.
Unarm'd the youth, how lovely to behold!
But glitters ſweetly fierce in burniſh'd gold.
His ſurcoat glows rich with the Tyrian ſtain,
While diamond claſps the waving folds reſtrain.
His ſhield, for lightneſs, of ſmooth ſkins was made,
Where his fam'd mother's triumph ſhone diſplay'd:
Deep in th' Ætolian boar was fix'd the reed,
And in the paint the ſavage ſeem'd to bleed.

In his left hand a bow with graceful pride
He bore, his right the Cydon eugh ſupply'd.
No vulgar art adorn'd his coat of mail
With feather'd gold, and many a ſhining ſcale;
His radiant helm the waving creſt ſurrounds,
And on his back his amber-quiver ſounds;
But the pale amber jaſpers green enchaſe,
And with a livelier verdure dye the graſs.
His fiery courſer ſnorts and neighs aloud,
With woodland ſpoils of ſpotted lynxes proud,
In ſwiftneſs, us'd to leave the mountain-hind,
A rival for the ſweeping Northern wind;
With joy his maſter, ſheath'd in arms, he bore,
But wonder'd at a weight unfelt before:
His maſter, pleas'd, and ſluſh'd with youthful grace,
Flew all around, and brighten'd every place.
Arcadian cohorts, firm, experienc'd bands,
Encloſe their Lord, and wait his dread commands.
Arcadians, Time's firſt ſons, who ſcorn to trace
From the known origin a mortal race;
Who your dark pedigree convey too high,
Ere moon, or ſtars, were lighted in the ſky;
Ere Nature's rudeneſs Art had taught to yield,
Unbuilt each city, and untill'd each field.
From that loſt æra you derive your birth,
And ſteps firſt printed on the wondering earth.
The hardy race (if Fame the truth has ſung)
From rigid ſires, and wooden parents ſprung.
The labouring oak a ſtubborn offspring bred,
And kindly with freſh ſhowers of acorns fed.

Fr

From the tall aſh a new creation roſe,
And teeming laurels felt a mother's throes.
The beech prolific prov'd in like degree,
And a green infant dropp'd from every tree.
Theſe early, young inhabitants begun
To watch the motions of the rolling ſun.
New to the ſtrange viciſſitude of light,
They trembled at the ſwift approach of night:
While Phœbus haſten'd to the Weſtern ſtreams,
In vain they follow'd to o'ertake his beams:
Then, weary'd, heav'd their hands, and begg'd his ſtay,
Hung with their eyes on the laſt fainting ray,
And mourn'd and ſicken'd in deſpair of day.

BOOK IV. 309.

FAME now th' important ſecret had betray'd,
And to the mother the ſad truth convey'd,
How her raſh ſon, inflam'd with war's alarms,
Had march'd, and all Arcadia rouz'd to arms.
Struck with the fatal news, at firſt ſhe found
No ſtrength, and dropp'd her uſeleſs arrows round.
Then, ſwift as ſtorms that rend the lofty woods,
O'er rocks ſhe flew, and ſtemm'd the foaming floods.
Her looſen'd robes, neglected, flow'd behind;
Her locks at pleaſure ruffled in the wind.
The mother tigers thus, their children ſlain,
Purſue the murdering wretch, and ſcour along the plain.
Cloſe to her ſon ſhe ſtood; the red forſook
His cheeks, and ſhew'd a pale dejected look:
Then cry'd, "What frenzy has poſſeſt my boy?
Hence, vain, deluding Honour, airy toy!

Can thirſt of fame impertinently raiſe
In ſuch a tender breaſt ſo fierce a blaze?
Leave arms, my child, to men; nor tempt too far
The ſweating toils and dreadful ſhocks of war.
Too ſoon, alas! thy feeble ſtrength would yield,
In the rough tempeſt of an iron field.
Nor do I ſeek to damp a glorious fire;
But wiſh thy vigour anſwer thy deſire.
Trembling, I ſaw thee late (nor vain my fear)
Launch at the briſtling boar thy pointed ſpear:
The ſavage turn'd, nor could thoſe nerves repel
His rage, and only not ſupine you fell:
Then, if a winged Death I had not ſped,
Where would that reſtleſs valour now be fled?
You no more dangers had induſtrious run;
But now thoſe darts will not protect my ſon:
Nor truſt thy erring bow, nor martial force,
And the vain ſwiftneſs of that dappled horſe.
Arms thou attempt'ſt, ſcarce able yet to prove
The ſweet fatigues and ſofter wars of Love.
Too true the fatal omens, which I took,
When ſudden all the vaulted temple ſhook;
Diana's image, bending, ſeem'd to fall,
And ſhaggy ſpoils dropp'd from the ſweating wall.
No wonder, that my bow with pain I drew,
And arrows, guiltleſs of deſtruction, flew.
Ah! ſtay, my hero, ſtay, too brave! too young!
Till riper years have ſlacken'd ſinews ſtrung;
Till on thy cheeks a ſhade gives manly grace,
And the ſoft mother has forſook thy face.

Thy

Thy boldneſs then ſhall be no more deplor'd,
And I myſelf will reach, unaſk'd, thy ſword.
No idle tears thy eagerneſs ſhall blame,
In paths of glory, and purſuit of fame.
But homeward now, my only hope, retire;
Can you, Arcadians, ſuch a chief deſire?
Let generous pity ſpare the tender king,
Or not from trees, but flinty rocks, you ſpring."

ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY,
AND HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
BY ROGER EARL OF ORRERY*.

OUR Wit, till Cowley did its luſtre raiſe,
May be reſembled to the firſt three days;
In which did ſhine only ſuch ſtreaks of light,
As ſerv'd but to diſtinguiſh day from night.

But

* Third ſon of the firſt or great Earl of Corke, an able general, ſtateſman, and writer, as appears by his conduct in Ireland (when lord Broghill) both in peace and war, under Charles I. Cromwell, and Charles II. for whom he ſecured that kingdom; and by his Plays, Poems, Treatiſe on the Art of War, State Letters, &c. Of theſe works the firſt and the laſt were collected and publiſhed by his great-grandſon John Earl of Orrery (and afterwards of Corke), in 1739 and 1742. He alſo wrote "Parthenifſa," a Romance; poems on moſt of the Feſtivals of the Church; a poem on the Reſtoration; a political poem (of which Charles II. took a copy in MS.) called "A Dream;" &c. &c. It is obſervable that he compoſed moſt of his pieces when confined by the gout; which made Mr. Dryden tell him, in a dedication, that, "like the

But Wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light, when 'twas united to the ſun.
The Poets formerly did lie in wait,
To riſle thoſe whom they would imitate;
We watch'd to rob all ſtrangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language, but to ſteal their wit.
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since thoſe who want may be ſupply'd from him;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before;
Who, though he condeſcended to admit
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he thoſe ancient Poets does purſue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;

" prieſteſs of Apollo, he delivered his oracles always in tor-
" ment," and that " the world was obliged to his miſery for
" their delight." Charles II. for his ſervices, created him Earl of Orrery in 1660, made him one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, Preſident of Munſter, and one of the Cabinet Council, and offered him the great ſeal upon the fall of the Earl of Clarendon, which his infirm health prevented his accepting. See Budgell's Memoirs of the Boyles, p. 112. He died Oct. 16, 1679. Jacob ſays, " he publiſhed ſix plays in
" heroick verſe; wherein true Engliſh courage is exactly de-
" lineated, and morality and virtue truly illuſtrated." His grandſon Charles the fourth Earl (of whom ſee p. 70), is well known by his controverſy, when a commoner, with Dr. Bentley; as is his great-grandſon John (above-mentioned) by his Tranſlation of Pliny's Epiſtles, Life of Swift, Letters from Italy, &c. —" By one or other of this family, ſays Dr. Johnſon, almoſt every art has been encouraged or improved." D.

He

He taught them firſt to the New World to ſteer,
But they poſſeſs all that is precious there.
When firſt his ſpring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in ſome wonder and ſorrow too;
That God had ſo much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praiſes ſpent.
But thoſe who in his Davideis look,
Find they his bloſſoms for his fruit miſtook.
In differing ages diffreent Muſes ſhin'd;
His green did charm the ſenſe, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heaven, he was inſpir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence.
The Scriptures will no more the wicked fright;
His Muſe does make religion a delight.
Oh! how ſeverely man is us'd by fate!
The covetous toil long for an eſtate;
And, having got more than their life can ſpend,
They may bequeath it to a ſon or friend:
But Learning (in which none can have a ſhare,
Unleſs they climb to it by time and care);
Learning, the trueſt wealth a man can have,
Does with the body periſh in the grave:
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Though 'tis the nobleſt purchaſe of the mind:
Oh! why can we thus leave our friend poſſeſs'd
Of all our acquiſitions but the beſt*!
Still, when we ſtudy Cowley, we lament,
That to the world he was no longer lent;

* This complaint, as hath been obſerved by Mr. Budgell, is extremely poetical and pathetic. N.

Who like a lightning to our eyes was ſhown,
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone:
Sure, he rejoic'd to ſee his flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For, when wits Poets can no higher fly,
They would, like Saints, in their perfections die.

Though Beauty ſome affection in him bred,
Yet only ſacred Learning he would wed;
By which th' illuſtrious offspring of his brain
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His works ſhall live, when pyramids of pride
Shrink to ſuch aſhes as they long did hide.

That ſacrilegious fire (which did laſt year
Level thoſe piles * which piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majeſtic church to fly,
Where Engliſh Kings and Engliſh Poets lie †.
It at an aweful diſtance did expire;
Such power had ſacred aſhes o'er that fire;
Such, as it durſt not near that ſtructure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb:
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd, by being ſo,
From what the rage of future flames can do:
Material fire dares not that place infeſt
Where he, who had immortal flames, does reſt.

There let his urn remain; for it was fit
Amongſt our Kings to lay the King of Wit;
By which the ſtructure more renown'd will prove,
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

* The churches deſtroyed by the fire of 1666. N.

† The Abbey of Weſtminſter. N.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

You muſt ſuppoſe it to be Eaſter holy-days *: at what time Cicely and Doll, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Weſtminſter, with a leaſh of Prentices before them; who go rowing themſelves along with their right arms to make more haſte, and now and then with a greaſy muckender wipe away the dripping that baſtes their foreheads. At the door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the inhabitants of the Bank-ſide, with a Butcher or two prick'd-in among them. There a while they ſtand gaping for the maſter of the ſhow, ſtaring upon the ſuburbs of their deareſt delight, juſt as they ſtand gaping upon the painted cloth before they go into the puppet-play. By and by they hear the bunch of keys, which rejoices their hearts like the ſound of the pancake-bell. For now the man of comfort peeps over the ſpikes, and, beholding ſuch a learned auditory, opens the gate of Paradiſe, and by that time they are half got into the firſt chapel (for time is very precious), he lifts up his voice among the tombs, and begins his lurrey † in manner and form following:

HERE lies William de Valence
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his monument which you ſee,
I 'll ſwear upon a book.

* It is needleſs to obſerve, that the introduction and notes to this droll poem are by the author of it. They are characteriſtic of thoſe who are deſcribed as viſiting the tombs. N.

† This word, now diſuſed, needs no explanation. N.

Who like a lightning to our eyes was ſhown,
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone:
Sure, he rejoic'd to ſee his flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For, when wiſe Poets can no higher fly,
They would, like Saints, in their perfections die.
Though Beauty ſome affection in him bred,
Yet only ſacred Learning he would wed;
By which th' illuſtrious offspring of his brain
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His works ſhall live, when pyramids of pride
Shrink to ſuch aſhes as they long did hide.
That ſacrilegious fire (which did laſt year
Level thoſe piles * which piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majeſtic church to fly,
Where Engliſh Kings and Engliſh Poets lie †.
It at an aweful diſtance did expire;
Such power had ſacred aſhes o'er that fire;
Such, as it durſt not near that ſtructure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb:
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd, by being ſo,
From what the rage of future flames can do:
Material fire dares not that place infeſt
Where he, who had immortal flames, does reſt.
There let his urn remain; for it was fit
Amongſt our Kings to lay the King of Wit;
By which the ſtructure more renown'd will prove,
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

* The churches deſtroyed by the fire of 1666. N.

† The Abbey of Weſtminſter. N.

DE-

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

You muſt ſuppoſe it to be Eaſter holy-days *: at what time Cicely and Doll, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Weſtminſter, with a leaſh of Prentices before them; who go rowing themſelves along with their right arms to make more haſte, and now and then with a greaſy muckender wipe away the dripping that baſtes their foreheads. At the door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the inhabitants of the Bank-ſide, with a Butcher or two prick'd-in among them. There a while they ſtand gaping for the maſter of the ſhow, ſtaring upon the ſuburbs of their deareſt delight, juſt as they ſtand gaping upon the painted cloth before they go into the puppet-play. By and by they hear the bunch of keys, which rejoices their hearts like the ſound of the pancake-bell. For now the man of comfort peeps over the ſpikes, and, beholding ſuch a learned auditory, opens the gate of Paradiſe, and by that time they are half got into the firſt chapel (for time is very precious), he lifts up his voice among the tombs, and begins his lurrey † in manner and form following:

HERE lies William de Valence
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his monument which you ſee,
I 'll ſwear upon a book.

* It is needleſs to obſerve, that the introduction and notes to this droll poem are by the author of it. They are characteriſtic of thoſe who are deſcribed as viſiting the tombs. N.

† This word, now diſuſed, needs no explanation. N.

He was High Marſhal of England,
When Henry the Third did reign;
But this you take upon my word,
That he 'll ne'er be ſo again.

Here the Lord Edward Talbot lies,
The town of Shrewſbury's Earl,
Together with his Counteſs fair,
That was a moſt delicate girl.

The next to him there lieth one,
Sir Richard Peckſhall hight,
Of whom we only this do ſay,
He was a Hampſhire Knight.

But, now to tell ye more of him,
There lies beneath this ſtone
Two wives of his and daughters four,
To all of us unknown.

Sir Bernard Brockhurſt there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen Anne;
Queen Anne was Richard the Second's Queen,
And was King of England.

Sir Francis Hollis, the Lady Frances,
The ſame was Suffolk's Dutcheſs.
Two children of Edward the Third
Lie here in Death's cold clutches.

This is the third King Edward's brother,
Of whom our records tell
Nothing of note, nor ſay they whether
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This ſame was John of Eldeſton,
He was no Coſtermonger,
But Cornwall's Earl; and here 's one dy'd
'Cauſe he could live no longer.

The Lady Mohun, Dutcheſs of York,
And Duke of York's wife alſo.
But Death reſolv'd to horn the Duke,
She lies now with Death below.

The Lady Anne Roſs, but wot ye well
That ſhe in childbed dy'd,
The Lady Marqueſs of Wincheſter
Lies buried by her ſide.

Now think your penny* well ſpent, good folks,
And that you are not beguil'd.
Within this cup doth lie the heart
Of a French Ambaſſador's child.

But how the Devil it came to paſs,
On purpoſe, or by chance,
The bowels they lie underneath†,
The body is in France.

* When the price of admiſſion was raiſed to three pence, does not appear; but it was advanced to ſix pence in 1779, when the Earl of Chatham's effigies was placed in the Abbey. This is certainly a moſt magnificent collection of monuments; but the lamentable condition into which many of them are continually falling, cannot but excite the regret of every ingenuous ſpectator, and may in ſome degree be conſidered as a national reproach. N.

† Dol. I warrant ye the Phariſees carried it away.

There's

There's Oxford Counteſs, and there alſo
The Lady Burleigh her mother,
And there her daughter, a Counteſs too,
Lie cloſe by one another.

Theſe once were bonny dames; and though
There were no coaches then,
Yet could they jog their tails themſelves*,
Or had them jogg'd by men.

But woe is me! thoſe high-born ſinners,
That wont to pray ſo ſtoutly,
Are now laid low, and, 'cauſe they can't,
Their ſtatues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutcheſs of Somerſet,
By name the Lady Anne,
Her Lord Edward the Sixth protected †,
Oh! he was a gallant man.

In this fair monument which you ſee
Adorn'd with ſo many pillars,
Doth lie the Counteſs of Buckingham,
And her huſband Sir George Villars.

This old Sir George was grandfather,
And the Counteſs ſhe was granny,
To the great Duke of Buckingham,
Who often topt King Jammy.

* Dick. Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other women did: ha, Ralph?—Ralph. Oy, Oy.

† Tom. I have heard a ballad of him ſung at Ratcliff-Croſs.—Moll. I believe we have it at home, over our kitchen mantle-tree.

Sir

Sir Robert Eatam, a Scotch Knight,
This man was Secretary,
And ſcribbled compliments for two Queens,
Queen Anne, and eke Queen Mary.

This was the Counteſs of Lenox,
Yclep'd the Lady Marget,
King James's grandmother, and yet
'Gainſt Death ſhe had no target.

This was Queen Mary, Queen of Scots,
Whom Buchanan doth beſpatter,
She loſt her head at Totingham *,
Whatever was the matter.

The mother of our ſeventh Henry,
This is that lieth hard by,
She was the Counteſs, wot ye well,
Of Richmond and of Derby.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
With his fair Queen beſide him:
He was the founder of this Chapel;
Oh may no ill betide him!

Therefore his monument 's in braſs,
You 'll ſay that very much is;
The Duke of Richmond and Lenox †
There lieth with his Dutcheſs.

* Dol. How came ſhe here then?—Will. Why, ye ſilly oaf, could not ſhe be brought here after ſhe was dead?

† Roger. I warrant ye theſe were no ſmall fools in thoſe days!

And

And here they ſtand upright in a preſs
With bodies made of wax,
With a globe and a wand in either hand,
And their robes upon their backs.

Here lies the Duke of Buckingham,
And the Dutcheſs his wife;
Him Felton ſtabb'd at Portſmouth town,
And ſo he loſt his life.

Two children of King James theſe are,
Whom Death keeps very chary.
Sophia in the cradle lies *,
And this the Lady Mary.

And this is Queen Elizabeth;
How the Spaniards did infeſt her!
Here ſhe lies buried with Queen Mary,
And now agrees with her ſiſter.

To another chapel now come we,
The people follow and chat:
This is the Lady Cottington:
And the people cry, Who 's that?

This is the Lady Frances Sydney,
The Counteſs of Suffolk was ſhe,
And this the Lord Dudley Carleton is,
And then they look up and ſee;

* Beſs. Good woman, pray ſtill your child, it kee[p] ſuch a bawling we can't hear what the man ſays.

Sir Thomas Brumley lieth here,
Death would him not reprieve,
With his four ſons and daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir John Fullerton,
And this is his Lady I trow;
And this is Sir John Puckering,
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of Bridgewater in the middle,
Who makes no uſe of his bladder,
Although his Lady lie ſo near him:
And ſo we go up a ladder.

Edward the Firſt, that gallant blade,
Lies underneath this ſtone,
And this is the chair which he did bring
A good while ago from Scone *.

In this ſame chair, till now of late,
Our Kings and Queens were crown'd.
Under this chair another ſtone
Doth lie upon the ground;

On that ſame ſtone did Jacob ſleep
Inſtead of a down pillow,
And after that 'twas hither brought
By ſome good honeſt fellow †.

* Kate. He took more pains than I would ha' done for a hundred ſuch.—Rafe. Gad! I warrant there has been many a maidenhead got i' that chair.—Tom. Gad! and I'll come hither and try one of theſe days, an't be but to get a Prince.

† Dol. A Papiſh, I warrant him.

Richard

Richard the Second lieth here,
And his firſt Queen, Queen Anne;
Edward the Third lies here hard by,
Oh, there was a gallant man!

For this was his two-handed ſword,
A blade both true and truſty;
The French men's blood was ne'er wip'd off,
Which makes it look ſo ruſty.

Here lies he again with his Queen Philip,
A Dutch woman by record;
But that 's all one, for now, alas,
His blade 's not ſo long as his ſword.

King Edward the Confeſſor lies
Within this monument fine.
I 'm ſure, quoth one, a worſer tomb
Muſt ſerve both me and mine!

Harry the Fifth lies there; and there
Doth lie Queen Ellenor,
To our firſt Edward ſhe was wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Henry the Third lies here entomb'd,
He was Herb John * in pottage;
Little he did, but ſtill reign'd on,
Although his ſons were at age.

Fifty-ſix years he reigned King,
Ere he the crown would lay by,
Only we praiſe him 'cauſe he was
Laſt builder of the Abbey.

* St. John's wort, *hypericum*. N.

Here

Here Thomas Cecil lies; who 's that?
Why, 'tis the Earl of Exeter,
And this his Counteſs is; to die
How it perplexed her *!

Here Henry Cary, Lord Hunſdon, reſts:
What a noiſe he makes with his name!
Lord Chamberlain was he unto
Queen Elizabeth, of great fame †.

And here 's one William Colcheſter
Lies of a certainty;
An Abbot was he of Weſtminſter,
And he that ſaith no, doth lye.

This is the Biſhop of Durham,
By Death here laid in fetters;
Henry the Seventh lov'd him well,
And ſo he wrote his letters.

Sir Thomas Bacchus, what of him?
Poor Gentleman, not a word,
Only they buried him here; but now
Behold that man with a ſword,

Humphry de Bohun, who, though he were
Not born with me i' the ſame town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of Eſſex,
Of Hertford, and Northampton.

* Dol. Ay, ay, I warrant her; rich folks are as unwilling to die as poor folks.

† Cicely. That 's ſhe for whom our bells ring ſo often, is it not, Mary?—Moll. Ay, ay, the very ſame.

He

He was High Conſtable of England,
As hiſtory well expreſſes:
But now, pretty Maids, be of good chear,
We 're going up to the preſſes.

And now the preſſes open ſtand,
And ye ſee them all-a-row,
But never no more is ſaid of theſe
Than what is ſaid below.

Now down ſtairs come we again,
The man goes firſt with a ſtaff,
Some two or three tumble down the ſtairs,
And then the people laugh.

This is the great Sir Francis Vere,
That ſo the Spaniards curry'd,
Four Colonels ſupport his tomb,
And here his body's buried.

That ſtatue againſt the wall with one eye*
Is Major-General Norris,
He beat the Spaniards cruelly,
As is affirm'd in ſtories.

His ſix ſons there hard-by him ſtand,
Each one was a Commander,
To ſhew he could a Lady ſerve,
As well as the Hollander.

And there doth Sir John Hollis reſt,
Who was the Major-General
To Sir John Norris, that brave blade;
And ſo they go to dinner all.

* Dick. I warrant ye he had two, if he could have kept them.

For

For now the ſhew is at an end,
All things are done and ſaid;
The citizen pays for his wife,
The 'prentice for the maid.

FROM J. S. TO C. S*.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. X.

HEALTH to my friend who loves the town ſo well,
Health from his friend who loves the country cell:
In all but this we twin like brother doves;
What one diſlikes, the other diſapproves,
And Covent Garden cooing but divides our Loves.
Thou keep'ſt the billing neſt, I range the fields,
And taſte what uncorrupted Nature yields;
Riot in flowers, and wanton in the woods,
Baſk on the moſſy banks, and ſkim along the floods.
In ſhort, I live and reign, and joy to be
From all thy much-miſtaken bleſſings free;
And, as the ſlave the Flamen's ſurfeits fled
Nauſeate the honey-cakes, and feaſt on bread.
If happineſs of life be worth our care,
And he who builds ſhould nicely chooſe his air;
Tell me the place which with the country vies,
In eaſy bleſſings, and in native joys;

* Firſt printed by Motteux, in "The Gentleman's Jour-
"nal, 1693," who ſays, "it was written to a perſon of qua-
"lity," perhaps Sir Charles Sedley. N.

Where chearful hearths deceive the cold ſo well,
Or gentle gales the raging beams repell,
When both the Lion and the Dog conſpire,
With furious rays to ſet the day on fire.
Or where, ah, where! But here can ſleep maintain
(That ſlave in courts) her ſoft imperial reign?
Is Parian marble, preſs'd beneath thy feet,
More beautiful than flowers, or half ſo ſweet?
Or water, roaring through the burſting lead,
So pure as gliding in its eaſy bed?
Who builds in cities yet the fields approves,
And hedges-in with pillars aukward groves?
Strives for the country view that fartheſt runs,
And tweers aloof at beauties which he ſhuns?
In driving Nature out, our force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddeſs comes again;
And creeps in ſilent triumph to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
An ignorant and uncomparing Fop
Is cheated leſs in any Mercer's ſhop;
Than he who cannot with a wary eye
Diſtinguiſh Happineſs from Vanity:
Who proſperous Chance too eagerly embrace,
Feel double pangs in her averted face.
You once muſt leave whatever you admire:
Ah, wiſely now and willingly retire;
Forſake the gaudy tinſel of the great,
The peaceful cottage beckons a retreat;
Where true Content ſo true a greatneſs brings,
As ſlights their favourites, and as pities kings.

The

The Stag and Horſe in common paſture fed,
Till jars enſued, and heels oppos'd to head;
But horns are lucky things, and palfry fled,
Foaming for ſpite (and paſſion is a wit,)
He fought to man, and kindly took the bit;
But, when he fully had reveng'd his cauſe,
The ſpurs ſtill gall'd his ſide, the curb his jaws.
Juſt ſo the man who has his freedom ſold
(The nobler riches) to inſulting gold;
His back beneath a jaunting rider lays,
Hackney'd and ſpurr'd through all his ſlaviſh days;
Whoſe fortune is not fitted to his will,
Too great or little, he 's uneaſy ſtill.
Our ſhoes and fortune ſurely are allied,
We limp in ſtrait, and ſtumble in the wide.
Then wiſely take what Chance and Fate afford,
Nor wiſh for more—I know thou wilt not hoard!
And, when I labour for the ſordid gains,
Or heap the traſh, upbraid me for my pains:
It ſerves, or rules, where-ever gold you find;
But ſtill the varlet is a ſlave by kind.
Receive theſe from thy friend—
Who laughs in Kent, from care and buſineſs free,
And wanting nothing in the world but thee.

EPIGRAM ON WALLER.

VArious his ſubjects, yet they jointly warm,
All ſpirit, life, and every line a charm:
Correct throughout, ſo exquiſitely pen'd,
What he had finiſh'd, nothing elſe could mend.

MR. HARRISON* TO MRS. M. M.

WITH A BOUGH OF AN ORANGE-TREE.

FROM a warm clime and generous ſoil
This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
Diſdains what baffled art has done,
And drooping mourns the diſtant ſun.
Yet, Mira, near thy boſom plac'd,
It ſhall new life, new pleaſure taſte;
Sweets, more than nature gave, diſpenſe,
Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.
See the young fruit thy power confeſs,
And love their own Bermudas leſs;

Though

* William Harriſon eſq; a young gentleman high in eſteem, and (as Swift expreſſes it) "a little pretty fellow, with "a great deal of wit, good ſenſe, and good nature," and fellow of New College, Oxford, had no other income than forty pounds a year as tutor to one of the duke of Queenſberry's ſons. In this employment he fortunately attracted the favour of Dr. Swift, whoſe generous ſolicitations with Mr. St. John obtained for him the reputable employment of ſecretary to lord Raby, afterwards earl of Strafford, and then ambaſſador at The Hague. A letter of his whilſt at Utrecht, dated Dec. 16, 1712, is printed in the Dean's Works; to which Dr. Birch has annexed ſome curious particulars of Mr. Harriſon, who did not long enjoy his riſing fortune. He was diſpatched to London with the Barrier-treaty; and died Feb. 14, 1712-13. See the Journal to Stella, of that and the following day; where Dr. Swift laments his loſs with the moſt unaffected ſincerity.

Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradiſe itſelf be there.
Ripen'd by thy auſpicious eyes,
And eager to beſtow the prize,
For which thy matchleſs beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball;
Love's ſmiling Queen, whoſe tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

IN PRAISE OF LAUDANUM.
BY MR. HARRISON.

I Feel, O Laudanum, thy power divine,
And fall with pleaſure at thy ſlumbering ſhrine:
Lull'd by thy charms, I 'ſcape each anxious thought,
And every thing but Mira is forgot.

ſincerity. Mr. Tickell has mentioned him with reſpect, in his "Proſpect of Peace," Engliſh Poets, vol. XXVI. p. 113; and Dr. Young, in the beautiful cloſe of an "Epiſtle to Lord Lanſdowne" (vol. LII. p. 185.) moſt pathetically bewails his loſs. Dr. Birch, who has given a curious note on Mr. Harriſon's Letter to Swift, has confounded him with *Thomas* Harriſon, M. A. of Queen's College. The poems here printed, with "Woodſtock Park" in Dodſley's Collection, are all the poetical writings that are known of this excellent young man; who figured both as an humouriſt and a politician in the fifth volume of the Tatler, of which (under the patronage of Bolingbroke, Henley, and Swift) he was profeſſedly the editor. See the "Supplement to Swift."—There was another *William* Harriſon, author of "The Pilgrim, or "the happy Convert, a paſtoral tragedy, 1709." N.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. HARRISON.

FLORELLA, when thoſe eyes I ſee,
So innocently kind and free,
Ever fix'd, and fix'd on me:

Say, why ſhould I my time miſ-ſpend,
With idle fears ſo long attend,
And loſe the lover in the friend?

A year, or two, I could forbear;
But that ſome happier youth, I fear,
May gain thy heart, and triumph there.

Then, deareſt girl, with me retire;
What Age ſhould give, Love ſhall inſpire,
And thou ſhalt ripen by my fire.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S CAT.

BY THE SAME.

AND is Miſs Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What ſounds ſo moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play ſhe fell!
Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful ſtrife;
For every Muſe ſhould celebrate a life.

THE

THE PASSION OF SAPPHO.

BY MR. HARRISON.

HAIL, ſacred Muſe, and vocal ſhell,
That wont the joys of Love to tell;
Now turn your ſongs to mournful ſtrains,
My joys are fled, my Love remains.
Wanton Cupid, idle toyer,
Pleaſing tyrant, ſoft deſtroyer,
Do not thus my heart controul;
Phaon flies me far away,
Reaſon does renounce thy ſway,
Yet contented I obey,
Ever raging,
Paſt aſſuaging,
Love poſſeſſes all my ſoul.

Beneath this ſad and ſilent gloom,
I waſte my beauty, youth, and bloom:
But not the ſhades that baniſh day
Drive Phaon's brighter form away;
A youth ſo ſhap'd, with ſuch a mien,
A front like that of Jove ſerene,
With ſparkling eyes, and flowing hair,
And wit that ever charms the fair,
The ſpiteful Gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd him thus for my undoing:
O the ſoft tranſporting pleaſure,
When we yield our virgin treaſure;
When we meet the joyous lover,
And an equal flame diſcover.

Nothing now to Love denying,
Bluſhing, panting, melting, dying.
O the ſoft tranſporting bliſs!
What is life—or fame to this!
I rave, I rave, unhappy maid;
That name my folly does upbraid;
To ſhame, remorſe, and death betray'd.
What Power, what God, can ſend relief?
Sicilian virgins, ſhun the arts
Whence my misfortunes riſe:
With eaſe my Phaon conquers hearts,
With eaſe neglects the prize.
I dream, or in ſome rival's arms,
Forgetful of my rifled charms,
I behold the perjur'd boy:
Anguiſh waſte,
Lightning blaſt,
Heaven forſake her,
Hell o'ertake her,
Ere ſhe taſtes the riſing joy!

No; let her triumph, let her prize
The faithleſs wretch, whom I deſpiſe;
By his ingratitude ſet free,
I'll reap the ſweet of liberty.
Mighty hero, could you leave me?
Did my charmer hope to grieve me?
Thus be all thy wiſhes blaſted,
For no longer I adore thee;
Had thy love one moment laſted,
Happy I had chang'd before thee.

Wander, Phaon; ſo will I,
Roving, ranging,
Ever changing,
Gay and airy,
Form'd to vary;
I, to pain you,
Will diſdain you,
And to nobler conqueſt fly.
Reſentment, pride, and glowing ſhame,
Once guardians of my ſpotleſs fame,
By conquering Love though baniſh'd hence,
Again vouchſafe me your defence,
Aſſert an Empire late your own,
And ſhake the tyrant on his throne:
Support me, aid me, for I feel
My fainting reſolution reel.
Doubt, thou certain ſtate of ſorrow,
We loſe to-day, to wait to-morrow;
He may return, my Phaon may;
I cheat myſelf, why does he ſtay?
Shall Sappho, like a helpleſs maid,
Pine to death, of death afraid?
I 've tried all female arts in vain,
Diſſembled ſcorn and falſe diſdain;
For, oh! with real grief oppreſt,
I burn, and tempeſts ſhake my breaſt.
O what torments wound my heart!
Gentle Death, in pity take me,
And perform thy grateful duty:
Since my Phaon does forſake me,
To thy arms I yield my beauty,
Kinder then than Cupid's dart.

PRO-

PROLOGUE. BY MR. JOSEPH HAINES*.

WHen the hot ſun with ſcorching beams does ſhine,
With ice we calm the raging heat of wine.
Our Author in like circumſtance is caſt;
He cools his fancy, to oblige your taſte;
He under-writes to pleaſe, and frames his wit
Exactly to the level of the Pit.

Know-

* The time when this merry Comedian (uſually called *Count Haines*) was born, is uncertain: but he received the rudiments of learning at the ſchool of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, where he made ſuch progreſs that he was the admiration of all that knew him. His ready wit and facetious humour prevailed upon ſeveral gentlemen to ſend him to Queen's College, Oxford, where his learning, and infinite fund of humour, gained him the eſteem and regard of Sir Joſeph Williamſon, who, when he was made ſecretary of ſtate, took Joe for his Latin ſecretary. But Haines had too little taciturnity for an employment of that kind; for Sir Joſeph too often heard the ſuſtance of his epiſtles to foreign courts, before they could come to the hands of thoſe perſons who were to receive them. Upon this account, Joe was removed from his employment. However, Sir Joſeph recommended him to one of the heads of the Univerſity of Cambridge, where he was willingly received; but a company of players coming to Stourbridge fair, near that place, Joe fell ſo much in love with their employment and way of living, that he threw away his cap and band, and made one of their company. He was ſoon called to the King's company in Drury-lane, where his

Knowing what ſtuff will paſs, 'tis his intention,
Never to ſoar above your apprehenſion.
Therefore he writes to you, the moderate wits,
True country 'ſquires, conceited fops and cits,
Pimps, pandars, paraſites, prigs, beaux, and bullies,
And whores, with all their equipage of cullies:
I think I ſee one there, juſt ſo attended;
Since the vacation, Lord! how things are mended!

his inimitable performance and vivacity brought him into the familiarity of the wits of the age, and perſons of the firſt rank, inſomuch, that a noble duke, going ambaſſador to France, thought it no diſgrace to take Haines as a companion. Joe (beſides the dead languages) ſpoke Italian and French to as much perfection as if he had been born both at Rome and Paris; and therefore it is no wonder to he was careſſed by many of the French nobility. Here he took the title of Count, and by his art tricked many of the rich citizens of Paris out of large ſums of money. After his French expedition, he returned to the ſtage again, and had the art to form the countenances of his audience by his own; for the muſcles of his face were like gaping, generally catching. His Prologues and Epilogues do not ſeem extraordinary in the reading, but his manner of ſpeaking made them inimitable. The Epilogue in particular, that he ſpoke riding on an aſs, created ſuch a laughter and reiterated applauſes, that it was near half an hour in the ſpeaking. This excellent Comedian was author of one play, "A Fatal Miſtake, or The Plot ſpoiled; as it was lately acted, 1692." He died of a fever (after a ſhort illneſs) April 4, 1701, at his lodgings in Hart-ſtreet Long Acre, and was buried in Covent Garden church-yard. See "Britiſh Theatre, 1752," p. 119. N.

I told her fortune then, which I remember
Was, ſhe ſhould get new rigging in December:
Now I Jo. Haines proteſt upon my honour,
She 's there, with all my prophecy upon her.
In me a ſtrange prophetic ſpirit reigns,
Which I impute to an exceſs of brains,
That does my buſineſs upon each occaſion,
For none, I hope, will think 'tis inſpiration.
A Poet came to me the other day,
To learn the deſtiny of his new play;
Urg'd by good-nature, I in pity ſhow'd him
How to prevent a ſhame the devil ow'd him:
But he would on to meet the Critic's ſhot;
So volunteering Poet went to pot.
Our Author brings you here his Virgin Muſe;
A Virgin you ſhould gently, gently uſe:
And if ſhe 's aukward now, at the beginning,
Conſider this is her firſt time of ſinning:
Like your kept miſſes, more experienc'd grown,
She hopes to give content to all the town.
Ladies, I 'm ſure, you will be pleas'd to day,
For he has two conſtant women in his Play:
And, if he 's not deceiv'd, a pretty tale,
But yet he has this refuge, if that fail:
When Poets plots in Plays are damn'd for ſpight,
They Critics turn, and damn the reſt that write:
So the State-plotter, on the like pretence,
Miſſing his aim, becomes an evidence.

EPI-

EPILOGUE. BY MR. HAINES.

SPOKEN BY MR. BOWMAN, MIMICKING A BEAU.

LOaded with muff, and noſe adorn'd with ſnuſh,
Eclips'd in wig like owl in ivy-buſh;
With dangling ſhoulder-knot o'er arm a-kimbo,
In fine embroidered coat juſt out of limbo;
With all the rhetorick of *doux yeux* I come,
To mitigate our trembling Author's doom;
Who bid me beg your ſmiles (the Poet's alms)
In words as moving as the Singing-pſalms.
Not doubting my ſucceſs, becauſe he knows,
The fair ſex muſt be obliging to the beaux;
For while thoſe gallants, who had brains to ſpare,
For honour ran campaigning every year,
Love! Love! the nobler province of the two,
Kept peaceful beau at home to die for you:
Not that he fear'd the wars, but ſome chance-blow
Might beat out his fine teeth; and then you know
Though he the man were ſav'd, that kills the beau,
Whoſe courage might, no doubt, ſucceſsful prove,
In bed of honour, as in bed of Love.
But whether think you has the greater charms,
Don Mars the bully's, or Don Cupid's arms?
Who in this glorious field makes his campaign,
So fam'd for killing eyes, and Lovers ſlain.
Like Cæſar, here the beaux may conqueſt boaſt;
They come, they ogle, and the heart is loſt.
No wonder then they 're in ſuch veneration;
But I remember monkeys once in faſhion,
Till theſe new favourites obtain'd their ſtation.

But

But monkey, ſquirrel, and lov'd parakeeto,
(The prettier creatures much, methinks, to ſee to)
Lap-dog, nay darling black, muſt all vail now,
To the prevailing charms of rival beau.
But tell me, pray, how would this peacock ſhow,
If he were treated like old Æſop's crow?
If thoſe who clubb'd to his beauſhip flock'd together,
And every bird laid hold of his own feather,
Unrigg'd of cloaths, of wig, and unpaid linen,
Sword, feather, muff, and no charms left to ſin in;
What a figure he'd make, you eaſily may gueſs,
Stripp'd of his borrow'd plumes in that undreſs;
The naked truth, I fear, would oft diſcover
The giant beau to be a pigmy lover.
Sure nought but the green-ſickneſs of the mind
Can reliſh this ſad traſh of human-kind.
Howe'er——
Since beauteous plenty here begins to dreſs,
With her bright ornaments, the face of peace,
'Tis fit that our dramatic wars ſhould ceaſe:
Therefore to you, ſweet beaus, in meer compaſſion,
Theſe terms we offer of capitulation.
Firſt then——
When you ſhall leave off to adore new faces,
And paying only broken heads for places,
As now your foibles, then we'll ſhew ſhew your graces.
And next——
Let not our womens tyring-rooms be haunted,
Boaſt not of favours which they never granted.
Tick not with orange-wench, or ſide-box miſſes—
Alas! they live by love, and feed on kiſſes!

Grant

Grant this, and if they make not juſt requitals,
You 've our conſents gratis to ſtop their vitals.
(Demme)———*Exit like a beau.*

PROLOGUE AT OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON, 1703.

FROM OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

ONCE more our London Muſes, pleas'd, repair
To this bleſs'd ſeat, and breathe their native air;
Here ſeek protection from their kindred gown,
Glad to retire from that degenerate town,
Where ſpurious critics in falſe judgement ſit,
Debauch'd with farce, and negligent of wit.
Our indignation equally they raiſe,
Whether they frown or ſmile upon our Plays,
And damn us with the ſcandal of their praiſe.
Now to our wiſh we have an audience found,
Which will be pleas'd with ſenſe as well as ſound:
You only can reform th' unthinking age,
Redeem our credit loſt, and dignify the Stage.
Wit is your growth, and now ('tis all we crave)
Retrieve that honour which before you gave:
Poetry yet will thrive, if rais'd by you,
As plants their fading vigour will renew
From that kind ſoil in which at firſt they grew.
Your learned cenſures will inſtruct the town,
And teach them when to ſmile, and when to frown,
And by your judgement to improve their own.
You, as Wit's higher powers, our doom reveal,
From whoſe deciſive court there 's no appeal.

Then

Then riſe, Athenians! in the juſt defence
Of Poetry oppreſt, and long-neglected Senſe;
The reputation of our art advance,
Suppreſs th' exorbitance of Song and Dance,
And in one powerful party conquer France.
Nor have we vicious entertaintment brought:
You ſafely may approve, and ſmile without a fault.
With ſhame we muſt confeſs, our city gueſts
Have been regal'd with ſuch unwholeſome feaſts;
With greedineſs the fulſom bait they ſeize,
And, dreſt in Vice, ev'n Senſe itſelf will pleaſe.
But now w' have nought t' offend the chaſteſt ear,
You from imputed crimes our Stage ſhall clear,
For none will bluſh to own what you vouchſafe to hear.

VERSES TO A LADY,
ON DRAWING ME FOR HER VALENTNE.
FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

MAdam, permit me here to own
A favour you yourſelf have ſhown;
For he, who dar'd but to admire
Before, now hopes he may aſpire;
By this embolden'd to improve
His admiration into Love.
Bleſt be the man, whoſe happy thought
From the gay birds this cuſtom brought!
By which with lucky chance we gain
What long had made our wiſhes vain;
Only 'twixt us this difference lies
And thoſe muſicians of the ſkies,

They

They for themſelves their Lovers chooſe,
But Fortune and the Gods for us.
But above all, a bleſſing's due
To that kind chance which gave me you:
You, who with ſuch an air and mien,
And face not ſafely to be ſeen,
With ſo much beauty, wit, and truth,
Might well deſerve a nobler youth;
A youth, if ſuch a one there is,
Who anſwers all good qualities:
But, ſince none can be equal to
So fine, ſo bright a nymph as you;
And 'twas before decreed above,
That you muſt bleſs whom e'er you love;
Be pleas'd t' accept of him, on whom
Fortune has ſuch a favour thrown;
Who vows he 'll do his beſt to pleaſe,
And to deſerve the happineſs;
Or by his conſtancy will prove
Such charms can always challenge love.
So ſweet confinement who would leave
For all the freedom worlds can give?
So fetter'd in your arms to be,
Ye Gods, 'twere glorious ſlavery,
From which I never would be free!

EPIGRAM.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MISCELLANY.

SPeak, Grief; for long the mournful ſtrains have hung
Upon my drooping ſoul, and fix'd my tongue;
Pay the juſt tribute of a funeral verſe,
And let her virtue's praiſe attend her hearſe:
The taſk is great, for who can e'er deſcry
Each ſhining ſtar which forms the galaxy?
Who can deſcribe the graces of her mind,
Where all that's great, and good, and beauteous ſhin'd?
Who can each ſingle virtue juſtly ſhew?
Or marſhal all the glorious train in view?
No, the attempt would a raſh zeal appear,
And but blaſpheme the mighty character:
How well ſhe acted all the parts of life,
Th' obedient child, and moſt indulgent wife;
The tendereſt mother, and the beſt of friends,
Faithful, ſincere, and generous without ends!
To ſuch whom nature had to her ally'd,
She by a ſtricter bond of love was tied:
But the intenſive goodneſs of her mind
Was to no leſs than the whole world confin'd.
No ſneaking paſſions harbour'd in her breaſt,
Which might diſturb her own or other's reſt:
But all that knew her would in juſtice own,
That ſhe help'd many, but ſhe injur'd none.
Such virtues might have been more uſeful here,
Had Fortune plac'd her in a higher ſphere;
And might have ſhone as good, and ſhone as clear.

But

But moſt in her lov'd privacy ſhe ſpent
Her hours which to her Maker's praiſe ſhe lent;
Her Maker now her praiſes will repay
With everlaſting bliſs, and endleſs day.

Sept. 6, 1703.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVII.

UPON the banks which fam'd Euphrates laves
Penſive we ſate, and ſwell'd with tears the waves;
When the remembrance of our native ſeat
And Sion's lov'd idea did create
Freſh melancholy, and improv'd our fate.
On the green branches of the trees which ſtood,
Rang'd on the margin of the rolling flood,
To whiſtling winds our tuneleſs harps we hung;
Our ſouls were diſcord, and our lyres unſtrung:
Then with keen ſcoffs th' inſulting victors cried,
"Why is your Jewiſh muſic laid aſide?
Come ſing ſome Hebrew ſong, and let us hear
How Sion's harmony will pleaſe the ear."
How ſhall we ſing, at your abſurd command,
Jehovah's ſong in this unhallow'd land?
Our notes ſhall ne'er in unbleſs'd vales rebound,
Nor barbarous air prophane the ſacred ſound.
Jeruſalem, thou ſolace of our woe,
If I thy dear remembrance e'er forego;
If thou e'er ceaſe to be my darling theme,
My thought when waking, and in ſleep my dream;
Then may my ſkilful hand forget the lyre,
Forget to tune the ſtrings, and ſtrike the ſounding wire!

May ev'n my tongue, when I this ſubject leave,
Struck ſpeechleſs, to my clammy palate cleave!
By plaintive ſongs no more afford relief,
But loſe the wretched peivilege of grief!
Remember, Lord, how Edom's hoſtile race
Urg'd-on the foes, our glory to deface;
How in Jeruſalem's laſt day they cried,
"Raze her foundations, cruſh her towering pride;
Lay waſte her buildings with devouring fires,
And level with the ground her glittering ſpires!"
And thou, who haſt our ſhining pomp conſum'd,
Curs'd Babylon, to ſure deſtruction doom'd;
Bleſt ſhall he be, who ſhall eſpouſe our cauſe,
And take due vengeance on our cruel foes.
Bleſt ſhall he be that ſplits thy children's bones,
And ſtrikes their ſprawling limbs againſt the ſtones;
Who all thy ſtreets with ſlaughter covers o'er,
And daubs the rugged flints with clotted brains and gore

THE CHOICE.

ON READING A LINE* IN POMFRET.

I WOULD be what I am, nor fondly crave
Beyond what wiſer Heaven in kindneſs gave;
Or, if in any thing to change inclin'd,
It is not in my fortunes, but my mind.
Content I aſk not, 'tis already given,
Content! the deareſt gift of bounteous Heaven!
From envy, hatred, and ambition free,
Thus far advanc'd in true felicity.

* "Some kind companion, for I'd have NO WIFE." N.

Could

Could I my other paſſions rule as well,
My conqueſts, Cæſar! thine would far excel.
Could I the ſudden rage of anger tame,
And boiling blood within its banks reclaim:
Yet ſtill to one I would indulgent prove;
A paſſion is it, or a virtue?—Love:
That ſalt of nature, and that ſoul of life,
Center'd in that dear charming name, A WIFE:
Chaſte, prudent, pious, generous, conſtant, kind,
Charming and bright her eyes, but more her mind.
Let her be ſuch, I aſk no greater bliſs,
And (thanks indulgent Heaven!) ſuch ſhe is.
Not that ſhe has no moles, though ſuch they are,
As though they own her mortal, leave her fair.
She can't diſſemble, flatter, frown, nor chide;
And ſome ſhe has, but 'tis a decent pride:
Beauty ſhe has, or has at leaſt to me,
And wit, with but a little vanity.
Learning and ſenſe, which fairly blockheads fear,
Becauſe they want them, (thank my ſtars!) are here.
I'th' world's great book ſhe has ſome pages read,
And (by our iſle's good leave) ſhe is well-bred;
Nor want thoſe bleſſings which our lives prolong
To the next age, and makes us ever young;
Sweet children, neatly, though not finely, dreſs'd,
With mother-wit and Engliſh faces bleſs'd.
Who rather lewdneſs than this life would chuſe,
And thoſe falſe joys the vicious world amuſe;
Let them have that, and rottenneſs for me,
Who am content with health and chaſtity.

Had Orpheus happy been in ſuch a bride,
Whoſe loſs he mourn'd by Thracian Hebrus' ſide;
So ſoft had been his lyre, ſo ſweet his ſong,
The men, as well as trees, had danc'd along:
Soon had he made thoſe ſavages relent,
And liſtening Hebrus flow as ſmooth as Trent.

ÆSOP AT COURT.

OR, SELECT FABLES. 1702.

BY DR. YALDEN*.

"Vendidit hic auro patriam ——
"—— fixit leges pretio atque refixit." VIRG. Æn.

ÆSOP TO THE KING.

VIctorious Prince! form'd for ſupreme command,
Worthy the empire of the ſeas and land!
Whilſt impious Faction ſwells with native pride,
Parties diſtract the State, and Church divide!
And ſenſeleſs libels, with audacious ſtyle,
Inſult thy Senate, and thy power revile!

Vouch-

* This little collection of Fables is one of the articles which are enumerated as wanting in vol. III. p. 167, and which have been ſince accidentally recovered. I have already obſerved that Dr. Johnſon's "Life of Yalden" renders it unneceſſary for me to enter on that ſubject. It may not, however, be improper to tranſcribe a few lines from Wood, Ath. II. 1022, which differ from Jacob, on whoſe authority the new Life ſeems in ſome meaſure to have been founded.

The

Vouchſafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
Which Birds and Beaſts in ſportive Tales unfold;
To curb the inſolent, advance the good,
And quell the ragings of the multitude.
O fam'd for arms, and matchleſs in renown!
Permit old Æſop to approach thy throne:
To you the labours of his Muſe belong;
Accept the humble, but inſtructive Song.

FABLE THE FIRST.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, inſolent with pride,
The Fountain and its Springs defied;
That Fountain, from whoſe watery bed
Th' ungrateful Flood was daily fed.

The variations are of no material conſequence, but, as Wood is more particular than Jacob, may perhaps be conſidered as a curioſity: "Thomas *Yalding*, a younger ſon of Joh. "Yould. ſometimes a page of the preſence and groom of "the chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards a ſufferer for "his cauſe, and an exciſeman in *Oxon* after the Reſtoration "of King Charles II. was born in the pariſh of St. John "Baptiſt in Oxon, on the ſecond day of January, 1669, (in "which pariſh I myſelf received alſo my firſt breath) edu-"cated in Magd. Coll. ſchool while he was a chorifter of "that houſe, was elected demy, an. 16... and in the year "16... probationer-fellow." He took the degree of M. A. May 12, 1694; B. D. April 30, 1706; and D. D. July 1, 1708. N.

And thus the Rabble Waves began:
"We 're the delight of Gods and Man!
How charming do our banks appear!
How ſwift the ſtream, the flood how clear!

"See how, by Nature's bounty ſtrong,
We whirl our legion waves along:
In ſoft mæanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

"But thou, poor Fountain, filly ſoul!
Thy head abſconding in a hole,
Run'ſt meddling on from place to place,
Aſham'd to ſhew thy dirty face;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep'ſt inglorious under ground:
D' you hear? henceforth your Lords obey!
We the grand Waves aſſume the ſway."

"Well, angry Sirs, the Fountain cry'd,
And how 's your ſtreams to be ſupply'd?
Ye ſenſeleſs fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,
Or backward turn my watery ſtore,
That hour you 'd ceaſe, and be no more.
Go aſk that bluſtering fop the Wind,
That puts this whimſy in your mind,
And makes your factious ſurges riſe,
If he 'll recruit you with ſupplies.

"And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-ſewer would ſcorn,

Too late you 'll curſe this frantic whim,
When carriers' ſteeds ſhall piſs a nobler ſtream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, inſult thy ſtate:
Like waves tumultuous, inſolently wiſe,
They tutor Kings, and Senators adviſe;
Whilſt old Republicans direct the ſtream,
Not France and Rome, but Monarchy 's their aim:
Fools rode by Knaves! and paid as they deſerve,
Deſpis'd whilſt us'd! then left to hang or ſtarve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY Lion heretofore,
Of monſtrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chace:
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to ſhare the ſport and prize,
During the hunting-ſpace.

The Lynx and Royal Panther came,
The Boar and Wolf of Wolfingham,
The articles were theſe:
Share and ſhare like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the ſpot,
And ſo depart in peace.

A Royal Hart, delicious meat!
Deſtin'd by inauſpicious Fate,

Was

Was ſtarted for the game:
The Hunters run him one all;
The chace was long, and, at the fall,
Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a ſide,
This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
Each for his ſhare alone:
Old Grey-beard then began to roar,
The whiſkers twirl'd, bully'd, and ſwore,
The Hart was all his own.

"And thus I prove my title good;
My friend deceas'd ſprung from our blood,
Half's mine as we're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part;
In ſhort, I love a hunted Hart:
And who dares now divide?"

The bilk'd Confederates they ſtare,
And cry'd, "Old Gentleman, deal fair,
For once be juſt and true."
Quoth he, and, looking wondrous grum,
"Behold my paws, the word is Mum;
And ſo, Meſſieurs, adieu!"

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be reſtrain'd by might,
Power's their conſcience, and the ſword their right:
Allies they court, to compaſs private ends,
But at the dividend diſclaim their friends.

Yet boaſt not, France, of thy ſucceſsful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilſt enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæſar drives the ſtorm along,
And Naſſau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part:
Afflicted ſore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty ſound at heart.

But moſt her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her ſpectacles avail,
To rectify their ſight.

Receipts ſhe try'd, ſhe doctors fee'd,
And ſpar'd for no advice
Of men of ſkill, or quacks for need
That practiſe on ſore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaiſters both,
And this, and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her houſe, though ſmall, was furniſh'd neat,
And every room did ſhine
With pictures, tapeſtry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilſt

Whilſt they kept blind the ſilly ſoul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they ſtole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
And now pray how 's your ſight:
Cries t'other, this was my advice,
I knew 't would ſet you right.

Like a ſtuck pig the woman ſtar'd,
And up and down ſhe run:
With naked houſe and walls quite ſcar'd,
She found herſelf undone.

"Doctors, quoth ſhe, your cure 's my pain,
For what are eyes to me:
Bring ſalves and forehead-cloths again,
I 've nothing left to ſee."

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy caſe,
Thou patient with diſtemper'd eyes:
State-quacks but nouriſh the diſeaſe,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expenſive pain,
When eighteen millions run on ſcore:
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And phyſick thee of eighteen more.

FABLE

FABLE IV.

THE SATYRS' ADDRESS.

FIVE Satyrs of the woodland ſort,
Thought politicians then:
Their ears prick'd up, their noſes ſhort,
And brows adorn'd like Aldermen;
With aſſes hoofs, great gogle eyes,
And ample chins of Be—m's ſize:

To Jove tript up with an addreſs,
In favour of the plains:
That it would pleaſe him to ſuppreſs
All heats and colds, his winds and rains;
The ſun that he 'd extinguiſh too,
And in the ſkies hang ſomething new.

"My wiſe reforming friends, quoth Jove,
Our elements are good!
We manage for the beſt above,
Though not ſo rightly underſtood;
But ſince ſuch profound Squires are ſent,
We 'll treat you like the cream of Kent."

Then Jove brought out ætherial fire
In a gilt chafing-diſh:
The ſparkling flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wiſh:
They gap'd, they grinn'd, they jump'd about!
Jove, give us that, the ſun put out!

The

The charming flames they all embrace,
Which, urg'd by Nature's laws;
Their ſhaggy hides ſet in a blaze,
And ſoundly ſing'd their paws;
In corners then they ſneak, with terror dumb,
And o'er th' immortal pavements ſcud it home.

THE MORAL.

How ſenſeleſs are our modern Whiggiſh tools,
Beneath the dignity of Britiſh fools!
With beef reſolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
They cenſure monarchs, and at ſenates rail;
So eagerly to public miſchief run,
That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.

O true machines! and heads devoid of brains!
Affront that Senate which your rights maintains!
Thus ideots ſport with power, and flames embrace,
Till ſmarting Folly glares them in the face.

FABLE V.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a Farmer in the Weſt,
As we 're in ſtory told;
Whoſe herds were large, and flocks the beſt
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a ſtaff, his ruſſet coat,
And Towſer by his ſide,
Early and late he tun'd his throat
And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towſer was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning ſkill'd,
Entruſted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

"Towſer, quoth he, I 'm for a Fair;
Be regent in my room:
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all ſafe at home.

I know thee watchful, juſt, and brave,
Right worthy ſuch a place:
No wily Fox ſhall thee deceive,
Nor Wolf dare ſhow his face."

But ne'er did Wolves a fold infeſt,
At regent Towſer's rate:
He din'd and ſupp'd upon the beſt,
And frequent breakfaſts ate.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report:
But, coming on him by ſurprize,
Juſt found him at the ſport.

"Ingrateful beaſt, quoth he, what means
That bloody mouth and paws?
I know the baſe, the treacherous ſtains,
Thy breach of truſt and laws.

The fruits of my paſt love I ſee:
Roger, the halter bring;
E'en truſs him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towſer ſwing.

I'll

I 'll ſpare the famiſh'd Wolf and Fox,
That ne'er my bounty knew:
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This neckcloth is your due."

THE MORAL.

When miniſters their prince abuſe,
And on the ſubjects prey:
With ancient monarchs 'twas in uſe,
To ſend them Towſer's way

FABLE VI.

THE FOX AND BRAMBLE.

REN, an old poacher after game,
Saw grapes look tempting fine:
But, now grown impotent and lame,
Could not command the vine;
His lips he lick'd, ſtood ogleing with his eyes,
Strain'd at a running jump, but miſs'd the prize:

Quoth he, that honeſt buſh hard-by
Might give a friend a lift:
In troth, its curteſy I 'll try,
And venture for a ſhift.
Without more words he bounces to the top,
But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
He blow'd and lick'd his paws:
Then mutter'd to himſelf and ſwore,
Curſing the fatal cauſe; [ſcorn,
Damn'd raſcal ſhrub, quoth he, whom hedge-ſtakes
Beneath a furs-buſh, or the ſcoundrel thorn!

"Good words, friend Ren, the buſh reply'd,
Here no incroacher 'ſcapes:
Thoſe Foxes that on brambles ride
Love thorns, as well as grapes;
But better language would your mouth become:
If you muſt curſe, go curſe the fool at home!"

THE MORAL.

Who firſt offend, then in diſputes engage,
Should check their paſſions and indecent rage:
But peeviſh age, of weak reſentments proud,
Like woman's ſtubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a juſt pretence,
And rude expreſſions ſhew a barren ſenſe:
But, when high birth deſcends to mean abuſe,
The crime runs fouleſt, and finds no excuſe.

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND WEAZLE.

TO THE LATE HONOURABLE THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE PRIZE-OFFICE.

A NEEDY Weazle heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor;
That had no place, ſmall comings-in,
And liv'd in terror of the gin;
Nor got a morſel to his hole,
But what he either begg'd or ſtole;
One night a foraging for prey,
He found a ſtore-houſe in his way:
Each cranny then he nimbly paſt,
With lantern jaws and ſlender waiſt;

And made long time his quarters good,
On ſlaughter'd mice and wheaten food.

But, growing corpulent and round,
Too ſmall the wideſt chink was found:
And now he ſqueez'd and thruſt in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A Fox that chanc'd to ſtroll that way,
For meditation's ſake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueiſh looks and ſneering ſmile;
And though he ſhrewdly gave a gueſs,
Yet aſk'd him how and what's the caſe;
And why his Weazle-ſhip would keep
In durance vile, and play boh-peep.

Quoth he, "Alack, Sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in:
A ſkeleton, mere ſkin and bone!
Though now ſo groſs and bulky grown,
That, with good chear and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you 'll lend,
To force a board, and ſerve a friend;
So fain I would my bacon ſave,
I 'll kiſs your foot, and live your ſlave."

Quoth Ren, "We Doctors hold it beſt,
After a long debauch, to faſt:
Then as for diſcipline, 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum ſufficit.*
Slacken with abſtinence your ſkin,
And you 'll return as you got in:

For, till each collop you refund,
You 're like to quarter in Lobs-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, no more in foreign camps expoſe
Your ſacred life, to Britain's generous foes:
Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her reſcue come.

In power her baſeſt enemies remain,
Oppreſs thy ſubjects, and thy treaſures drain:
With ſums immenſe they raiſe their fortunes high,
Though armies ſtarve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war! curſe of thy martial reign!
You ſhare the toil and dangers, they the gain:
To juſtice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and aſſert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed Owl
One morning on the Sun fell foul,
Becauſe it made him blind:
But by his ſophiſtry you 'll gueſs
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The Sun illuſtrious with his light,
Diſpenſing warmth to all:
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a ſot
And thus began the brawl.

" D' ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools!
Hot-headed puppy! foe to owls!
Why this offenſive blaze?
Behind ſome cloud go ſneak aſide,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

" When I 'm a taking the freſh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And ſo much rudeneſs ſhow!
I wonder when the modeſt Moon
Would ſerve an Owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one ſo!"

Bright Phœbus ſmil'd at what was ſaid,
And cry'd, " 'Tis well, Sir Logger-head,
You 've neither ſenſe nor ſhame!
Becauſe a blinking fool can't bear
An object ſo tranſcending fair,
The Sun muſt take the blame.

Shall I the univerſe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Becauſe you rail and ſcoul;
When birds of the moſt abject ſort
Deride and grin you for their ſport,
And treat you like an Owl?"

THE MORAL.

Who libel ſenates, and traduce the great,
Meaſure the public good by private hate:
Intereſt 's their rule of Love; fierce to oppoſe
All whom ſuperior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rocheſter*, thus give offence;
The guilty faction hates diſcerning ſenſe:
This Harley†, Seymour‡, Howe‖, and Mackworth find,
Great eye-ſores to the loud rapacious kind;
But, whilſt in holes Addreſſing Owls repine,
Bright as the Sun their patriot names will ſhine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at ſea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds oe'rcaſt the gloomy ſkies:
The ſurges they began to riſe,
And terrify the ſailors, jocund crew.

This to the wanton billows was but ſport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their ſong,
They 'd have a ſtorm, and ſhew good reaſon for 't.

Then a freſh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on ſhore:
They 'd not be fetter'd up, they ſwore,
But thus to the inſulted margin ſaid:

"Hey, ſlugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds!
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free paſſage to the Sea,
Down with your ramparts and obſtructing mounds."

* Laurence Hyde, earl of Rocheſter, was then lord lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

† Afterwards earl of Oxford. N.

‡ Charles Seymour, duke of Somerſet. N.

‖ John Howe, eſq.; of whom, ſee vol. I. p. 269. N.

"See how they ſtir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one friſk at land;
Or, zbud, we 'll waſh you into ſand,
Without the tedious form of long diſputes."

"Hold! ſoft and fair! the Banks reply'd; we 're bound,
In honour, to make good our poſt:
And will, for all your windy boaſt,
As barriers to the Sea, maintain our ground.

Go, lord it in your watery realms, the Main!
There rage and bluſter as you pleaſe,
Licentious in your native Seas,
But not an inch as treſpaſſers you 'll gain.

So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coaſt,
You 'll run your heads againſt a poſt,
And ſhamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though Diſcord forms the elements for war,
Their well-pois'd ſtrength prevents the fatal jar;
Harmonious Nature ſets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power 's by a ſubordinate reſtrain'd:
But, when like raging waves they overflow
Their ſtated bounds, and on the weaker grow;
Thrice happy realms! where there are Patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL Nightingale, whoſe warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty ſong,
With every ſweet harmonious note
He charm'd the liſtening throng:
The hooting Cuckow was diſpleas'd alone,
Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.

"This ſcreaming fop, quoth ſhe, that ſcares
All creatures with his din;
When folks are liſtening to my airs,
Forſooth he 's putting in.
Here 's ſuch a chattering kept, and odious noiſe,
My ſong 's quite ſpoil'd with his confounded voice."

The injur'd ſongſter modeſtly reply'd,
"Since you perform ſo fine,
The conteſt let ſome judge decide,
And try your ſkill with mine;
Vanquiſh'd, I 'll your ſuperior genius own."
The Cuckow ſhook her head, and cry'd 'twas done.

A ſolemn plodding Aſs that graz'd the plain
Was for an umpire choſe:
The Nightingale advanc'd his ſtrain,
And charm'd with every cloſe.
The Cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,
Exceeding hoarſe, yet pleas'd, ſhe roar'd it on.
An appeal was made; the judge this ſentence gave,
"You, Sirrah, Nightingale!
I muſick you ſome ſmatterings have,
And may in time do well;

But for ſubſtantial ſong, I needs muſt ſay,
My friend, the Cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth *, who reads thy well-digeſted lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reaſon ſhines,
Sees art and judgement flow through every page,
The Patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy ſtyle, thy manners ſo refin'd,
Your pen tranſmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the Anſwer wrote,
In penury of ſenſe, and dearth of thought:
Whilſt Aſſes judge, and Faction claims a vote,
Abuſive nonſenſe is th' admired note;
Where want of art and manners merit praiſe,
He robs the Cuckow of her ancient bays.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THE Sun and Wind one day fell out
In matters they diſcours'd about.
Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the Sun fool, and ſwore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

* Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addreſſed an excellent poetical epiſtle "On the Mines late of Sir Carbery Price," Engliſh Poets, vol. X. p. 400.—Sir Humphry wrote ſome political pamphlets about this time. N.

Quoth

Quoth he, "Yon goes a Traveller,
With formal cloak and looks demure,
The Whiggiſh ſigns of grace:
Who fairly off the cloak can force,
From one ſo ſtiff, proud, and moroſe,
Deſerves the upper place."

With that the Wind began to riſe,
Bluſter'd and ſtorm'd it through the ſkies,
Making a diſmal roar:
The Non-con. wrapp'd his cloak about,
Trudg'd on, reſolv'd to weather 't out,
And ſee the tempeſt o'er.

The ſtorm being ſpent, with piercing rays,
Full on his ſhoulders Phœbus plays,
Which ſoon the Zealot felt;
Aſide the cumberous cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint, he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The Sun then aſk'd his bluſtering friend,
If farther yet he durſt contend,
And try ſome other way:
But, conſcious of ſo plain a truth,
He put his finger in his mouth,
Without a word to ſay.

THE MORAL.

Our Whigs diſgrac'd, like Bullies of the town,
Libel and rail, the more they 're tumbled down:
Superior merit ſtill prevails at laſt,
The fury of their feeble ſtorm is paſt.

But when the Senate darts its piercing rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The hypocritic cloak is tireſome found,
And the faint Zealot pants upon the ground.

FABLE XII.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace;
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treaſures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His Miniſters whole realms obtain'd;
And Courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The Boar, to ſhew a ſubject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient Foreſt to improve,
By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

"Alcoves and ſhady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aſide, become a jeſt;
Your viſtos lofty, wide, and free,
Are *à la mode*, and only in requeſt."

The grant being paſs'd, the ravenous Boar,
A Deſert of the Foreſt made:
Up by the roots vaſt oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the ſavage race;
With loud complants to Court they throng,
y'd of their ſhades, and ancient reſting-place.

With generous rage the Lion ſhook,
And vow'd the Boar ſhould dearly pay;
'I hate, quoth he, a down-caſt look,
robs the publick in a friendly way.

'Unhappy groves, my empire's pride!
Lov'd ſolitudes, ye ſhades divine!
The rage of tempeſts ye defy'd,
emn'd to periſh by a ſordid Swine.

'Ye rural Deities, and Powers unknown,
What can ſo great a loſs ſuffice!
If a hung Brawner will atone,
pt friend Chucky for a ſacrifice.'

THE MORAL.

e Britiſh oak 's our nation's ſtrength and pride,
which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
ing foes are by our navies aw'd,
ard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

te Druids then your foreſts ſacred keep,
ve with them your empire of the deep.
fts their Prince's bounty oft abuſe,
ſpoil the public for their private uſe;
o rapacious hand ſhould dare deface,
royal ſtores of a well-timber'd chace.

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard ſtrove to ſwim
The torrent of a rapid ſtream,
To gain the farther ſide;
Before the middle ſpace was paſt,
A whirling eddy caught him faſt,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and ſtruggling ſpent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor Ren a ſoaking lay;
Till ſome kind ebb ſhould ſet him free,
Or chance reſtore that liberty
The waves had took away,

A ſwarm of half-ſtarv'd haggard Flies,
With fury ſeiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led;
With many a curſe and bitter groan,
He ſhook his ſides, and wiſh'd them gone,
Whilſt plenteouſly they fed.

A Hedge-hog ſaw his evil plight;
Touch'd with compaſſion at the ſight,
Quoth he, "To ſhow I 'm civil,
I 'll bruſh thoſe ſwigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorſeleſs prey,
And ſend them to the Devil."

"No

"No, courteous Sir, the Fox reply'd,
Let them infeſt and gore my hide,
With their infatiate thirſt;
Since I ſuch fatal wounds ſuſtain,
'Twill yield ſome pleaſure midſt the pain,
To ſee the blood-hounds burſt."

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

"Le ſang du Juſte à Londres ſera ſaute
"Bruſſer par feu, &c."

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
With royal blood defil'd, O cleanſe my ſtains!
hence plagues ariſe! whence dire contagions come!
id flames that my Auguſta's pride conſume!"

"In vain, ſaith Thames; the Regicidal breed
ill ſwarm again, by them thy land ſhall bleed;
tremeſt curſe! but ſo juſt Heaven decreed!
publicans ſhall Britain's treaſures drain,
:rav her Monarch, and her Church prophane!
ll, gorg'd with ſpoils, with blood the leeches burſt,
Tyburn add the ſecond to the firſt."

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTEBANK.

THERE liv'd a Quack in high repute,
By virtue of a velvet ſuit,
And celebrated bill;
As for his knowledge, 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the crowd,
And that 's good modern ſkill.

Once

Once as this Orator held forth
On topicks of his medicines' worth,
And wondrous cures they wrought;
Though not a word they underſtood,
His eloquence ſo charm'd the crowd,
That ſtill they gap'd and bought.

Midſt his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom Dove * the Bear that way advanc'd,
In proceſſion to his ſtake;
The Rabble quit their Doctor ſtraight,
And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
Who thus the chief beſpake:

"D'ye hear, ye pack of bawling louts,
Compos'd of vermin, ſtink, and clouts,
Why all this noiſe and do?
Though through my noſe a ring is got,
And here I'm haiter like a ſot,
Still I reſemble you.

"Obſerve that Mountebanking Fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three-legg'd ſtool,
With poiſonous drugs to ſell;
See o'er his ſhoulder how he ſneers,
Three hours to lug you by the ears,
Yet pleaſes wondrous well.

"With fulſome lyes and ſtupid ſtuff,
He cheats and bantere you enough,
Yet there ye flock by ſhoals;
But if by chance a Bear 's brought out,
At him ye hollow, laugh, and ſhout,
And who 's the greater fools?

* Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King.

"So, brother Monſters, face about,
The Quack your keeper wants his rout;
For, underneath the roſe,
Another ſort of Brutes there are,
Beſides a ſtupid Ruſſian Bear,
That's miſled by the noſe."

THE MORAL.

Ill Miniſters, like Quacks, the crowd deceive,
efraud them for their good; and they believe:
t France and Rome they rail with ſpecious arts,
nd, whilſt they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

But if ſagacious Bruin ſmells them out,
heir frauds expoſing to the injur'd rout;
o miſchief prone, implacable, and ſtrong,
en thouſand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
Took-up, and much reform'd his life;
His beak decay'd, and talons gone,
Yet ſtill he reliſh'd noiſe and ſtrife.

nce a young Peacock to the Birds brought forth,
n his high birth harangued, and blooming worth.

"The iſles and watery realm, ſaid he,
This hopeful Monarch ſhall command;
His ſceptre to depend on me,
And rule the tributary land;
eſerving only for our royal uſe,
Whate'er the ſeas and fertile coaſts produce."

The

The Peacock, a pert dapper ſpark,
Made the ſagacious Vulture's choice;
His title and deſcent, though dark,
Soon gain'd the whole aſſembly's voice,
The Pye except, a member of the board,
Who, midſt their acclamations, crav'd a word.

"His Highneſs' merits and deſert,
Quoth he, 'tis needleſs to diſpute;
In giving empires we 're too pert,
With neither right nor power to do 't;
You've made a Peacock King: pray, now 'tis done,
What Champion here conducts him to his throne,

"Where the imperial Eagle reigns,
Renown'd for arms, and warlike might,
Who ſuch a feeble youth diſdains,
And Vultures dares engage in fight?
Therefore, Meſſieurs, it is my private voice,
That the poſſeſſor firſt approve our choice."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, that Prince betrays his fears,
Who ſtyles thee Monarch in the field,
But, when thy army diſappears,
To weak Pretenders will thy titles yield.

But wiſer Politicians ſay,
True conduct is not ſo much ſhewn,
In giving others' realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FABLE XVI.*

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE Laconic, truly wiſe,
Whoſe converſation was conciſe,
Train'd-up in rigid ſchools;
Once, when a ſingle word would do,
Had laviſhly made uſe of two,
In high contempt of rules.

A Bill againſt him was preferr'd,
The charge by evidence averr'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The Judges aggravate the crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As anſwer'd men compact.

Quoth one, "The being too verboſe
A miſdemeanor is ſo groſs,
Of that pernicious kind!
The puniſhment muſt reach your ſenſe,
And reaſon ſmart for this offence,
By torturing your mind.

"Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
Pittis and Bunyan, books of price!
And Oats's modeſt vein:
Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
Yorkſhire Petiſh with that of Bucks,
True cant, and libel ſtrain.

* A ſpecimen of "Æſop in Spain" may be ſeen in 250. N.

" For ſolid nonſenſe, thoughtleſs words,
The Vindication of the Lords,
That anſwers 'Mackworth's State:'
Read firſt and ſecond paragraph,
If poſſible drudge on through half,
Your crime you 'll expiate."

The wretch with ſtrong convulſions ſhook,
Deſpair and anguiſh in his look,
To Heaven for mercy cry'd:
Quoth he, " Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,
Algiers and gallies pleaſe me well,
Such torments I 'll abide.

" But damn me not for one offence,
To volumes unally'd to ſenſe,
Vainly to waſte my breath:
That Anſwer to the Commons' Rights
With labour'd dullneſs ſo affrights,
The thoughts are worſe than death."

TO THE REVEREND DR. BENTLEY,

ON OPENING TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.

BY MR. EUSDEN *.

LONG have we, ſafe, Time's envious fury ſcorn'd,
By kings firſt founded, then by kings adorn'd;
If fainting e'er we fear'd a fatal cloſe,
Some new Mæcenas with new life aroſe.
Fretted by age, we ſtill the ſtronger grow,
And to our ruins all our beauties owe.

* Of whom, ſee above, p. 128. N.

So

So caſia roughly chaf'd the ſweeter ſmells,
And ſilver more conſum'd in brightneſs more excels.
Rais'd on high columns the proud fabrick ſtands,
Where Barrow praiſe from every tongue commands:
Where the vaſt treaſures of the learn'd are ſhown;
No works more rich, more noble, than his own.
The Muſes ſoon the ſtately ſeat admir'd,
And in full tranſports their glad ſons inſpir'd:
Their ſons, inſpir'd, ſung loud, and all around
Echo redoubled back the chearful ſound;
Sweet was the ſong, when lays (if ſuch they give)
Worthy of cedar, ſhall in cedar live.
This ſumptuous pile ſhew'd the brave founder's mind,
But equal labours ſtill remain behind.
God's ſacred houſe too long neglected lies,
And from ſome other Jöaſh wants ſupplies;
But none was found, till you reſolv'd to ſhow
How far exalted piety could go:
From little funds ſo largely to deſign,
Yet to make all in full perfection ſhine,
Great is the glory, and the glory 's thine!
Of old a joy in every face was ſeen,
Fluſh'd by the promiſe of a bounteous Queen:
She vow'd a temple; but too ſoon her breath
Vaniſh'd, and ſeal'd her pious vows in death.
Thus David drew the ſcheme, but not begun;
The dome was builded by his wiſer Son.
Not ſo we far'd. Though by Eliza lov'd,
Her ſiſter's thoughts were loſt, but not diſprov'd.
Till now we mourn'd our fate, but mourn no more;
Chac'd are the miſts, which dull'd the light before.

New golden cenſers on new altars blaze,
New muſic ſounds the great Creator's praiſe.
Angels again from Heaven might liſtening ſtray,
Did but another ſweet Cecilia play.
Here, long conceal'd, we view the living paint;
Admire the picture, not adore the Saint.
There Cherubs with ſtretch'd wings deceive the ſig
And, bending forwards, ſeem prepar'd for flight;
While flowers in pleaſing folds adorn each ſide,
Some droop their ſickly heads, ſome wanton in
Much more we ſee, and, ſilent with ſurprize, [p
Recall times paſt, and ſcarce believe our eyes;
How gloomy once theſe hallow'd manſions were,
But now how wondrous lovely, how divinely fair!
So quickly, where the fragrant duſt was ſpread,
Riſeth the Phœnix from his ſpicy bed;
Or ſuch the change the witty Poets feign'd,
When hoary Æſon his young bloom regain'd.
He but regain'd what was before his own,
While here are beauties ſeen, till now unknown.
If it ſo charms, how can we ever ſhow
Thy matchleſs worth, to whom thoſe charms we ow
Our vain eſſays our weakneſs may proclaim,
But not enlarge the circle of thy fame.
Praiſes from ſome deluſive may appear;
When foes extol, we need no flatteries fear.
The ſtubborn Atheiſt a fierce ſhock has felt;
Steel'd though he was, he now begins to melt:
Since thus he ſees all prejudice remov'd,
Thy acts confeſs the God thy learning prov'd.

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S VICTORY AT AUDENARD, JUST AFTER THE LOSS OF GHENT AND BRUGES.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

AS, in a ſtarry night, the lonely ſwain,
Watching his flock on the Sicilian plain,
Upwards oft caſts his eyes; the heavenly fires
Around he ſees, and all he ſees admires:
So I amaz'd, great man! thy acts ſurvey,
And ſtill from glories to new glories ſtray:
Loſt in the ſweet variety of light,
I find none brighter in a train ſo bright;
And doubt which firſt the grateful Muſe ſhould tell,
For ſhe on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.
But hear! loud Pæans from the Belgic ſtrand
Reſound thy triumphs, and our thanks demand!
Thou art afreſh the burthen of each ſong,
The darling ſubject of the tuneful throng.
In vain, alas! they ſtring the ſprightly lyre;
In vain great actions can great thoughts inſpire:
Apollo's ſons, when all their wit is ſhown,
Reach not thy merit, but exalt their own.
Thus numerous ſtreams into the ocean flow,
New honours they receive, but none beſtow;
Not raiſe the ocean's height, while they immortal grow.
Say, wondrous man! by what myſterious charms
Thou bind'ſt th' unconſtant Goddeſs to thy arms!

Why thus her love ſhe partially diſplays?
Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.
Fly ſwift, yet conqueſt ſwifter flies before;
So flaſh the lightnings ere the thunders roar.
Uncommon paths thy wary march proclaim,
But every path with thee can lead to Fame.
No tower ſo ſtrong as can create deſpair;
Nor cliffs ſo barren but can laurels bear.
Dear-gain'd experience oft has taught the foe
The fatal progreſs of thy arms to know:
Too well the uſual marks are underſtood;
A purple dye ſtill taints the cryſtal flood,
And every field thou fatten'ſt round with Gallic blood.
Here I could boundleſs rove; thy virtues praiſe,
Sweetly bewilder'd in the various maze:
I, Janus-like, could now with pleaſure trace
Of ages paſt a worthy, deathleſs race;
View Greece with all its heroes in the bloom,
And the long glories of imperial Rome.
But thou already haſt poſſeſs'd the whole;
There is no rival in the ſhining roll:
Unleſs their different graces were combin'd;
Young Ammon's ſoul with Cæſar's prudence join'd;
But though from all we cull'd the parallel,
Yet thou in ſomething ſtill would'ſt all excell.
Thus when Apelles with nice labour ſtrove
Juſtly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;
The flowery pride of all the land he choſe,
And from a thouſand would his one compoſe.
Some ſweet embelliſhment in each was ſeen,
In this the ſmile, in that the pleaſing mien.

What

art could do, the pencil had expreſt;
:t entire the Goddeſs ſhone confeſt,
ırely known, and little more than gueſt.
had theſe times given to the hero birth,
)nce was called Lord of the conquer'd Earth;
rms his wild ambition had defy'd,
/iſely check'd the mighty victor's pride.
ewis he had found a lowlier ſtate;
ıter ſeen, not thought himſelf ſo great:
)r more worlds had no complaints begun,
:pt for grief he could not conquer one.
ıge! to what height ingratitude can riſe!
: foul monſter of gigantic ſize!
virtuous acts can we ſecure engage
)lack oblivion by malicious rage?
ıis fiend all Blenheim's honours yi:ld,
ıe won trophies of Ramillia's field;
y chance with murmurings be ſuſtain'd;
)wns ſurpriz'd move more than countries gain'd.
s in vain ſafe from ſome dangers are;
an blaſt what Jove's own fires will ſpare.
.tal truth the brave Athenian prov'd,
the wiſe Socrates ſo dearly lov'd:
hat rich ſource with arts divinely ſtor'd,
he youth aloft to empire ſoar'd.
ibly great, and ruin'd by ſucceſs;
rit ſtill was more, his glory leſs.
:ymè loſt, ſuſpicions did begin,
ıt he could not, but he would not win.
may green wreaths for ever thee adorn!
ınder more propitious ſtars waſt born:

Oft may we ſee revolve ſuch happy days!
Oft be it thine to conquer, ours to praiſe!
Soon then the hideous din of war ſhall ceaſe,
And the long-wearied Albion reſt in peace.
Learning and arts ſhall crown'd with plenty ſmile,
And bays, with olives twin'd, grace the fair bliſsful iſle.
Mean-time, our thanks, a worthleſs gift, receive;
'Tis nothing, but 'tis all that we can give.
Let no fantaſtic wits thy conduct blame,
Nor envy blemiſh e'er thy ſpotleſs fame.
Thee Anna choſe; in thee let all rejoice,
Since by new wonders Heaven confirms the glorious choice.

MEDEA, ACT IV. LAST CHORUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES. BY MR. EUSDEN.

FROM things conſider'd with a ſtricter view,
And deepeſt thought, this fatal truth I drew:
Sure of mankind th' unmarried part is bleſt,
By joys too much diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Suppoſe there are ('tis but ſuppoſe, I fear)
Pleaſures which could the nuptial ſtate endear;
Think, thou may'ſt wiſh, and every wiſh enjoy,
A beauteous daughter, and a blooming boy:
Still where's the mighty comfort of a wife?
Or what is wanting in a ſingle life?
Pity not ours, nor thus thy fate admire;
The bliſs we know not, we can ne'er deſire.
Yet this advantage on our ſide we boaſt;
The good is little, vaſt the ill we loſt.

All

All hush'd, and calm!—no griefs our eaſe impair,
Free from the father's many a griping care;
Firſt, how the child may generouſly be bred,
Adorn'd with arts, and through each virtue led.
Next, how to crown him with a fair eſtate,
And ſo to make him happy, make him great.
Parents from labours to new labours run,
To hoard-up treaſures for the darling ſon:
Yet know not what this darling ſon will prove;
A roving ſpendthrift may reward their love.
Not ſmall the evils which we here behold,
But far the greateſt ſtill remain untold.
Juſt when with utmoſt pain the drudging ſire
Has raiſed a fortune anſwering his deſire;
Already the firſt ſcene of life is done,
Whom once he call'd his child, he calls his ſon,
The boy forgotten and the man begun.
Large promiſes and hopes the youth incite,
His father's glory and his friends delight:
But ſullen clouds involve the brighteſt day,
While all look on, to ſome diſeaſe a prey,
The lov'd, the wondrous youth untimely pines away.
Too well, alas! too well, ye Gods, we knew
Our troubles many, and our pleaſures few:
Why needed this freſh plague be added more
To the rich, boundleſs miſerable ſtore?
The old, as cloy'd with life, to death belong,
But muſt it rudely ſeize the brave, the young?
In vain we ſtrive; the cruel doom is read,
The bloſſom's wither'd, and our hopes are fled.

HERO

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GREEK. BY MR. EUSD

SING, Muſe, the conſcious torch, whoſe nightly ſhine
(The ſhining ſignal of a brighter dame)
Through trackleſs waves the bold Leander led,
To taſte the dangerous joys of Hero's bed:
Sing the ſtol'n bliſs in gloomy ſhades conceal'd,
And never to the bluſhing morn reveal'd.
I ſee the lovely youth triumphant ride
O'er the proud billows of th' inſulting tide;
And lo! a light ſhoots glimmering from afar,
Of nuptial ſweets the kind preſaging ſtar:
A light! which (would propitious Jove incline)
In brighter glory ſhould for ever ſhine;
And, mix'd among its kindred fires above,
Be call'd the gentle harbinger of Love.
For ſure it did on earth this office bear,
And Hymen's pleaſures were its nightly care;
Till envious winds with boiſterous fury roſe:
But, Goddeſs! thou the mournful tale diſcloſe;
At once from high the ſacred torch was toſt,
Its flame extinguiſh'd, and the lover loſt.

Where Neptune ſtretcheth out an arm, to bound
Fair Europe's confines from the Aſian ground,
A riſing town on either ſhore commands
The diſtant ſea, and awes the neighbouring lands;
Here the Idalian boy his ſport begun,
And with one dart a double conqueſt won:

T

To equal breaſts an equal flame convey'd;
The lovelieſt youth ador'd the lovelieſt maid.
He ſure muſt never have convers'd with fame,
Who knows not Hero and Leander's name:
Alike both glories of their native place;
Abydos one, and one did Seſtos grace.
Whoe'er thou art, that hither bend'ſt thy way,
Oh, for a while the pleaſing coaſt ſurvey!
This, this the tower, whence the kind light did guide
The ſwimming lover to his Seſtian bride:
That the fam'd Helleſpont he nightly croſs'd,
Which ſtill in murmurs groans Leander loſt.
But haſte we Love's ſoft triumphs to relate,
From the firſt dawnings to its ripen'd ſtate:
And whence the youth ſo paſſionate became,
And how the nymph glow'd with as fierce a flame.
Hero from noble blood her line did trace,
Her looks confeſs'd the glories of her race:
Prieſteſs of Venus too; but choſe to reign
In noiſeleſs eaſe, and ſhunn'd the nuptial chain.
Far from her parents early ſhe retir'd,
And the ſafe covert of a tower deſir'd:
The tower was high, and near the water ſtood;
She ſeem'd a new-ſprung Venus from the flood.
Diſcreet withal, nor lov'd to dance and play,
And waſte in vain impertinence the day:
Secure in innocence, ſhe liv'd unknown,
And balk'd the witty cenſures of the town.
There is an inborn pride, which taints the race,
A fair-one ne'er could brook a fairer face.

To

To pleaſure Venus was her darling care;
Nor did thy altars, Cupid, want a ſhare:
In vain, alas! the pious virgin ſtrove;
No vows the fiery arrows could remove,
But ſhe muſt fall a ſacrifice to Love.

For now the time was come, the ſolemn day,
When annual rites religious Seſtians pay
To Beauty's Queen; around with ſables ſpread,
She mourns Adonis, fair Adonis dead!
Hither in ſhoals from neighbouring iſlands throng,
Confus'd, the gay, the grave, the old, the young:
From Phrygia theſe, and from Hæmonia ſome,
But all from Cyprus and Abydos come,
And not one lingering ſluggard droop'd at home.
No amorous youth would ſurely miſs the day;
Where feaſts invite, they ſtill with joy obey:
Scarce (as I gueſs) on bare devotion's ſcore,
The ſilent ſtatues of the Gods t' adore;
For breaſts, like theirs, with youthful raptures warm,
Not the dead idols, but the living charm.

But, oh! to ſee with what a ſprightly haſte
The beauteous prieſteſs through the temple paſs'd!
Not riſing Phœbe ſhews a face ſo bright
To glad the world, and rule the ſpangled night.
For on each blooming cheek, by nature ſpread,
Was ſeen the pureſt white and freſheſt red:
Such is the hue the ſpringing lily ſhows,
Fleck'd with the bluſhes of the opening roſe.
Scarce yet the parallel would be compleat,
Not that ſo beautiful, nor this ſo ſweet.

Of

Of old the thinking dotards did agree
To ſtint the Graces to the number three;
Had Hero bleſt thoſe times, they ſoon had found
Too dull their notion, and too ſtrait their bound;
Whene'er ſhe ſmil'd, had view'd with dumb ſurprize,
Ten thouſand Graces ſporting in her eyes.
The bright Immortal muſt with pleaſure hear
A prieſteſs far above all mortals fair:
In beauty's charms (could beauty's cauſe be tried),
If not a rival, ſurely near allied.
No wonder then each youth a flame confeſt,
And with heav'd hands the ſweet enchantreſs bleſt;
None but, inſpir'd with tender thoughts, began
To wiſh himſelf (in vain!) the happy man.
Deſiring eyes on the lov'd object hung,
Where-e'er ſhe glided through the wondering throng,
And ſcatter'd pleaſing ruin all along.
Till from the crowd
By Love one eloquent above the reſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, his ſoul expreſt:
"Big with vain hope, to Sparta once I came,
Where every nymph can every breaſt inflame;
But never yet have in one virgin ſeen,
With ſo much majeſty ſo ſweet a mien.
Who knows but Venus may ſome cheat deſign,
And what we fancy human, is divine:
The Graces much are fam'd; and this muſt be
Sure the moſt charming of the charming three.
Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,
Yet could, methinks, for ever ſtill look on.

Were

Were death the price, doom'd for the happy night,
Not death ſhould damp one moment of delight:
Nor could th' immortal joys of Gods above
Engage my wiſhes, or diſtract my love.
But thou, O Goddeſs! liſten to my prayer;
If not thy Hero, give me ſuch a Fair.
Thus mourn'd ſome wounded youth; whilſt others ſtrove
In wild diſorder to conceal their love:
But flames too fierce to hide at once poſſeſs'd,
And roll'd and revel'd in Leander's breaſt.
He ſaw the Nymph, and, ſtruck with ſtrange delight,
Reſolv'd on ſomething far beyond a ſight.
He bled, but would not keep his wound unknown,
And wiſh'd to live, but could not live alone.
Ungovern'd thoughts to rage improv'd deſire,
And kindled in his eyes impetuous fire.
Beware, ye heedleſs youths, and fly apace;
No dart ſo piercing as a beauteous face:
Nor winged deaths with half ſuch ſwiftneſs fly,
As the looſe glances from a ſparkling eye.
The luſcious poiſon our fond eyes convey
Down to th' unguarded heart, a trembling, helpleſs prey.
Unruly paſſions now the youth aſſail,
And fears and hopes ſucceſſively prevail:
Sooth'd with her charms, he ſtrives his fears to blame,
Then bluſhing checks the too ambitious flame:
But wiſer Love with noble pride diſdains
The baſhful modeſty of ſimple ſwains;
And in ſoft whiſpers ſaid, his laws were ſuch,
None fears too little, and none hopes too much.

Rais'd

Rais'd with theſe thoughts, he did his ſteps advance,
To try the magick of a ſide-long glance,
With all the artful blandiſhments, that move
The ſoul, to liſten to the lure of Love.
She took the hint; (what Lovers now can find
That natural tendency in woman-kind?)
Firſt ſeem'd to frown, but eaſily grew mild,
And, conſcious of her own perfections, ſmil'd.
Then turns her head with graceful ſcorn away,
But, quick returning, doth herſelf betrray;
And in Love's greateſt eloquence replies,
The ſilent language of conſenting eyes.
With joy amaz'd, the youth his paſſion knew,
At once diſcover'd, and ſucceſsful too;
Impatient grown, he chid the tedious light,
And wiſh'd the ſwift approaches of the night:
Nor wiſh'd in vain; ſoon the bright Heſper ſhone,
And love-obliging ſhades came ruſhing on.
Darkneſs can fears expel, and hopes renew;
Th' embolden'd Lover to his quarry flew,
And there ſtood face to face, a glorious interview!
Then, all on fire, her hand he gently preſs'd,
And ſighs and dying murmurs told the reſt.
Starting, ſhe did a ſhort reſentment feign,
And with a frown drew back her head again.
But he, with love inſpir'd, new joys deſcries
Through the thin umbrage of a forc'd diſguiſe;
And ſeiz'd her robe, and, full of pleaſing thought,
The laſt receſſes of the temple ſought.

With ſteps unequal ſhe advanc'd behind,
And, with a willing, half unwilling mind,
Threaten'd the youth; at once ſevere and kind.
"Stranger, what madneſs doth thy breaſt invade?
Whither, ah! whither would you force a Maid?
Let looſe my garments quick, and home retire;
Flee the diſpleaſure of my wealthy Sire:
If that you ſlight, and mortal power diſown,
Vex not the Prieſteſs, leſt the Goddeſs frown.
Go! be not with preſumptuous thoughts miſled;
'Tis bold aſpiring to a Virgin's bed."
True to her ſex, thus chid the charming Fair;
But glad Leander could ſuch chidings bear:
This ſeeming ſtorm a future calm betrays;
Th' auſpicious omen of his halcyon days.
For women ſoon are kind, if peeviſh grown;
Faintly they ſtruggle, when their rage is gone.
That known, the youth her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
And warm'd with melting lips each ſwelling breaſt.
Then thus began; "Oh! how ſhall I proclaim
Thy every charm? Shall I thy wondrous frame
A ſecond Venus, or Minerva, name?
For ſure thoſe looks no earthly ſtamp diſplay;
None ever boaſted ſo refin'd a clay.
Bleſs'd be thy Sire! and bleſs'd be doubly more
The fertile womb, which the fair burden bore!
With pity hear a youth his flame reveal;
Whom you could only wound, 'tis you can only heal.
If Venus be your guide, let Venus move;
And by her great example learn to love.

! come, this filly name of Maid deſpiſe;
ulge thy ſoul, and give a looſe to joys.
Virgin can a worthy Prieſteſs be
her who laughs at dull Virginity.
ıuld'ſt thou the Goddeſs faithfully adore,
ard nice conduct leſs, and Nature more.
! canſt thou ever her ſweet laws admire,
be a ſtranger to a Lover's fire?
: little wanton God did me ordain,
ıot to conquer, ſtill to hug my chain.
lave ſo humble was Alcides ſeen,
ien led by Hermes to the Lydian Queen:
paſſion ſtill a nobler ſpring did move;
: God of Wit yields to the God of Love.
ıy need I Atalanta's fate declare,
ıo wiſely (as ſhe thought) declin'd the ſnare;
ile from Melanion's arms all ice ſhe fled,
l ſhun'd the pleaſures of a nuptial bed;
ſhe by Venus' rage her follies mourn'd,
l love for love, and flame for flame return'd?
this Arcadian nymph inſtruct thy mind;
ıu art more beauteous, would'ſt thou be more kind!"
ceeds ſo ſoft her paſſions did control,
l ſooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her ſoul.
fix'd her eyes upon the ſilent ground,
l all with crimſon bluſhes glow'd around.
ronted motions own'd ſome new deſire,
l oft ſhe gather'd-up her looſe attire.
ielding maid by every ſign was meant;
dumb denying is a ſure conſent.

Pleaſingly pain'd, ſhe firſt begins to fear
Something, ſhe knows not what, ſhe knows not where.
Deep in her breaſt Leander's charms remain;
She thinks, and ſighs, then looks, and ſighs again.
Nor the fond Lover, with a leſs ſurprize,
Fed on her ſnowy neck his famiſh'd eyes.
Thus long a virgin-modeſty ſhe try'd,
Not to diſcover what ſhe could not hide;
By ſlow degrees from earth ſhe rais'd her look,
Diſtilling humid bluſhes ere ſhe ſpoke.
Then in harmonious ſounds the painful ſilence broke:
"Stranger, thy words might rocks to pity move;
Where didſt thou learn the wondrous art of Love?
Ah, by whoſe conduct didſt thou hither come?
Who firſt ſeduc'd thee from thy native home?
Pleaſing thy tale, but pleaſing ſtill in vain;
No faithleſs rover muſt his wiſh obtain;
Or, if I could ſo mad and ſenſeleſs prove,
My powerful parents would upbraid my love.
What though ſome ſecret pleaſures you deſign'd,
To ſilence long they could not be confin'd:
The tongues of men ſo ſcandalous are grown,
You hear from thouſands what you act with one.
Whoe'er thou art, thy name and country tell,
For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
That tower, which mates the ſkies, is my retreat;
'Tis there I fix my ſolitary ſeat:
The miſtreſs of one damſel, I deſpiſe
What all th' unthinking many chiefly prize,
Greatneſs, and pomp, and ſhew, and public noiſe.

This,

This, this th' Elyſium, which I early choſe;
In vain my father did my choice oppoſe:
From giddy crowds and youthful gambols free,
Calm I enjoy a golden liberty;
And, ſafe on ſhore, with pleaſure hear from far
The grumbling murmurs of the watery war."
Here paus'd the ſweet-tongued Syren; and, afraid,
Began to wonder where her thoughts had ſtray'd.
Her looks the trouble of her mind diſcloſe,
While with new bluſhes new-born glories roſe;
Which ſtill ſhe ſtrove to hide: but he employs
His thoughts on means to meet his coming joys.
The God of Love, who ſtrikes the fatal blow,
Can beſt (if any can) the medicine ſhow:
He to the youth the ſecret did reveal,
Pleas'd as he was to wound, and then to heal.
The Lover ſoon a zealous fury ſhow'd
T' obey the wiſe inſtructions of the leading God:
On her ſoft boſom he reclin'd his head,
And, ſighing, thus the fond Leander ſaid:
"For thee, my fair-one, dangers I' ll deſpiſe,
And dare th' inclemencies of winter ſkies:
Swift on the wings of Love I 'll force my way,
Though winds, and flames, and floods, command my ſtay,
Theſe arms the foaming ſurges ſhall withſtand,
Inſult their rage, and oar me ſafe to land.
Thus every night to thy embrace I 'll fly,
Shivering with cold, all pale and breathleſs lie,
And, when full-warm'd, with bliſs diſſolve and die.
Juſtly you aſk the country whence I come;
Know then, Abydos is my neighbouring home.

Ah, from thy turret let ſome friendly light
Chace the thick darkneſs, and direct my ſight:
Thou the delicious land of Love ſhalt be,
And I the ſhip ſteer'd by that ſtar to thee.
All other lights above I ſhall diſdain,
Whether they kindly or unkindly reign:
Nor ſee Orion blazing from afar,
The ſlow Boötes, and the Northern carr.
But, oh, beware, too charming maid, beware!
(If e'er my ſafety can deſerve thy care)
With caution let the ſhining guide be plac'd,
For, when its flame expires, I breathe my laſt.
What more? — Leander is the name I bear,
And only to be thy Leander ſwear."
Thus did the youthful pair reſolve to know
From mutual love what mighty pleaſures flow:
Secret they fix'd the place, the time to meet;
(For ſweeteſt joys, if ſtol'n, are doubly ſweet;)
When ebbing darkneſs ſeem'd to bid adieu,
And both unwilling by conſtraint withdrew.
She to her tower fled ſwifter than the wind;
The careful lover wiſely ſtaid behind,
And mark'd the place where all his treaſure lay,
Then nimbly leapt from ſhore, and cut the liquid way.
The force of Love by abſence Lovers try;
On tardy wings the drowſy minutes fly:
The day looks dull, with all its beauties bright,
'Tis morn, 'tis noon, but ſtill they wiſh for night.
At laſt the ſhades did with ſuch ſilence creep,
That univerſal Nature ſeem'd to ſleep.

the unpitying tyrant, Love, denies
eſhing ſlumbers to Leander's eyes:
leſs he roves along the dreary ſhore,
ile with tumultuous rage the ſurges roar.
watchful Hero rais'd the torch on high,
kind fore-runner of approaching joy:
aw the promis'd ſtar, how bright it ſhone,
by its flame learn'd to improve his own.
when the billows louder roar'd, he ſtood,
, trembling, view'd the melancholy flood:
n with theſe words his drooping ſpirits chears,
imes his courage, and expels his fears:
Love, like the ſea, a boundleſs fury claims;
re rolling waters, here are rolling flames.
at means my throbbing breaſt? Securely move
ough coldeſt waters, when all-fir'd with Love.
us is kind; fond heart, thyſelf compoſe:
n the green ocean firſt the Goddeſs roſe.
ſtill the tumults of our ſouls obey,
with a nod ſhe ſmooths the ruffled ſea."
his ſaid, the youth with eager haſte undreſt,
circled round his head his flowing veſt:
n through the floods purſued his hot deſires
floods could never quench a Lover's fires).
as he ſwam, he kept the light in view,
was himſelf the ſhip and pilot too.
n-time, the Nymph no eaſy labour finds
kreen the torch from rude tempeſtuous winds:
very noiſe, Leander's voice ſhe hears,
all his dangers doubles by her fears;

Till, much fatigued, he landed on the ſhore,
And with a lover's fury ſought the tower.
The fair-one met him with extended arms,
And to his pleaſure yielded all her charms:
In ſilent joy ſhe haſtens to her room,
And ſcents his body o'er with rich perfome.
The youth his natural ſweetneſs thus regain'd;
But panted ſtill for what he had ſuſtain'd.
Then both laid gently down; the loving bride
Clung to the bridegroom, and thus ſoftly cried:
"Canſt thou, my dear, all this endure for me?
What faithful lover ever lov'd like thee?
For me thy limbs in briny waves to ſteep,
And bear th' unwholeſome ſtenches of the deep?
Oh, 'tis too much!—Come to thy Hero's breaſt;
Forget thy labours, and ſecurely reſt."
The lover heard the ſoft-inviting maid,
And, ſwift like lightning, what he heard, obey'd:
Both, bleſs'd alike, exalted raptures feel,
What few can fancy, and what none can tell.
This amorous pair ſcorn'd vulgarly to wait
For a dull, formal, ceremonious ſtate.
The father no Epithalamium ſung,
No maſque was ſeen, no ſprightly lyre was ſtrung.
No tuneful bard ſome ſacred numbers ſaid,
Nor nuptial torch adorn'd the nuptial bed.
Silence and darkneſs, kindred Gods, were there;
One pleas'd the youth, and one oblig'd the fair:
That all around his downy wings diſplay'd;
This ſhelter'd riſing bluſhes with a ſhade.

Thus

Thus in luxuriant joys they paſs'd the night,
Joys which Aurora never blabb'd by light.
He with a timely care did home retire,
Unſated ſtill, and breathing ſtill deſire:
While ſhe her change did from her parents hide,
And was by day a maid, by night a bride.
And, oh, how oft their wiſhes join'd in one,
To hail the ſetting, not the riſing, ſun!
See here the ſweets of Love, but quickly paſt;
Such pleaſures are too exquſiite to laſt.
The gaudy ſcene of ſummer-glories gone,
Winter with ſour and furrow'd looks ſtalks on.
The full-fledg'd whirlwinds their hoarſe voices try,
And drive the clouds, and bluſter through the ſky.
The mounting waves, that peaceful crept before,
Boil into rage, and tumble to the ſhore.
The trembling mariner dares not withſtand
The angry frith, and wiſely keeps the land.
But winds and troubled ſeas can ne'er diſmay
Leander's ſoul, or interrupt his way;
The fatal light once ſeen, the Lover muſt obey.
Yet ſure the fair, now winter's rage was ſtrong,
A while ſhould miſs thee, to enjoy thee long:
Did reaſon guide, not folly warp her mind;
To prove leſs cruel, ſhe muſt prove leſs kind.
But heat of paſſion hurried both too far,
And ſtubborn Fate's decrees reſiſtleſs are:
Unhappy Hero brandiſh'd from above
The torch of Furies, now no more the torch of Love.
'Twas a bleak night; the winds began to play,
And with eternal lungs diſpute their ſway:

When the too conſtant, punctual youth again,
Fluſh'd with paſt triumphs, tempts the faithleſs main.
Waves roll on waves; aloft the waters riſe,
Swell'd by the tempeſt, and inſult the ſkies.
Fierce Boreas iſſues with collected might,
And ſullen Auſter loud provokes to fight.
The milder Zephyr with inferior force
Meets the mad Eurus in his headſtrong courſe:
At once they ruſh, at once the ocean roars,
And curling billows daſh the rocky ſhores.
Much did Leander toil, and much ſuſtain;
Long ſtrove to brave their rage, but ſtrove in vain:
Oft Neptune's aid with pious vows implor'd,
And oft the Sea-born Goddeſs he ador'd.
Thee, Boreas, too, he minded of thy flame,
And what thou ſuffer'dſt for th' Athenian dame:
But thee to pity nothing can incline,
Deaf to his prayers, as he was once to thine.
Fruitleſs are all eſſays; for Love's decree,
That rules us here, is rul'd by deſtiny.
Toſt and re-toſt, no friendly ſuccour near,
His courage faints, and ſinks into deſpair.
His ſlacken'd nerves their wonted ſtrength refuſe,
His feet their motion, arms their vigour loſe;
Nor can he now repair his ſtifled breath,
But drinks the briny waves, and ſucks-in death:
At once the torch down by the winds was toſt,
And with its flame his life and love were loſt.
While the poor nymph his abſence did bemoan,
With many a penſive thought, and many a groan;

The

The lingering hours at length the day reſtore;
But night could never ſeem too long before.
The barren beach and ſeas ſhe round ſurvey'd,
And hop'd her Lover in the dark had ſtray'd:
But, ah! too ſoon ſhe ſpy'd him, where he lay
A lump of beautiful, though breathleſs, clay.
All o'er confus'd ſhe ſtood, and would lament,
But wanted words to give ſuch ſorrows vent.
She ſtamp'd, ſhe roll'd her eyes, ſhe tore her hair,
And rav'd with all the ſymptoms of deſpair:
Then, darting headlong with a furious leap,
From the high tower ſhe plung'd into the deep.
Thus for Leander dy'd his fair belov'd,
And equal fates their equal paſſion prov'd *.

THE COURTIER, A FABLE †.

A MILK-WHITE rogue, immortal and unhang'd,
By Fate and Parliaments ſeverely bang'd,
Without a Saint, a Devil was within;
He fought all dangers, for he knew all ſin; Re-

* This poem, after having been tranſlated into Engliſh by four different poets, was again attempted by Mr. Theobald, and not without ſucceſs. See "The Grove, 1721," p. 1. N.

† This ſingle Fable is ſelected, not for any peculiar excellence, but as a curioſity; being a ſpecimen of a ſmall collection, which was publiſhed earlier than Dr. Yalden's, under the title of "Æſop in Spain, or a few Select Fables in Verſe. Tranſ-lated from the Spaniſh. 1701," 8vo. There are but eight of theſe Fables, which are introduced by a Preface, not deſtitute of humour, in the character of Æſop. I know not who was the author; and never ſaw but one copy either of this collection, or of "Æſop at Court." They are both in the Lambeth Library, marked "EE. 9. 12. Poetry, 1594—1714." N.

Reſolv'd for grandeur, and to acquire wealth,
Robb'd ſome by force, and others trick'd by ſtealth;
A wheedling, fawning, parſimonious knave,
The Prince's favour he reſolv'd to have.
The only means by which he thought to riſe,
He ſhuffled cards, and ſlily cogg'd his dice;
A true ſtate-juggler, could make things appear
Such as would pleaſe his prince's eyes or ear;
Produc'd falſe lights, his monarch to miſlead,
Which made him from his paths of intereſt tread.
He ſcreen'd all villains from due courſe of laws,
And from his prince his trueſt ſubjects draws;
Till angry ſenates the vile monſter took,
And from the root the upſtart cedar ſhook,
Squeez'd the curſt ſponge had ſuck'd the nation's coin,
And made him caſt-up what he did purloin:
Then on a gibbet did the monſter die,
A juſt example to poſterity.

THE MORAL.

Let favourites beware how they abuſe
Their prince's goodneſs, or the people's laws;
How they clandeſtine methods ever uſe,
To propagate a wrong unrighteous cauſe.

The prince's favour, like a horſe untam'd,
Does often break the giddy rider's neck:
On him who for preferment 's ſo much fam'd
The people oft their bloody vengeance wreak.

Let theſe beware how they miſlead their prince,
Or rob the treaſure of a potent nation,
Or multiply enormous crimes; from hence
Come hanging oft, or noble decollation.

SENE-

SENECA'S TROAS. ACT II. CHORUS.

BY MR. JOHN GLANVILL*.

IS 't true that ſouls their bodies do ſurvive?
Or does a flam the timorous world deceive?
When ſome dear friend our dying eyes has clos'd,
And Life's laſt day Death's endleſs night impos'd;
When the eas'd corpſe, like an o'er-jaded ſlave,
At length ſet free, lies quiet in the grave;

* Son of Julius Glanvill, a younger ſon of Judge John Glanvill. He was born at Broad Hinton, Wilts, in 1664; became, at the age of fourteen, a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; admitted ſcholar there June 10, 1680; and, after he was B. A. ſtood for a fellowſhip of All Souls in 1683; "at which time (ſays Wood) Tho. Creſham of Wadham Coll. ſtanding alſo, the latter carried it, which Glanvill took as a great affront, ſo conceited was he of his own parts. After he had taken the magiſterial degree, and put aſide from being fellow of Trin. Coll. becauſe he would be drunk and ſwear, he retired to Lincoln's Inn, and became a barriſter." Beſides the little poems here printed, he was author of, 1. "Some Odes of Horace imitated with relation to his Majeſty and the Times, 1690." 4to. 2. "Poems dedicated to the Memory, and lamenting the Death, of her late ſacred Majeſty, of the Small-Pox, 1695." 3. "Seneca's Agamemnon, Act I." printed in Oxford-Miſcellany Poems, 1685. 4. "A Plurality of Worlds, tranſlated from the French, 1688." 8vo. See Wood, II. 1079. N.

Were

Were it not wiſe the ſoul too to entomb!
But muſt we ſtill endure Life's wretched doom?
Or happier do we die entire and whole,
Leave no continuing relict of a ſoul?
But when the vital vapour of our breath,
Gaſp'd into air, is loſt in clouds and death,
We 're gone, and all that was of us before
To any thing of life is then no more!
Yes, thus we periſh, and thus undergo
Th' approaching lot of all things here below.
Time flies, and all the ſea and ſun goes round
With ſure and quick deſtruction ſhall confound.
Swift, as above the ſtars, and moon, and ſun,
In hurrying orbs their haſty courſes run,
We poſt to fate; nor when we diſappear
Are we, or ever ſhall be, any where.
As ſhort-liv'd ſmoke, aſcending from the flame,
Hovers, diſſolves, and ne'er ſhall be again.
As gather'd clouds, by ſcattering blaſts disjoin'd,
Diſperſe, and fly before the hoſtile wind;
So that thin fleeting thing, Life, paſſes o'er,
So flows our ſpirit out, and then 's no more.
After death 's nothing; death itſelf is nought,
Th' extremeſt bound of a ſhort race of thought.
Let ſlaves and fools their fears and hopes give o'er,
Solicit and delude themſelves no more.
Would you know where you ſhall be after death?
There where you were before you ſuck'd-in breath.
The dead and the unborn are juſt the ſame,
The dead returning whence the living came.

Time

ıe takes us whole, throws all into the grave;
th will no more the ſoul than body ſave.
Hell and the damn'd Fiend that lords it there,
:h all the torments we ſo vainly fear,
empty rumours, melancholy whims,
taſtic notions, idle, frightful dreams.

ɔRACE, BOOK I. ODE XIII.

BY MR. GLANVILL.

WHEN happy Strephon's too prevailing charms,
His roſy neck, and his ſoft waxen arms,
uman Lydia, wantonly you preiſe,
v cruelly my jealous ſpleen you raiſe!
ger boils up in my hot labouring breaſt,
: to be hid, and leſs to be ſuppreſt.

:n, 'twixt the rage, the fondneſs, and the ſhame,
· ſpeech, nor thoughts, nor looks, remain the ſame.
kle as wind my various colour ſhows,
l with my tide of paſſion ebbs and flows:
ırs, ſtealing, fall diſtill'd by ſoft deſire,
ſhew the melting flowneſs of the fire.

, when I ſee that livid neck betray
: drunken youth's too rudely wanton play;
ıen on thoſe paſſive lips the mark I find
frantic boiling kiſſes left behind;
ıve, to think theſe cruel tokens ſhew
ings I can not miſtake, and would not know.

How

How fond 's the hope, how fooliſh, and how vain,
Of laſting love from the ungrateful ſwain,
Who that ſoft lip ſo roughly can invade,
Hurting with cruel joy the tender maid?
Quickly they 're glutted who ſo fierce devour;
They ſuck the nectar, and throw by the flower.

But, oh, thrice happy they that equal move
In an unbroken yoke of faithful love!
Whom no complaint, no ſtrife, no jealouſy,
Sets from their gentle, grateful bondage free;
But ſtill they dear faſt mutual ſlaves remain,
Till Death unkindly breaks the unwilling chain.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

BY MR. GLANVILL.

WHEN, Chloe, by your ſlave purſued,
Why ſhould you fly ſo faſt!
So the ſtray'd fawn i' th' pathleſs wood
To her loſt dam makes haſte.

Each noiſe alarms, and all things add
New terror to her fear;
She ſtarts at every dancing ſhade,
Each breath of ſinging air.

With every leaf, each buſh that ſhakes,
Throughout the murmuring grove,
Her ſympathetic heart partakes;
She trembles as they move.

Fond

Fond Maid, unlike the wolf and boar,
I hunt not to deſtroy:
My utmoſt prey would be no more
Than you might give with joy.

Urg'd on by ſoft and gentle love,
I harmleſsly purſue:
Your flight to me may cruel prove,
But not my chace to you.

Ceaſe idle dreams of fancy'd harms,
To childiſh fears trepans;
Leave running to thy mother's arms,
Who now art fit for man's.

ORACE, BOOK II. ODE XII.

BY MR. GLANVILL.

JRGE me no more to write of martial things,
Of fighting heroes, and of conquering kings;
ir brave forefathers glory to advance,
ew ſubdued Ireland, and ſing vanquiſh'd France;
ll how Spain's blood the Britiſh ocean ſwell'd,
ith ſhame invading, and with more repell'd.
, theſe high themes of the heroic ſtrain,
it ill with my low feeble vein;
equal numbers I 'd in vain aſpire,
w ſhall I make a trumpet of a lyre?
uch leſs dare I, in an unhallow'd ſtrain,
eat Naſſau's wars and victories prophane.
u better may in laſting proſe rehearſe
Things which defy my humble verſe.

'Tis

'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
Such glorious actions with ſo mean a ſtyle.

Me fair Lycinia's ſofter praiſe,
Her native charms, and winning ways,
The Muſe ordain'd to ſing in gentle lays;
Me the ſweet ſong, which Syren's art defies;
Me the ſerenely ſhining eyes,
And, above all, the generous grateful heart,
True to the mutual love, and faithful to its part.
Lycinia, whoſe becoming dance
With airy motion does Love's fire advance;
Whoſe wanton wit, wild as her eyes,
The tickled mind does pleaſantly ſurprize;
Whoſe various arts all our looſe powers alarm,
A grace each action, and each word 's a charm.

Ah, when her willing head ſhe greatly bends,
And fragrant kiſſes languiſhingly lends;
When with fond artful coyneſs ſhe denies,
More glad to loſe, than we to win the prize;
Or when the wanton, in a toying vein,
Snatches the kiſs from the prevented ſwain;
Would you then give one bracelet of her hair,
For the poor crowns that monarchs wear?
Would you exchange, for all thoſe favourite iſles
The ſun laughs on, one of her pleaſing ſmiles?
Would you, for both the Indies' wealth, decline
The hidden treaſures of her richer mine?
Not I, for ſuch vain toys I 'd ne'er remove;
My wealth, my pomp, my heaven, ſhould all be Love!

SONG

SONG. BY MR. GLANVILL.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide.
'Twas I was modeſt, nor ſhe chaſte;
The Nymph, as ſoon as aſk'd, comply'd.

With amorous awe, a ſilent fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Speak, Love, how came your ſlave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus, to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the Fair be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly, ſhe 's unkind.

A SHORT VISIT.

SO the long-abſent Winter ſun,
When of the cold we moſt complain,
Comes ſlow, but ſwift away does run;
Juſt ſhews the day, and ſets again.

So the prime beauty of the Spring,
The virgin lily, works our eyes;
No ſooner blown, but the gay thing
Steals from th' admirer's ſight, and dies.

The gaudy ſweets o' th' infant year,
That raviſh both the ſmell and view,
Do thus deceitfully appear,
And fade as ſoon as ſmelt unto.

Amynta, though ſhe was more fair
Than untouch'd lilies, chaſte as thoſe;
Welcome as ſuns in Winter are,
And ſweeter than the blowing roſe;

Yet when ſhe brought, as late ſhe did,
All that a dying heart could eaſe,
And by her ſwift return forbid
The joys to laſt, ſhe 's too like theſe.

Ah, Tyrant Beauty! do you thus
Increaſe our joys to make it leſs?
And do you only ſhew to us
A Heaven, without deſign to bleſs?

This was unmercifully kind,
And all our bliſs too dear has coſt;
For is it not a hell to find
We had a paradiſe that 's loſt?

THE ENQUIRY AFTER HIS MISTRESS

BY MR. HORATIO TOWNSHEND*

THOU ſhepherd, whoſe intentive eye
O'er every lamb is ſuch a ſpy,
No wily fox can make them leſs;
Where may I find my ſhepherdeſs?

* Son of Horatio the firſt lord viſcount Townſhend. He was member of parliament, firſt for Yarmouth, and afterwards for Heyteſbury; and was alſo a commiſſioner of exciſe. He died Oct. 24, 1751, in his ſixty-ninth year. Lætitia the late counteſs of Exeter was his daughter. N.

A little

A little pauſing, then ſaid he,
" How can that jewel ſtray from thee?
In Summer's heat, in Winter's cold,
I thought thy breaſt had been her fold."

That is indeed the conſtant place,
Wherein my thoughts ſtill ſee her face,
And print her image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he ſmiling ſaid, " I might
Of Chloris partly have a ſight,
And ſome of her perfections meet
In every flower was freſh and ſweet.

The growing lilies bear her ſkin,
The violets her blue veins within;
The bluſhing roſe, new-blown and ſpread,
Her ſweeter cheeks, her lips the red.

The winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such odours as her breathing bring;
But the reſemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the ſkies.

Her charming voice who ſtrives to hit,
His object muſt be higher yet;
For Heaven, and Earth, and all we ſee
Diſpers'd, collected is but ſhe."

Amaz'd at this diſcourſe, methought
Love and Ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engroſs
A wealth would prove a public loſs.

With that I ſigh'd, aſham'd to ſee
Such worth in her, ſuch want in me;
And, cloſing both mine eyes, forbid
The world my ſight, ſince ſhe was hid.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

FROM HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE II.

BY MR. TOWNSHEND.

THE Poet, whoſe too flattering hopes aſpire
To reach the noble heat of Pindar's fire;
Like the fam'd boy, by no perſuaſion won,
Oppoſes waxen pinions to the ſun;
The feeble wings diſſolve in ſcorching light,
And drop the mad adventurer from his flight;
Whoſe raſh attempts to gain forbidden fame
Diſgrace his fall with a more ſignal ſhame,
And only ſerve to give the ſea a name.

As headlong floods, ſwoln with perpetual rain,
No more their once-ſurmounted banks reſtrain,
Deep ſtreams of eloquence, in Pindar's page,
Swell with ſuch uncontrol'd, impetuous rage;
Worthy the laurel's conſecrated prize,
As oft as his obedient pen he tries,
Whether his pompous Dithyrambic ſong
In arbitrary numbers rolls along;
Or if of Gods he ſings, in god-like words,
Or Heaven-born Heroes, and their acts records;
No Bard ſo fit th' immortal men to tell,
By whom the fires were quench'd, or monſters fell.

Or

: if his Muſe embalms the victors' names,
:nown'd for God-like deeds at Piſa's games;
:ſcribes the champions, and the fiery ſteed,
eaſuring th' extended plain with winged ſpeed;
ich action with peculiar luſtre ſhines,
nd warms us o'er again in Pindar's lines,
. whoſe eternal volume thus to live,
greater praiſe than thouſand ſtatues give
Not leſs ſucceſsful, when his ſtyle he turns,
nd ſome brave youth's too early funeral mourns;
Who might without the Muſe compaſſion move,
ntimely ſnatcht from the new joys of Love:
he widow'd bride admits of no relief,
o intervals break-off her endleſs grief;
ill Pindar, with the power of numbers, tries
o bring the lovely image to her eyes;
Whom he deſcribes ſo virtuous and ſo brave,
hat in his nobler part he triumphs o'er the grave.

THE VOYAGE.

BY DR. SAMUEL WOODFORD*.

AS one that 's from a tedious voyage come,
And ſafe through thouſand ſtorms arriv'd at home,
Reſolves to put to ſea no more,
Or boldly tempt the flattering main,
How ſmooth ſo e'er it lie, or plain;

But,

* Eldeſt ſon of Robert Woodford, of Northampton, gent. He was born in the pariſh of Allhallows on the Wall, London,

But, having drawn his broken hull on ſhore,
To ſome kind Saint hangs up his conſecrated oar;
I, who a greater ſea had paſt,
The ocean of rough Poeſy,
Where there ſo many ſhipwreck'd be;
Or on the rocks, or on the quickſands caſt;
Recounting what myſelf had ſeen,
And in how many deaths I'd been,
Where ſcarce an empty wiſh or hope could come between;
With almoſt as confirm'd a vow,
Reſolv'd no leſs to conſecrate
Some votive table, which might ſhew
The labours I did undergo;

don, April 15, 1636; became a commoner of Wadham College in 1653; took one degree in Arts in 1656, and in 1658 retired to the Inner Temple, where he was chamber-fellow with the poet Flatman. In 1660 he publiſhed a poem "On "the Return of King Charles II." After that period, he lived firſt at Aldbrook, and afterwards at Benſted in Hampſhire, in a married and ſecular condition, and was a member of the Royal Society. 14 cal. Jan. 1669, he took holy orders from biſhop Morley, and was ſoon after preſented by Sir Nich. Stuart, bart. to the rectory of Hartley-Maldwit in Hampſhire. He was inſtalled prebend of Chicheſter, May 27, 1676; made D. D. by the diploma of archbiſhop Sancroft in 1677; and prebendary of Wincheſter, Nov. 8, 1680, by the favour of his great patron the biſhop of that dioceſe. He died in 1700. His poems, which have ſome merit, are pretty numerous, as will appear by his own account of them in this Ode, and by the notes annexed to it. N.

And at a far more eaſy rate,
Give others the delight to view on land my dangerous fate.

Already was the ſacred plank deſign'd,
And in it now I firſt aſſay'd the deep;
When, thinking only near the ſhores to keep,
There roſe a ſudden and tempeſtuous wind,
Which made me leave the unſaluted land behind.
The ſea before was calm and ſtill,
And gentle airs did with my ſtreamers play,
Scarce ſtrong enough my half-ſtruck ſail to fill,
And through the yielding cryſtal force my way.
Cloſe by did many a veſſel ride,
Whoſe pilots all with bays were gaily crown'd;
And to the murmurs of the tide,
Voices and mirths were heard around.
Myſelf made there Anacreon's lute reſound *;
Which ſprightly ſeem'd, and wondrous brave,
And its old killing notes to have;
But from the waters more, than thoſe rough touches which I gave.
'Twould ſtill of nothing ſound but Love,
Though I the various ſtops did often prove;
Wherefore new † loves I did begin,
And intermix'd (as parts) my own;
Which took freſh vigour from the ſtring,
And o'er the dancing floods were quickly blown.

* Turn'd Anacreon into Engliſh verſe. S. W.
† Made ſeveral Love-verſes to Cleria & al. S. W.

I Venus ſang, and ſtolen joy,
And of his flames who 'ſcap'd at Troy *.
And as the Thracian Orpheus by his ſkill,
To ranſom his Eurydice, is ſaid,
And from the ſhades brought back the dead;
My ſong a greater miracle did tell,
And thither chain'd in verſe alive Proſerpina did lead †.

Such was my ſong; but, when the ſtorm aroſe,
Voices and mirth were heard no more,
But every man fell ſtoutly to his oar,
And to the floods did all their ſtrength oppoſe,
Hoping to reach ſome harbour, but in vain;
They were with greater fury hurry'd back into the main.
Then might one hear, inſtead of theſe,
The dying ſhrieks of ſuch as ſhipwreck'd were;
And thoſe proud galleys, which before at eaſe
Plough'd-up the deep, no longer did appear;
But to the waves became a prey,
Some downright ſank, ſome broken lay,
And by the billows were in triumph borne away.
My keel ſo many leaks did ſpring,
That all the hold with water was flow'd o'er;
And a ſea no leſs dangerous rag'd within,
Than that which ſtrove abroad the tempeſt to out-roar.
So over-board my lading ſtraight I caſt,
With ſome faint hope my barque to ſave ‡;

B[illegible]

* Tranſlated the fourth Book of Virgil. S. W.
† Claudian's Rapt. Proſ. S. W.
‡ Having had ſo many croſſes, or, which is truer, feeli[illegible]g

the

But on the wind away they quickly paſt,
And my beſt ſafety was no hope to have.
Yet by me ſtill the great Jeſſean lyre I kept,
Which from my couch I down did take,
Where it neglected long enough had ſlept,
And all its numerous chords I did awake;

the little profit, I reſolved to make no more verſe, except the argument were divine or moral; and ſo reſumed my old deſign of paraphraſing the Pſalms; which I began anew, Jan. 31, 1662, and finiſhed the third of June, 1665. S. W.

— Dr. Woodford's Paraphraſe on the Pſalms, in Five Books, was publiſhed in 4to, 1667, and again in 1678, 8vo. This Paraphraſe, which was written in the Pindaric and other various ſorts of verſe, is commended by R. Baxter in the Preface to his "Poetical Fragments, 1681;" and is called by others "an incomparable verſion," eſpecially by his friend Flatman, who wrote a Pindaric Ode on it, and alſo a copy of verſes on Woodford's "Paraphraſe on the Canticles, 1679," 8vo. With this latter Paraphraſe are printed, 1. "The "Legend of Love," in three cantos. 2. "To the Muſe," a Pindaric Ode. 3. "A Paraphraſe upon ſome ſelect Hymns "of the New and Old Teſtament." 4. "Occaſional Com-"poſitions in Engliſh Rhimes," with ſome Tranſlations out of Latin, Greek, Spaniſh, and Italian, but chiefly out of his laſt; ſome of which Compoſitions and Tranſlations were before falſely publiſhed by a too curious collector of them from very falſe copies, againſt the will and knowledge of their author. Dr. Woodford complains that ſeveral of his Tranſlations of ſome of the Moral Odes had been printed after the ſame incorrect manner. N.

Thinking,

Thinking, ſince I the waves muſt try,
Them and the Sea-Gods with a ſong to pacify.

I play'd, and boldly then plung'd down,
Holding my harp ſtill in my hand,
My dear companion through thoſe paths unknown
But hopeleſs with it e'er to reach the land.
When lo, the chaſte Iarma, with a throng
Of Nymphs and Tritons waited-on,
As ſhe by chance there paſs'd along,
Drove up her chariot by my ſide,
And, in requital for my humble ſong,
Invited me with her to ride,
And, fearleſs of the way, with them my courſe to guide.
And down ſhe reach'd her ſnowy hand,
And from the floods me gently rais'd,
Whilſt all the Sea-gods on me gaz'd.
And waited, ere they further went, ſome new command.
Which ſtraight ſhe gave, and at her word the wind
Backward did ſcower: before, as ſmooth and plain
The ocean lay; ſtorms only rag'd behind:
So to my harp I turn'd again,
And all its ſilent fetters did unbind.
No longer was I of the deep afraid,
But, bolder grown, more anthems plaid,
And on them put my chains, who theirs upon the waves
Till, having many a country paſt, [had laid.
And coaſting the whole earth around,
The North-weſt paſſage navigable found,
I on my native ſhore was caſt,
And ſafely touch'd the Britiſh Iſle at laſt.

This

is table as in colours 'twas expreſt,
d which Beliſa's * curious pencil wrought,
ith ivy garland, and with bays I dreſt,
d to my Muſe's ſacred temple brought,
Hoping it would accepted be,
And ſurely gain my liberty
m future ſervice, and declare me free.
t as I waiting in the court did ſtand,
o a ſudden ecſtacy I fell;
And, led by an immortal hand,
Which entrance for me did command,
Approach'd the ſane's moſt private cell,
ne e'er ſeen before, where aweful dread and reverence dwell.

Mrs. Mary Beale. S. W. — This lady was daughter of . Cradock, miniſter of Walton upon Thames; learned rudiments of painting from Sir Peter Lely, and had e inſtructions, as Vertue thought, from Walker. She ited in oil, water-colours, and crayons, and had much neſs; her portraits were in the Italian ſtile, which ſhe ired by copying ſeveral pictures and drawings from Peter Lely's and the royal collections. Her maſter ſuppoſed to have had a tender attachment to her; but, e was reſerved in communicating to her all the re-ces of his pencil, it probably was a galant paſſion, ra-a ſucceſsful one. She died in Pall Mall, at the age of Dec. 1697; and was buried under the communion table t. James's church." Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, I. p. 67.—Mr. Walpole ſays, that Dr. Woodford (whom lake he calls Dr. *Woodfall*) wrote ſeveral poems to nour, under the name of *Belifia* (Beliſa). R.

'Twas

'Twas not like thoſe ſtrait lodges here,
Which by that name we call,
But a magnificent and ſpacious hall,
The roof with paintings garniſh'd all,
And where, in niches on the wall,
There did the lively forms appear
Of ſuch who for their verſe the laurel ſert did wear.
Greece and old Rome poſſeſt the chiefeſt place,
And all the upper end their quarter was:
The ſides were into ſeveral coaſts deſign'd;
And by their countries you each name might find;
The Italian, French or Spaniſh band,
As they around did with their title ſtand:
Britain as fair a ſpace as any had; [paid.
And no leſs honours were to Her, than Rome or Athens

Thither I turn'd my eye, and in the throng
Of crowned heads tranſlated there,
Whoſe very names to count would be too long,
The bright Orinda* did appear;
And, though come thither laſt of all,
Made the moſt beauteous figure on the ſacred wall.
Aſide her ſeveral niches were prepar'd
For thoſe who ſhall hereafter come,
And with her there obtain a room,
As with her in the Muſes ſervice they had ſhar'd.
Already were ſome names enroll'd,
And in fair characters enchas'd;
But who they were muſt ne'er be told,
Till they the fatal ſtream have paſt,
And after death have here their living ſtatues plac'd.

* Mrs. Kath. Philipps; of whom, ſee vol. II. p. 50. N.

My

My Muſe alone theſe worthies could out-ſhine,
As ſhe approach'd me there in ſhape divine:
Her golden hair was all unbound,
With careleſs art and wantonly did play,
Mov'd by her ſtrings melodious ſound,
As on her ſhoulders the looſe treſſes lay.
A wondrous mantle o'er her back was thrown,
And her gay myſtic veſt below
In royal ſtate trail'd all adown;
A lute was in her hand, and on her head a crown.

Amaz'd I at her feet did fall,
And proſtrate lay till up ſhe bid me ſtand,
Saying, "For this I thee did never call,
But boldly to receive my great command:
Ariſe; for, lo, a better fate
Does on thy tuneful numbers wait,
Than what thou in the deep haſt tried of late.
Not but that all thy labours there
To thine own wiſh ſhall amply be repaid;
For I, by whom enroll'd they are,
Second to none but Heaven in that great care,
Which of thy verſe and thee I always had,
Will look ſuch large allowance for them ſhall be made,
That all the damage which thou didſt ſuſtain
Shall not compare with thy immortal gain.

Witneſs thy votive table, which I here accept
Within my archives a fair room to have,
(Worthy for the hand that did it to be kept)
And thy mean name from dark oblivion ſave,

Till

Till to another temple that 's above,
Reſerv'd for thoſe who ſacred numbers prove,
And there at laſt conclude their love,
Thy ſoul's bright image I hereafter ſhall remove,
Where ſeveral whom thou here doſt know
(Ambitious at their very ſhrines to bow)
Leaving their wanton lays behind,
Like thee, and from all baſe alloy refin'd,
More to reſemble the Eternal Mind;
With ſeveral who were never here,
So god-like all their meaſures were,
(As Jeſſe's ſon, whoſe harp thou erſt didſt bear)
In glory with the firſt great Maker ſhine,
And have for mortal bays a ray divine.

But firſt, my Sylvius*, thou again to ſea muſt go,
And many towns, and men, and countries know,
In the new world † of Chriſtian poeſy,
Part of which long ſince was deſign'd to be
The happy fruits of thy diſcovery;
Where none of all thy nation has been yet,
The way ſo dangerous, and the taſk ſo great.
Nor doubt but it ſhall recompence thy coſt;
And were it more, that age, they cry, th'aſt loſt,

* By the name of Sylvius, he addreſſes his friend Thomas Flatman, a Lawyer, Poet, and Painter: but in the latter of theſe profeſſions only he arrived at any degree of excellence. See a ſhort ſpecimen of his poetry in p. 272. R.

† To write of the Creation, never attempted by any Engliſhman, except in verſion. S. W.

When,

ien, to ſerve me, thou didſt the bar * forſake,
d for the long robe the ivy garland take,
that which would thy name immortal make.
'or I have honours to beſtow,
d regal treaſures, though I rarely ſhow
The happy country where they grow.
And though ſome wretch the plague endure
Of miſerable poverty,
The fault 's his own, and not in me;
Not that he is my votary,
: under that diſguiſe an enemy;
, but they alone who count me ſo, are poor.

r me, this once, and once more tempt the main;
Thou ſhalt not unattended go:
when thou next putt'ſt out to ſea again,
be thy pilot, and the paſſage ſhow.
Nay wonder not, for 'tis no more
in what I ſeveral times have done before,
ien I my Taſſo through thoſe ſtraights did guide,
l made my Bartas o'er the ſurges ride;
oſe mighty admirals which did extend
:ir country-bounds beyond the world's wide end:
ras I conducted them thoſe lands to find,
iere each did plant their nation's colonies;
h ſpreading leſs their ſails than victories.
d there are yet more lands for thee behind;
d all the way, like them, thou ſhalt rehearſe
: birth of things, how they from nothing roſe,
at Almighty Word which ſhall inſpire thy verſe,
d help thee all its wonders to diſcloſe.

* The ſtudy of the law. S. W.

No

No ſtorm upon thy maſt ſhall reſt,
Or any gales, but vernal, blow;
The ſea itſelf, to my great ſervice preſt,
In plains of liquid glaſs ſhall lie below,
And its obedience to my rule in dancing billows only ſhow.
And when thou home return'd ſhalt be,
And of thy native earth once more take hold,
Myſelf thy bark will conſecrated ſee;
And for this new world thus found out by thee,
Make it a heavenly ſign, near that which ſav'd the old."

ON MRS. E. MONTAGUE'S BLUSHING IN THE CROSS-BATH.

BY MR. FLATMAN*.

AMIDST the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous Ægle ſtood,
So ſweet a tincture ere the ſun appears,
The baſhful ruddy morning wears:
Thus through a cryſtal wave the coral glows,
And ſuch a bluſh ſits on the virgin roſe.

Ye

* Thomas Flatman was born in Alderſgate-ſtreet about 1623, educated at Winchester, and in 1654 elected from thence to New College in Oxford, which he left without taking a degree. He afterwards ſtudied the law in the Inner Temple; married a young lady with a good fortune, Nov. 26, 1672; died Dec. 8, 1688, in the life-time of his father (at that time a clerk in chancery, and in his 80th year); and was buried at St. Bride's, London. He is deſcribed by Mr.

Ye envied waters, that with ſafety may
  Around her ſnowy boſom play,
Cheriſh with gentle heat that noble breaſt,
Which ſo much innocence has bleſt,
Such innocence, as hitherto ne'er knew
What miſchief Venus or her Son could do.

Mr. Granger as "one of the unſucceſsful imitators of Pindar, or rather of Cowley, in a ſpecies of poetry which pleaſed more from its novelty, than its excellence, in that celebrated writer. He compoſed Pindaric odes on the death of the duke of Albemarle, the earl of Oſſory, prince Rupert, and Charles II. The duke of Ormond was ſo pleaſed with that on the death of the earl of Oſſory, his ſon, that he ſent the author a ring, with a diamond in it, worth 100*l*. It is no wonder that the heart of a father, ſoftened by the death of ſuch a ſon, felt ſomething in reading this compoſition which an indifferent perſon cannot even imagine; and miſtook the natural working of his own breaſt, for the art of the poet. Flatman really excelled as an artiſt: a man muſt want ears for harmony, that can admire his poetry; and even want eyes that can ceaſe to admire his painting. Some of his taſteleſs contemporaries thought him equally excellent in both; but one of his heads is worth a ream of his Pindarics; I had almoſt ſaid all the Pindarics written in this reign. It does our author ſome honour, that Mr. Pope has very cloſely copied ſeveral of his verſes, in his ode of "The dying Chriſtian to his "Soul."—Mr. Granger's cenſure on Flatman's poetry is ſurely too ſevere. He was one of the writers in "Don Juan Lam-"berto, or a Comical Hiſtory of the late Times," more commonly known by the name of "Montelion's Almanack," firſt publiſhed in 1660 by J. Philips, continued in the two ſucceeding years by Flatman, and ſaid to be a very facetious and entertaining work. N.

Then from this hallow'd place
Let the prophane and wanton eye withdraw,
For Virtue, clad in ſcarlet, ſtrikes an awe,
From the tribunal of a lovely face.

CEREALIA, BY MR. J. PHILIPS*,

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

"Per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria
"Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus." PETRONIUS.

OF Engliſh tipple, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celeſtial Powers
Bred fell debate, ſing, Nymph of heavenly ſtem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-mawr
Merlin the ſeer didſt viſit, whilſt he ſate
With aſtrolabe prophetic, to foreſee
Young actions iſſuing from the Fates Divan.
Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obſcure ſojourn o'er heaven's high cope.
Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large muſtachoes, deep enſconc'd
Beneath his over-ſhadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantin noſe.

* On the merits of this writer, Dr. Johnſon has precluded all neceſſity of enlargement. The poem here aſcribed to him is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inſerted in the hand-writing of Abp. Tenniſon. It was publiſhed by T. Bennet, the Bookſeller for whom "Blenheim" was printed; a ſtrong preſumptive proof of this being by the ſame author. N.

Scorn-

Scornful of keeneſt polar winds, or fleet,
Or hail, ſent rattling down from wintery Jove.
(Vain efforts on his ſeven-fold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of ſoul to raiſe the ſong,
Deign, Goddeſs, now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy ſure preſiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
Now from th' enſanguin'd Iſter's reeking flood
Tardy with many a corſe of Boïan knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed ſteeds
Promiſcuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanſe of heaven with active plume;
Nor ſwifter from Plinlimmon's ſteepy top
The ſtaunch Gerfaulcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the ſteerage of his wings, to truſs
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly ſprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs faſt a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To ſpread round Uriconium's towers her ſtreams.
Her golden trump the goddeſs ſounded thrice,
Whoſe ſhrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremeſt ſphere.
Rouz'd at the blaſt, the gods with winged ſpeed
To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
With fair memorials, and impreſſes quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they ſate, devis'd of old
By Mulciber, nor ſmall his ſkill I ween.
There ſhe relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus roſe,
By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,

The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his roſy brow in ringlets curl'd;
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The enſigns of the god! with ardent tone
He mov'd, that ſtraight the nectar'd bowl ſhould flow,
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
Uncommon orgies ſhould be kept till eve,
Till all were fated with immortal mouſt,
Delicious tipple! that, in heavenly veins
Aſſimilated, vigorous ichor bred.
Superior to Frontiniac, or Bourdeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's beſt increaſe;
Or the more dulcet juice the happy iſles
From Palma or Forteventura ſend.
Joy flufh'd on every face, and pleaſing glee
Inward aſſent diſcover'd, till uproſe
Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
Dim on her viſage low'd: ſuch her deport
When Arethuſa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proſerpine had rap'd,
To ſway his iron ſceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
Then, ſighing, thus ſhe ſaid—"Have I ſo long
Employ'd my various art, t'enrich the lap
Of Earth, all-bearing mother; and my lore
Communicated to the unweeting hind,
And ſhall not this preeminence obtain?"
Then from beneath her Tyrian veſt ſhe took
The bearded ears of grain ſhe moſt admir'd,
Which gods call Crithe, in terreſtrial ſpeech

Ey-

ſy-cleped Barley. "'Tis to this, ſhe cry'd,
The Britiſh cohorts owe their martial fame
And far-redoubted proweſs, matchleſs youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, ſeam'd with ſcars,
Sad ſignatures of many a dreadful gaſh!)
The veteran, carowſing, ſoon reſtores
Vigour to his arm, and ſtrings his nerves!
And, as a ſnake, when firſt the roſy hours
Shed vernal ſweets o'er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obſcure and dank;
But, when by genial rays of ſummer ſun
Purg'd of his ſlough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
Whetting his ſting, his creſted head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he ſhoots
Enſanguin'd rays, the diſtant ſwains admire
His various neck, and ſpires bedropt with gold:
So at each glaſs the harraſt warriour feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes,
And ruſting faulchion, on whoſe ample hilt
Long Victory ſate dormant: ſoon ſhe ſhakes
Her drowſy wings, and follows to the war,
With ſpeed ſuccinct; where ſoon his martial port
She recognizes, whilſt he haughty ſtands
On the rough edge of battle, and beſtows
Wide torment on the ſerried files, ſo us'd,
Frequent in bold emprize, to work ſad rout,
And havock dire; theſe the bold Briton mows,
Dauntleſs as Deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,

Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirſting lips;
Sullen he ſits, and ſighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whoſe happy ſoil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Crithe, (joyous ſcenes
Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal ſnows that cloath their cliffs:
Nor curſe th' inclement air, whoſe horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling ſheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen ſkirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempeſts firſt are taught to roar.
Snug in their ſtraw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (ſmall need of art
To form ſpruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilſt black pots walk the round with laughing ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal ſcale:
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With ſeven revolving ſuns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, ſtrikes the ſenſe.
Nor wants on vaſt circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large ſurloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browſe
The meads of Longovicum (fattening ſoil
Replete with clover-graſs, and foodful ſhrub).

Plante

with ſprigs of roſemary it ſtands,
ragon (as far as great with ſmall
reſpond) for ſome Panchæan hill,
n'd with ſultry ſkies, thin-ſet with palm,
ve rarely interſpers'd, whoſe ſhade
hoſpitably from the Tropic Crab
iver'd Arabs vagrant clan, that waits
s ſome rich caravan, which fares
:ca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.
Britain's hardy ſons, of ruſtic mould,
of arms, ſtill quaſh th' aſpiring Gaul,
my boon: which when they ſlightly prize,
they, with high defence of triple braſs
ircling, live immur'd (as erſt was tried
on's charms, on which the ſickening moon
wan, and cheerleſs mew'd her creſcent horns.
Demogorgon heard his ſtern beheſt)
the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
there reſiſtleſs ravage, as of old
haramond, the founder of her fame,
ont, when firſt his marſhal'd peerage paſs'd
ject Rhene. What though Britannia boaſts
a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
e that warms her ſons t'aſſert her claim
th full volley makes her naval tubes
r diſaſtrous doom to opponent powers!
potent only to enkindle Mars,
e with knightly proweſs recreant ſouls:
:e can encourage, and excite
nd to ditties blithe, and charming ſong.

Thou, Pallas, to my ſpeech juſt witneſs bear:
How oft haſt thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning ſhrill
With voice harmonic each, whilſt others friſk
In mazy dance, or Ceſtrian gambols ſhew,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Neſtor's ponderous cup, which aſk'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hoſting dire).
Or if, with front unbleſs'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in ſtern deport
Reſembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His ſcimeter with huge two-handed ſway.
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harſher far
Than that ill-omen'd ſound the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the ſick man's trump of doleful doom:
Thy jocund ſons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of ſeven foot ſize:
And with their rubied faces ſtand the foe;
Whilſt they of ſober guiſe contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall ſtag
Unharbour'd by the wood-man quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which cloſe purſue
So they not bowſy dread th' approaching foe:
They run, they fly, till flying on obſcure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches ſtagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on Soph promiſcuous—Caps aloof

ıadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
ıe ſport of fierce Norwegian tempeſts, toſt
· Thraſcia's coadjutant, and the roar
loud Euroclydon's tumultuous guſts."
She ſaid: the ſire of Gods and men ſupreme,
ith aſpect bland, attentive audience gave,
ıen nodded awful: from his ſhaken locks
nbroſial fragrance flew: the ſignal given
· Ganymede the ſkinker ſoon was ken'd;
ith Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
› Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
ıe Muſes ſang alternate, all carous'd,
ıt Bacchus murmuring left th' aſſembled powers.

ACHANALIAN SONG. BY MR. PHILIPS*.

COME, fill me a glaſs, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myſelf into my grave.

Here's a health to all thoſe jolly ſouls,
Who like me will never give o'er, [bowls,
Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their
And merrily ſtickle for more.

Drown

* From many circumſtances, I have little doubt but this nvivial ſong was by the author of "The Splendid Shilling." here was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of is author; who was nephew to Milton, and wrote ſome emoirs of his uncle, and ſeveral burleſque poems; particu-rly, 1. "A Song upon the Tombs at Weſtminſter," (moſt obably that printed anonymouſly by Dryden, and copied in

this

Drown Reaſon and all ſuch weak foes,
I ſcorn to obey her command;
Could ſhe ever ſuppoſe I 'd be led by the noſe,
And let my glaſs idly ſtand?

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made uſe of by tools, who 'd ſet us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I 'll have ſix in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting ſand
Rolls on, and cannot ſtay.

Come, my lads, move the glaſs, drink about,
We 'll drink the univerſe dry;
We'll ſet foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow ſober we die.

this volume, p. 167;) 2. "A Satyr againſt Hypocrites," which Jacob calls "a very ingenious performance," and, 3. "The "Almanack of Montelion," (ſee p. 273.) He likewiſe wrote ſeveral other ſongs, all ſet to muſic by Dr. Blow; ſome pieces in a ſerious vein of poetry, well approved; and burleſqued the fifth and ſixth books of Virgil's Æneid.—An ideal poet of the ſame name (aſſumed probably by Curll for the purpoſe of deceit) was author of two political farces, both printed in 1736; 1. "The Earl of Marr marred with the Humours "of Jockey the Highlander." 2. "The Pretender's Flight; "or a Mock Coronation, with the humours of the facetious Henry St. John." Theſe were by Curll himſelf. N.

ON

ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

BY DR. BROOME *, NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

AH, cruel hand, that could ſuch power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to deſtroy!
ngly ſhe charm'd before! but, by his ſkill,
ne living beauty and her likeneſs kill!"

Thus

* As Dr. Johnſon is writing the Life of this elegant poet, will not anticipate the entertainment my readers have ſuch. ple reaſon to expect, any farther than to lay before em a few plain facts; for which I am indebted to authorities ich it would be preſumption to mention on ſo ſlight occaſion. William Broome, ſprung from mean parents in eſhire, was elected upon the foundation at Eaton, and had e (almoſt unheard-of) misfortune of being Captain of that ool for one whole year, 1707, without any vacancy's hap- ning at King's College, by which means he was ſuper- nuated. I repeat the expreſſion *almoſt unheard-of*, as it has ppened but four times in 160 years; viz. in 1619, 1653, 07, 1756. Being an excellent Greek ſcholar, and univer- lly beloved, his friends ſent him to St. John's College, Cam- dge, where by their aſſiſtance, and a ſmall exhibition, he as maintained till he entered into orders. Soon after which, cidentally becoming acquainted with Mr. Pope (who was on a viſit to Sir John Cotton, at Madingley, three miles om Cambridge) an intimacy enſued; and he tranſlated eight oks of the Odyſſey (as appears by a note of his own), and id the merit of being "Annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyſſey." That he furniſhed "the

"greater

Thus when in parts the broken mirrours fall,
A face in all is ſeen, and charms in all.
Think then, O faireſt of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face;
Whoſe very ſhadow can ſuch flames inſpire,
We ſee 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.
See with falſe life the lovely image glows
And every wondrous grace tranſplanted ſhows!

Fatally

" greater part of the Remarks from Euſtathius, together with " ſeveral excellent obſervations," is acknowledged by Mr. Pope; who, it has been ſaid, promiſed him a handſome gratuity for his trouble, and when the work was finiſhed, quarreled with him, and diſappointed him of the promiſed reward. It is certain that Broome thus repreſented the ſtory to his friends. Yet, in a Letter to Lord Harvey, from Mr. Pope, who had been charged with " ſelling Broome's works printed " with Pope's name," he tells his lordſhip, he printed not his name before a line of the perſon's his lordſhip mentions.—" Beſides, my lord, when you ſaid I *ſold* another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that I *bought* them, which very much alters the caſe; what I gave was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your lordſhip." Broome and Fenton, we learn from Ruffhead, had formed a deſign of tranſlating the Odyſſey, while Pope was employed upon the Iliad; and went through ſeveral books of the Odyſſey, which they deſired him to peruſe; he complied with their requeſt: and, having made a conſiderable progreſs in the work himſelf, adopted what he found thus ready, for the ſpeedier advancement of his work; and indeed it is ſome confirmation of what is thus related, that,

:ally fair the new creation reigns,
arms in her ſhape, and multiplies our pains.
nce the fond youth, that eaſe by abſence found,
:ws the dear form, and bleeds at every wound:
ius the bright Venus, though to Heaven ſhe ſoar'd,
'as in her image by the world ador'd.
Yet, painter, yet, though Art with Nature ſtrive,
hough ev'n the lovely phantom ſeems alive,
.bmit thy vanquiſh'd art! and own the draught,
hough fair, defective, and a beauteous fault!

Charms

at, among the poems in Broome's firſt edition, there is one To a Gentleman who corrected ſome of my Verſes," the le of which he afterwards thus changed: "To Mr. A. Pope, ho corrected my Verſes." In the Life of Pope, p. 205, it aſſerted that Broome received from him 600l. and Fenton 10l. Probably the coadjutors, finding that Pope got more an they or he expected, were deſirous of coming in for a are; but, if they received what they agreed for, there ſeems o juſt ground of complaint; and though Pope was not ge-rous on this occaſion, if he had a receipt for 500l. to ew, there is little more to be ſaid on the ſubject.—Dr. roome was for ſome time Rector of Sturſton in Suffolk, hence he dates the dedication to Lord Townſhend (then ie of the principal Secretaries of State) Jan. 16, 1726; and as at that time chaplain to Charles lord (afterwards earl) ornwallis. At Sturſton he married a lady who had a good rtune, which enabled him to take the degree of LL.D. when e king went to Cambridge, April 25, 1728. Upon his reſig-ation of the living of Sturſton, he was preſented by the crown the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, in Auguſt, 1733; and ld it united to the rectory of Oakley Magna in Suffolk, to which

Charms ſuch as hers, inimitably great,
He only can expreſs that can create!
Could'ſt thou extract the whiteneſs of the ſnow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy ſkill,
Lovely in thee! herſelf more lovely ſtill!
Thus in the limpid river we deſcry
The faint reſemblance of the glittering ſky!
O'er the clear wave the ſun diſpreads his beams,
And darts a brightneſs through th' enlighten'd ſtreams:

which he was preſented by Lord Cornwallis, who afterwards gave him the vicarage of Eye in Suffolk. The two laſt preferments he enjoyed till his death, which happened at Bath, Nov. 16, 1745. He was buried in the abbey church there, by Dr. Gooch, biſhop of Norwich. That he was favoured by the Muſes, appears by his "Poems on ſeveral Occaſions," firſt printed in the year 1727; again in 1739; a third time in 1750; and lately in the collection of the Engliſh Poets. One of his poems is intituled, "Melancholy, an Ode occaſioned "by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723;" but it is not quite certain that it was written on a daughter of his own. His "Verſes on the Death of a Friend," which were printed in 1727, were afterwards very happily enlarged, and applied to Mr. Fenton, who died in 1730. "In The Sacred and "Profane Hiſtory of the World connected," vol. III. p. 60, Dr. Broome is mentioned by Mr. Shuckford, under the title of "the ingenious Annotator on the Engliſh Homer, whoſe "real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleaſure to me to "ſay that I have a friendſhip with him." He left an only ſon, Charles Broome, who died of the ſmall-pox, in 1747, being then an under-graduate at St. John's College, Cambridge. N.

But

But though the ſcene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted ſkies in nobler beauties move:
There the true heavens appear, and there diſplay
A blaze of glory and a flood of day.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS;

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

BY DR. BROOME*.

WHY, lovely babe, does ſlumber ſeal your eyes?
See fair Aurora bluſhes in the ſkies!
The ſun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his courſe, and uſhers in the day.
Calmly ſerene and glorious to the view
He marches forth, and ſtrives to look like you.
Fair beauty's bud! when time ſhall ſtretch thy ſpan,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
How ſhall each ſwain, each beauteous nymph complain,
For love each nymph, for envy every ſwain?
What matchleſs charms ſhall thy full noon adorn,
When ſo admir'd, ſo glorious, is thy morn?

* Though it cannot abſolutely be ſaid that this poem is not printed in Dr. Broome's Works: the two copies materially differ. The preſent one is apparently the original, and preſerves the name and date; the other is enlarged and more highly poliſhed. N.

So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Perſians, and adore the riſing Sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay; ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
Their radiant glory and their ſweetneſs join,
To ſhew their fatal power, and all their charms, in thine.
If fond Narciſſus in the cryſtal ſtood,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth deſtroy;
Exceſs of beauty juſtified the boy.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY, WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

BY DR. BROOME; NOT AMONG HIS POEMS*.

WHAT woes muſt ſuch an equal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring!
You, like Mezentius†, in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

* It was printed in the firſt edition of his Poems 1727.

† "The living and the dead, at his command,
"Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand."
DRYDEN's Virgil, Æn. viii.

EPIS-

EPISTLE TO MR. B——.

BY MR. FRANCIS KNAPP*.

DEAR Friend, I hear that you, of late, are grown
One of thoſe ſqueamiſh critics of the town,
That think they have a licence to abuſe
Each honeſt author, that pretends to muſe.
But be adviſ'd; why ſhould you ſpend your time
In Heatheniſh ſatire 'cauſe a fool will rhyme?
Poor harmleſs Weſley! let him write again,
Be pitied in his old heroic ſtrain;
Let him in reams proclaim himſelf a dunce,
And break a dozen ſtationers at once†.
What is't to you? Why ſhould you take't amiſs,
If Grubſtreet 's ſtock'd with tenants? if the preſs
Is hugely plied, and labours to produce
Some mighty folio, for the chandler's uſe?
Let Grubſtreet ſcribble on; nor need you care,
Though every garret held a Poet there.
You know, that are acquainted with the town,
How the poor tribe are worried up and down;
How penſively the hungry authors ſit,
And, in their upper regions, ſtrain for wit.
Such a poor tatter'd ſmall-beer herd they 're grown,
That ſcarce an author from his hawker's known:

* Son of George Knapp of Chilton in Berkſhire, gent. He was matriculated Dec. 16, 1688, of St. John's College, Oxford; and the next year choſen demy of Magdalen College. Wood II. 1023. A Poem by this Writer is prefixed to Pope's Works, Engliſh Poets, vol. XXXII. p. xi. N.

† This ſarcaſm is ill-founded and illiberal. N.

No jolly carbuncle through all the race
Appears to juſtify a Poet's face.
This a ſufficient penance ſeems to me
For Higden's droll, or Settle's tragedy.
Is't not enough to ſtarve for writing ill,
That they ne'er dine, but when they ſmoak a meal?
That their works only ſerve to wipe, or twine
A candle, or ſome feeble bandbox line?
Conſider, and let charity prevail.
What Chriſtian critic can have heart to rail
At ſuch poor rogues as theſe? Beſides, you know
A true ſtanch Poet can't reform—what though
His works have furniſh'd a lampoon or two!
They that have once in print proclaim'd their name,
Are ſenſeleſs all of juſtice, as of ſhame;
And none but ſtationers ſhould rail at them.
Had e'er the lewdeſt of them all the grace,
Or conſcience, to repent of making verſe?
For other ſins, they feel remorſe ſometimes;
But ſure no Poet e'er had qualms for rhymes.
Alas! no wholſome counſel can be us'd
By a poor harden'd wretch, when once be-mus'd.
Then don't inhumanly your pains miſ-ſpend
On reprobates that you can never mend.
Had we a parliament diſpos'd to lay
A tax on metre, or invent ſome way,
In grand committee call'd, to regulate
This among other grievances of ſtate;
Then you might hope to hear an act would paſs
To limit all this hackney jingling race,

And

nd order ſome commiſſioners to find
/hich way their genius chiefly is inclin'd,
e how it ſtands affected to a Muſe,
nd as their talents lie, their buſineſs chuſe.
'hen a poor thief to Tyburn's drawn, to be
here made a pendulum for gallow-tree,
:t D'Urfey then his woeful exit ſing,
nd with, "Good people all give ear!" begins;
gentle ditty, tenderly relate
he inconvenience of his ſudden fate.
or muſt judicious Rymer be forgot,
:t him for madrigals compoſe a plot.
:t Johnny Crown in mild acroſticks deal,
is wondrous ſkill in anagram reveal;
:t him in petty verſe deſcribe his flame,
nd edge his ſonnet with his miſtreſs' name:
Stop thief' the warbling muſic ſhall prolong,
Stop thief' ſhall be the burden of the ſong.
nd Rymer* too (for he above the reſt
richly with a double talent bleſt);
t him, for deep reflections long renown'd,
: lawful critic through all Grubſtreet own'd,
o be the judge of each ſuburbian lay,
their acroſticks all the rules obey,
ompos'd according to the ancient way;
felon does with as much decence ſwing
metre, as he did before in ſtring.
I grant you, ſuch a courſe as this might do
o make them humbly treat of what they know,
ot venturing further than their brains will go.

* The Hiſtoriographer; of whom, ſee vol. I. p. 120. N.

But what ſhould I do then, for ever ſpoil'd
Of this diverſion which frail authors yield?
I ſhould no more on Dunton's counter meet
Bards that are deeply ſkill'd in rhyme and feet;
For I am charm'd with eaſy nonſenſe more,
Than all the wit that men of ſenſe adore.
With fear I view great Dryden's hallow'd page,
With fear I view it; and I read with rage.
I 'm all with fear, with grief, and love poſſeſt,
Tears in my eyes, and anguiſh in my breaſt,
While I with mourning Anthony repine;
And all the hero's miſeries are mine.
If I read Edgar, then my ſoul 's at peace,
Lull'd in a lazy ſtate of thoughtleſs eaſe.
No paſſion 's ruffled by the peaceful lay,
No ſtream, no depth, to hurry me away;
Rymer in both profeſſions harmleſs proves,
Nor wounds when critic, nor when poet moves.
But you condemn ſuch lifeleſs poetry,
And wildly talk of nothing elſe to me
But ſpirit, flame, rapture, and ecſtacy;
Strange myſtic things, I underſtand no more
Than laity *Pax tecum* did of yore.
Therefore pray pardon, if I rail at ſenſe,
And plead for blockheads in my own defence;
For whom I have a thouſand things to ſay,
Which you muſt wait for till another day.
Forgive me if 'm too abrupt, you know
I never was methodical, like you;
I have no rule to make an end but one,
For when my paper 's out, my letter 's done.

So

So once lay vicars, in the days of Noll,
When ſaintly Peters did in pulpits droll,
By hour-glaſs ſet their ſermons; and the flock
Might ſafely ſnore in ſpight of zealous knock,
Till the laſt kind releaſing ſand was run;
But, when the glaſs was out, the cant was done.

ON THE HAPPINESS OF A RETIRED LIFE.

BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

SENT TO HIS FATHER FROM ITALY.

AS in a ſhipwreck ſome poor ſailor toſt,
By the rude ocean on a foreign coaſt,
Vows to the Gods, he never more for gain
Will tempt the danger of the faithleſs main;
But hugs himſelf upon the friendly ſhore,
And loves to hear the raging billows roar,
That ſpend their malice, and can eat no more:
Juſt ſo the wretch, who can no longer ſtand
The ſhocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at land,
Lays down the burden of his cares, to find
A ſolitary place, and quiet mind;
Chuſing Content with Poverty to meet,
Before a Fortune infamouſly great.
Thus in reſpect of gold and ſilver poor,
But rich in ſoul, and Virtue's better ſtore;
He digs in Nature's mines, and from her ſoil
He reaps the nobleſt harveſt of his toil;
His thoughts mount upward to their mother ſky,
And, purg'd from droſs, exert th' etherial energy;

The duſky proſpect of his life grows clear,
And golden ſcenes of happineſs appear.
Then, from the ſummit of philoſophy,
Secure himſelf, mankind he may deſcry,
Induſtrious in the ſearch of their own miſery.
Like moiling ants, in various paths they run,
And ſtrive in vain the rubs of life to ſhun;
To different ends their actions they addreſs,
Which meet and center in unhappineſs.
One toils and ſtruggles in purſuit of fame,
And graſps with greedineſs an empty name:
Wing'd with ambition, others ſoar ſo high,
They fall, and cannot bear ſo thin a ſky:
This wretch, like Croeſus, in the midſt of ſtore,
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he 's poor.
The wiſe man laughs at all their pains, ſecure
From lording paſſions, which thoſe fools endure.
Deſpair and Hope are baniſh'd from his breaſt;
Agues and fevers, that allow no reſt:
And Luſt, and Pride the mother of Diſdain,
And Thirſt of Honour, with her anxious train,
No longer, warring, peace of ſoul deny,
But, exiles of the mind, their once-lov'd manſions fly.
Nor Love miſplac'd, nor Malice, now control
Right Reaſon 's uſe, the guardian of the ſoul.
The thoughts unbiaſs'd, and no longer toſt,
Of ſolid judgement now ſecurely boaſt.
His fierce unruly race of paſſions die,
And the free'd ſoul aſſerts her liberty.
Inſtead of inward war, ſweet peace of mind,
And ſilent eaſe, with all their quiet kind,

The

The noble regions of his heart regain;
And with a calm and gentle empire reign.
Silence becomes an amicable gueſt,
And Peace, with downy wings, ſits brooding on his breaſt:
Soft hours paſs over, void of noiſe and ſtrife,
And gently waft him to the verge of life:
While, in a ſlow and regular decay,
Death ſteals, unfelt, upon his ſetting day,
As mellow fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Bleſt Solitude! O harmleſs, eaſy ſtate!
Entrench'd in Wiſdom, from the ſtorms of Fate.
Thus, on a bleaky cliff, the regal tree,
Aſſail'd by winds and Heaven's inclemency,
Expands his branches o'er the clouds, above
Their blaſts, unmov'd as his immortal Jove.
The Gods ſmile on us, and propitious are,
When Prudence does our actions firſt prepare.
The ſtrokes of Fortune fools alone endure;
The wiſe and virtuous can themſelves ſecure.

This Charles of Spain and Diocletian knew,
Who timely from the conquer'd world withdrew;
Oppreſt with fame, they laid the burthen down,
And wiſely, for content, exchang'd a crown.
Lords of themſelves and of their paſſions grown,
They made new realms and conqueſts of their own:
Nor had they need more nations to ſubdue,
Themſelves were emperors and empires too:
Th' exterior ſhows of greatneſs they declin'd,
And, for an Eden loſt, gain'd Paradiſe of mind.

Elyſium juſtly was by Poets feign'd
A ſeat which none but quiet ſouls obtain'd.

Sweet myrtle groves (where birds for ever ſing)
And meadows ſmiling with immortal Spring,
Were ſecret manſions of eternal reſt,
And made retirements for the pious bleſt.
O! that kind Heaven would grant me a retreat
Before I die, in ſome ſweet country ſeat!
Or (if my wiſhes have too large a bound)
An humble cottage fenc'd with oſiers round,
Where ſilver ſtreams in flowery valleys glide,
And rows of willows deck the river ſide!
O, with what pleaſure would my ſoul forego
This riot of a life, this pomp of woe!
Supplied with food which Nature's bounty gave,
In need of nothing, nothing would I crave;
My future actions ſhould my paſt redeem,
And all my life be ſuited to my theme.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

BY A. PHILIPS*; NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

THE reigning fair on poliſh'd cryſtal ſhine,
Enrich our glaſſes, and improve our wine.
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecſtacy.

While

* Ambroſe Philips, deſcended from an ancient family in Leiceſterſhire, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his coming to London, he ſoon ranked among the wits at Button's. The great reputation he gained by his paſtorals was the occaſion of Mr. Pope's writing the 40th number

While theſe, the choſen beauties of our iſle,
ropitious on the cauſe of freedom ſmile,
he raſh Pretender's hopes we may deſpiſe,
ind truſt Britannia's ſafety to their eyes.

umber of the Guardian, on the merits of Philips and himſelf; here he repreſented himſelf as the beſt verſifier, and Philips the better Arcadian. The enemies of Pope exulted, to ſee im placed below Philips in a ſpecies of poetry upon which e was ſuppoſed to value himſelf; but were much mortified find that Pope himſelf was the real author of that paper, nd that the whole criticiſm was irony. On the acceſſion f king George I, he was made a juſtice of the peace, and commiſſioner of the lottery; and when Doctor Boulter was dvanced to the primacy, Mr. Philips went to Ireland with im, where he had conſiderable preferments, and repreſented he county of Armagh in parliament. Purchaſing, ſome ime after, an annuity of 400l. he returned to England in 748; but did not live long to enjoy it. He was author of ' The Life of Archbiſhop Williams;" was concerned with Dr. Boulter and others in " The Freethinker;" and wrote hree tragedies, " The Diſtreſſed Mother," 1711; " The ' Briton," 1721; and " Humphrey duke of Glouceſter," he ſame year. But his greateſt reputation is owing to a beauiful winter-piece of his in The Tatler, dated Copenhagen, May 9, 1709; which Steele calls " as fine a piece as we ' ever had from any of the ſchools of the moſt learned paint-" ers."—He collected and publiſhed his own poems a ſhort time before his death; but it is leſs to be wondered at that he ſhould omit this ſmall epigram, than that he ſhould have adopted (which he has done, Engliſh Poets, vol. XLIV. p. 371) a ſhort epigram of Mr. Jeffreys. See Gent. Mag. Dec. 1779. N.

WRIT-

WRITTEN AT HANOVER,

UPON THE MARRIAGE CONTRACTED, BUT NOT THEN CONSUMMATED, BETWEEN THE PRINCESS SOPHIA* AND THE PRINCE ROYAL OF PRUSSIA.

ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

HEroic youth, in whom a warlike grace
Strives with the ſoftneſs of an angel face;
No Fair, when you your happy homage pay,
Can long refuſe to name the happy day:
Vanquiſh'd in Love, your conſcious rival tries
To conquer worlds, and from his paſſion flies;
Striving to quell the torments of deſpair,
By joys of conqueſt, or by death in war.
Your ſword ſhall ſtem his glory's rapid courſe,
As beauty's prize you won by beauty's force.
Never could bride a form ſo lovely boaſt,
Such majeſty in ſo much ſweetneſs loſt!
The due proportion every feature ſhows,
And a celeſtial bloom around them glows.
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, the wondering audience find
The faireſt mold incloſe the faireſt mind.
Fixt by her matchleſs charms, amaz'd we own,
Perfection was reſerv'd for her alone.
Their fatal force the wounded gazer feels,
And his preſumptuous flame with pain conceals;

* Whom the king of Sweden had demanded in marriage. N.

Beholds

holds the heavenly maid with hopeleſs eyes,
arns at a diſtance, and in ſilence dies.
But you, young Prince, whoſe infant boſom fir'd,
t ſecret long the bliſsful hour deſir'd,
[illegible] beauties now poſſeſt
Her heart conſenting you ſhould both be bleſt);
an rules of ſtate ſtill make you wiſh in vain,
r tedious forms unbounded Love reſtrain?
ndulgent Heaven foreſaw th' exceſs of joy
oo ſuddenly conferr'd might life deſtroy;
nd, mixing higheſt bliſs with juſt alloy,
he bridegroom made; but bid the lover ſtay.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS,

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD*.

BY MR. POPE; NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along;
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have died.

* This epigram, firſt printed anonymouſly in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miſcellanies of Swift and Pope, aſcribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins in his Hiſtory of [illegible]uſic —Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a perſon in the [illegible]mily of Bp. Burnet, is celebrated as a ſinger little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the beſt Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom,

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

BY MR. POPE; NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted theſe?
'Twas Friendſhip—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And ſtrong as Hercules.

kingdom, and ſung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in Engliſh, in anſwer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the abſurdity. Cibber, in the Apology for his Life, p. 26, ſpeaks of her in very high terms; and in "The Tatler," No. 20, ſhe is deſcribed under the character of Camilla; a character, which, from her having repreſented the princeſs in the opera of that name, was ſuppoſed to have diſordered her mind. In the meridian of her beauty, and poſſeſſed of a large ſum of money which ſhe had acquired by ſinging, Mrs. Tofts quitted the ſtage, and was married to Mr. Joſeph Smith, a great collector of books, and patron of the arts; who being appointed conſul at Venice, ſhe went with him. He lived in great magnificence; but, the diſorder of his wife returning, ſhe dwelt ſequeſtered from the world in a remote part of the houſe, and had a large garden to range in, where ſhe would frequently walk, ſinging and giving way to that innocent frenzy which had ſeized her in the early part of life. She died about the year 1760; and her huſband about ten years after her. His numerous and valuable collection of books was brought over to this kingdom, and ſold by auction. N.

VERSES

ERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY,

A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID,

BY MR. HUGHES *; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

WHEN generous Dido in diſguiſe careſs'd
This God, and fondly claſp'd him to her breaſt,
the fly urchin ſtorm'd her tender heart,
amorous flames diſpers'd through every part.

In

This Poet's Life has employed the pleaſing pen of Dr.
on, who has given the character of his genius from
but I am ſorry to ſay that our Engliſh Homer appears
re acted in this caſe with duplicity. In a letter to
Hughes, juſt before his death, he thus expreſſes himſelf:
uld to God you might live as long as, I am ſure, the
ıtation of your Tragedy muſt!" Letters from Eminent
ıs, Lett. 290. In one to his brother, juſt after his
, with other elogiums, "I am glad of an occaſion to
: you, under my hand, this teſtimony both how ex-
ent I think this work to be, and how excellent I
ught the author." Ibid. I. 197. And, which is ſtill
to the purpoſe, this laſt "teſtimony of his real regard
he ſtyles it) for Mr. Hughes," being given after
ath, the editor of his Works was allowed by Mr. Pope
bliſh, as "a greater inſtance of the ſincerity with
ch it was given." Ibid. I. 205. Theſe are his
. And now which is moſt deſerving of credit, a teſti-
thus ſolemnly given to the world, or the echo, as it
of his peeviſh friend, whom he was afraid to contradict,
ıtter which he little thought would have been preſerved

and

In vain ſhe ſtrove to check the new-born fire,
It ſcorn'd her weak eſſays, and roſe the higher:
In vain from feaſts and halls relief ſhe ſought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:

and printed; and which, with his others to Swift, he wiſhed to recall? At every tribunal, a witneſs who contradicts himſelf is diſbelieved; if ſuch an opinion is not allowed to eſtabliſh, much leſs ſhould it be admitted to traduce a character: and, on the whole, the paſſage which Dr. Johnſon has thus quoted can, with the conſiderate, only degrade and condemn the author of it, though "what he wanted as an honeſt man, "he made up as a genius." I tranſcribe this paſſage from a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine, 1779," p. 457, who appears to be well informed. — Dr. Johnſon having obſerved that, "though Mr. Hughes's advances in literature "are in the Biographia very oſtentatiouſly diſplayed, the "name of his maſter is ſomewhat ungratefully concealed;" the Reviewer in "The Gentleman's Magazine, 1779," p. 549, exculpates Dr. Campbell by obſerving, "that it does "not appear, or is likely, that he knew it; and all that can "be known is, that Hughes was a fellow-ſtudent in logic "and philoſophy with Dr. Watts and Mr. Say, perhaps "under Mr. Thomas Rowe." — It muſt be owned, however, that concealing a maſter's name is a venial fault. If it is always to be mentioned, how often muſt the maſters of Eton and Weſtminſter be named, though perhaps they have contributed little! A lad may leave ſchool before he comes under them; or even if he does, all the five or ſix previous uſhers ought to have their proportionate ſhare of praiſe. — An Ode, "To the Returning Sun," which I have printed in vol. III. p. 87, is probably by Mr. Hughes. N.

: Fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
ſaken, ſcorn'd, ſhe periſh'd in deſpair.
Jo ſuch event, fair Nymph, you need to fear,
iles, without darts, alone attend him here;
:ak and unarm'd, not able to ſurprize,
waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
ıven change the omen, then; and may this prove
ıappy prelude to ſucceſsful love!

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

[HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT*.

'O purchaſe kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to diſſembling France;
ı, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
ınd ſolid virtue does your name advance.

ır matchleſs courage with your prudence joins
The glorious ſtructure of your fame to raiſe;
th its own light your dazzling glory ſhines,
ınd into adoration turns our praiſe.

With much pleaſure I here preſent to the publick an which had been long ſought after without ſucceſs. That Swift's, I have not the leaſt doubt; and it is the more ous, as being the *ſecond* poem that he wrote. He refers to i the ſecond ſtanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," expreſsly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of he Ode I writ to the King in Ireland." See the "Engliſh oets," vol. XXXIX. p. 10; and "The Gentleman's ıal, "July, 1692," p. 13. N.

Had

Had you by dull ſucceſſion gain'd your crown
(Cowards are Monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been loſt in ſhade.

But now your worth its juſt reward ſhall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due;
Who could ſo well a dying nation ſave,
At once deſerve a crown, and gain it too!

You ſaw how near we were to ruin brought,
You ſaw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate, nor ſhun.

Britannia ſtript from her ſole guard the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody ſacrifice;
You ſtraight ſtept in, and from the monſter's jaws
Did bravely ſnatch the lovely, helpleſs prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preſerve conqueſts, as at firſt to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double ſhare,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title ſhew'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to ſome guardian God,
That muſt their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the BOYNE we ſee!
When Schonberg ſtarted at the vaſt deſign:
The boundleſs glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulſe, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

'he brave attempt does all our foes diſarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
'our name ſhall the remaining work perform,
And ſpare the labour of your conquering hand.

rance does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your courſe:
'our influence does the vain attacks defy
Of ſecret malice, or of open force.

oldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that muſt all tongues employ:
VILLIAM 's the pledge and earneſt given by Fate
Of England's glory, and her laſting joy.

ANTATA. BY DR. SWIFT*.

IN harmony would you excell,
Suit your words to your muſic well;
For Pegaſus runs every pace.
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or ſweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.

No

* This Cantata was omitted by miſtake in arranging the aterials for the Engliſh Poets. It is printed with the uſic in all the London editions of Swift; and its hiſtory ay be ſeen in the Supplement to his Works. Dr. Beattie, ter cenſuring the practice of what he calls "illicit imitation," obſerves, that "this abuſe of a noble art did not eſcape the ſatire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of muſic, was not blind to the abſurdity of muſicians." He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of

No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No Muſe harmonious entertains
Rough, roiſtering, ruſtic, roaring ſtrains.
Nor ſhall you twine the crackling bays
By ſneaking, ſniveling roundelays.
Now ſlowly move your fiddle-ſtick,
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;
Now trembling, ſhivering, quivering, quaking,
Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the ſky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.
Now ſweep, ſweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true Lovers' eyes
Weeping ſleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping ſleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE, BY DR. SWIFT*.

ON Britain Europe's ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill;
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

"Ireland, to compoſe a Cantata in ridicule of this puerile "mimicry. Here we have *motions* imitated, which are the "moſt inharmonious, and *ſounds* the moſt unmuſical.—In a "word, Swift's Cantata may convince any perſon, that muſic, "if only imitative, would be ridiculous." N.

* Not printed in his Poems.—It was inſcribed to the phyſician who attended Mr. Harley whilſt he lay wounded. See Journal to Stella, February 19, 1711-12. N.

FRAG-

FRAGMENTS OF A RHAPSODY ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT*.

SHOULD ſome fam'd hand, in this fantaſtic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the ſtage,
With all his poſtures in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
Here o'er his head high brandiſhing a leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
While monſter crowds on monſter through the piece,
Who could help laughing at a fight like this?
Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
"A court of coblers, or a mob of kings†;"
Such is a ſermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join‡ Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and Clarke;
So eggs of different pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix yolks to one;
So ſix bright chemic liquors when you mix,
In one dark ſhadow vaniſh all the ſix.
Full licence prieſts and painters ever had
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;

* A conſiderable part of this poem has already appeared in the Engliſh Poets, vol XLIII. p. 293. The variations and additions in the preſent copy, however, which is printed from a copy in the hand-writing of the author, are ſufficient to juſtify its republication. N. † Dryden.

‡ The other copy reads,
"Join *Hoadly*, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke."

For theſe can't reconcile God's grace to ſin,
Nor thoſe paint tigers in an aſs's ſkin.
No common dauber in one piece would join
The fox and gooſe—unleſs upon a ſign.
Some ſteal a page of ſenſe from Tillotſon,
And then conclude divinely with their own.
Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
His Grace is always ſure to be at top:
That vein of mercury its beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a mine of lead.
With ſuch low arts your audience never bilk;
For who can bear a fuſtian lin'd with ſilk?
Some eaſy ſubject chuſe within your power,
Or you can never hold out half an hour.
One rule obſerve: this Sunday ſplit your text;
Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
Speak, look, and move, with dignity and eaſe,
Like mitred Secker, you 'll be ſure to pleaſe.
But, if you whine like boys at country ſchools,
Can you be ſaid to ſtudy Cambray's rules?
Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling ſtile,
"Whoever with a piercing eye can ſee
Through the paſt records of futurity—"
All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames inſipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.

His

His arguments in ſilly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turn-ſpit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes ground.
Surpriz'd with ſolitary ſelf-applauſe,
He ſees the motley mingled ſcene he draws:
Dutch painters thus at their own figures ſtart,
Drawn with their utmoſt uncreating art.
Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, though ſhe licks her cubs, her tender cares
At beſt can bring the bruins but to bears.
Still to your hearers all your ſermons ſort;
Who 'd preach againſt Corruption at the Court?
Againſt Church-power at Viſitations bawl?
Or talk about Damnation at Whitehall?
Harangue the Horſe-guards on a Cure of ſouls,
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls,
Or rail at Hoods and Organs at St. Paul's?
Or be, like David Jones, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at Uſurers in Lombard-ſtreet?
Ye Country-vicars, when you preach, in town,
A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
If you would ſhun the ſneer of every prig,
Lay-by the little band and ruſty wig;
But yet be ſure your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the ſound of Bow;
Speak not the phraſe that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from 'Change-alley ſteal a cant of words:
Coachmen will criticiſe your ſtyle; nay, further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:

The dregs of the Canaille will look aſkew,
To hear the language of the town from you:
Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the Aldermen to hear the jeſt.

* * * * *

MR. C. PITT'S INVITATION TO THE RIGHT HON. GEO. DODDINGTON*.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

IF Doddington will condeſcend
To viſit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain diſhes here;
No coſtly welcome, but a kind
He and and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean and ſpacious room,
The maſter and his heart at home,
A cellar open as his face,
A dinner ſhorter than his grace;
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fiſh (if any) from the town;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-aw'd,
By human laws, not thoſe of God,
No veniſon ſteal, or none they bring,
Or ſend it all to maſter King†;
And yet, perhaps, ſome venturous ſpark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 176.

† The Blandford carrier.

Punch

Punch I have ſtore, and beer beſide,
And port that 's good, though frenchified.
Then, if you come, I 'm ſure to get
From Eaſtbery *—a deſert—of wit.
One line, good Sir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

TO MY BROTHER, MR. CHR. PITT, ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our iſle,
" I kiſs your hand, Sir," is the modiſh ſtyle;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiſs your venerable toe,
Not Old Infallibility's can have
Profounder reverence from its meaneſt ſlave.
What dignity attends the ſolemn Gout!
What conſcious greatneſs if the heart be ſtout!
Methinks I ſee you o'er the houſe preſide,
In painful majeſty and decent pride,
With leg toſt high, on ſtately ſofa ſit,
More like a ſultan than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling ſlaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-ſalic laws prevail.
Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick! ſay I;
" Where's the lac'd ſhoe—who laid the flannel by?"

* Mr. Doddington's ſeat at that time.

Within, 'tis hurry, the houſe ſeems poſſeſt;
Without, the horſes wonder at their reſt.
What terrible diſmay, what ſcenes of care!
Why is the ſooty Mintrem's hopeful heir *
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to riſe,
And give attendance with his half-ſhut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous viſage ſtare?
What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair ‡?
Why all this noiſe, this buſtle and this rout?
" Oh, nothing—but poor maſter has the gout."
Meantime, ſuperior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.
Can nothing your aſpiring thoughts reſtrain?
Or does the Muſe ſuſpend the rage of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in ſickneſs prove
Like other mortals, if you 'd pity move:
Think not your friends compaſſionate can be,
When ſuch the product of diſeaſe they ſee;
Your ſharpeſt pangs but add to our delight,
We 'll wiſh you ſtill the Gout, if ſtill you write.

* Mr. Pitt's ſervant, the ſon of a blackſmith.

† Another ſervant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair; two miles from Pimpern, Mr. Pitt's rectory, where he was born, and where he died April, 13, 1748. aged 48. See his epitaph in Hutchins's Dorſet, I. 82. N.

VERSES

VERSES BY MR. POPE.

TO MR. C. ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

FEW words are beſt; I wiſh you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will ſoon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming froſt,
You pleaſe to ſee, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your hoſt;

For three whole days you here may reſt
From office, buſineſs, news, and ſtrife;
And (what moſt folks would think a jeſt)
Want nothing elſe, except your wife.

ON THE CHURCH.

ANONYMOUS; FROM DR. Z. GREY'S MSS.

GOOD Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
"The Church has vapours; there's no dangers nigh!"
In thoſe we love not, we no danger ſee;
As, were they hang'd, where would the danger be?
But we muſt ſilent be amidſt our fears;
And truſt not to our ſenſes, but our peers.
So ravithers, when paſt all ſenſe of ſhame,
Firſt ſtop her mouth, and then deflower the dame.

VERSES

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX.

FROM DR. GREY'S MSS.

ALL the materials are the ſame
Of beauty and deſire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightneſs is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are,
That would be thought both chaſte and fair?

Go aſk but thy philoſophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breaſts to heave ſo high,
What ſpirit gives motion to her eye,
Or moiſtures to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not ſo nice
For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
There 's not a feature or a grace
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

SONG. BY THE EARL OF DORSET.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS POEMS.

CORYDON, beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus addreſs'd the charming maid.

"O!

"O! my Sachariſſa, tell,
How could Nature take delight,
That a heart ſo hard ſhould dwell,
In a frame ſo ſoft and white!

Could you feel but half the anguiſh,
Half the tortures, that I bear,
How for you I daily languiſh,
You 'd be kind as you are fair.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man!
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can."

With her conqueſt pleas'd, the dame
Cried, with an inſulting look,
"Yes, I fain would quench your flame;"
She ſpoke, and pointed to the brook.

TO KING JAMES II. 1684-5.

ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES II.

BY MR. STEPNEY; NOT IN HIS POEMS.

AS victors loſe the troubles they ſuſtain,
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
nd martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
rget the pain by which they purchas'd Heaven:
, when the Phœnix of our empire died,
id with a greater heir the throne ſupplied,
our glory diſſipates our mournful dew,
id turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.

Myſterious

Myſterious Fate! whoſe one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!
May then no flight of a blaſpheming Muſe
Thoſe wiſe reſolves of Providence accuſe,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight;
Since ſtronger Hercules ſupports the ſtate!
England no more ſhall penſive thoughts employ,
On him ſhe 's loſt, but him ſhe has enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her Lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deſerted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Forgot her Theſeus, and embrac'd the God.

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE, AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY MR. TICKELL*; NOT IN HIS WORKS.

WHERE bold and graceful ſoars, ſecure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward paſs'd his beardleſs youth;
And

* Thomas Tickell, an Engliſh Poet of an excellent genius, was the ſon of the Rev. Richard Tickell, a clergyman well-preferred in the North of England. Whilſt fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, he ſo effectually made Mr. Addiſon his friend, by a complimentary copy of verſes on "Roſamond," that he obtained the office of under ſecretary of ſtate; and, when Mr. Addiſon's ill health obliged him to reſign, he ſo effectually recommended Mr. Tickell to his ſucceſſor Mr. *Craggs*, that he was continued in place till that gentleman's death.

And the Fifth Henry, for his firſt renown,
Out-ſtripp'd each rival in a ſtudent's gown.
In that coarſe age were Princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the ſilent cell:
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muſe's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their ſleeps were ſhort;
To couch at curfew-time they thought no ſcorn,
And froze at matins every winter-morn;
They read, an early book, the ſtarry frame,
And liſp'd each conſtellation by its name;
Art after art ſtill dawning to their view.
And their mind opening as their ſtature grew.
Yet, whoſe ripe manhood ſpread our fame ſo far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, ſtern in fight, made echoing Creſſi ring,
And, mild in conqueſt, ſerv'd his captive king!

death. Mr. Tickell was appointed ſecretary to the lord juſtices in Ireland in June 1724, and held that office till his death in 1740. He had the care of an edition of Mr. Addiſon's works, to which he prefixed an account of his patron's life, and a poem on his death. The tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, which has been aſcribed to Tickell, was ſaid to be in reality the production of Addiſon, to prejudice that which Pope had juſt undertaken: a notion certainly without foundation. Mr. Watts, the printer, aſſured a friend of mine, that "the tranſlation of the firſt book of the "Iliad" was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected "and interlined by Addiſon." He publiſhed "Oxford, a poem "inſcribed to the right hon. the lord Lonſdale, 1707," folio; of which I have not yet been able to obtain a copy; but am promiſed it, by a friend, for my next volume. N.

Who

Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor took himſelf, but gave good Heaven, the praiſe!
Thy nurſelings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;
To mercy liſtening, whilſt in fields they ſtorm'd;
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppreſt to ſave;
Through life rever'd, and worſhip'd in the grave!

In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs ſhall ſhine,
The ſtately work of bounteous Caroline;
And bleſt Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From Heaven behold her Rival's fabric riſe.
If ſtill, bright Saint, this ſpot deſerves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious Muſe's prayer:
O, could'ſt thou win young William's bloom to grace
His Mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whoſe propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the Sons of Kings,
Deſcend triumphant to his ancient ſeat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

SONG, BY THE EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH*.

THE Perſians ſtretch their votive arms
To Phœbus in his riſing ſtate;
I gaze on dear Myrtilla's charms,
And meet thoſe eyes that dart my fate.
So the fond moth round tapers plays,
Nor dreams of death in ſuch bright fires:
With joy he haſtes into the blaze;
He courts his doom, and there expires.

* Baptiſt Noel, the fourth Earl of Gainſborough, was born May 23, 1708; and died March 21, 1751. His lordſhip is not mentioned as a writer by Mr. Walpole. N.

STAN-

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1712.

BY DR. WATTS; NOT IN HIS POEMS.

FAIR Nymph, aſcend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower ſphere,
Not Monarchs are thy rival here.

The Court of Beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all powers but thine and Time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning ſtrikes with leſs ſurprize
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; ſhe enſlaves the mind:
We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conqueror and the chain.

The Muſe, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her preſence in deſpair,
And owns th' inimitable Fair.

DESCRIPTION OF FAME;

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL, ÆN. IV.

BY MR. MILBOURNE*.

A Dreadful peſt, ſwift as infectious air,
To whoſe leaſt flight congenial ills repair.
At firſt for fear ſhe ſneaks; then, bolder grown,
Imagines all the wide expanſe her own;
Stalks o'er the groaning earth, her head loſt quite
In muffling clouds and everlaſting night.
Her, Mother-earth they ſay (whilſt vex'd ſhe rag'd
At Heaven, whoſe flames her giant race ingag'd)
The laſt undying hideous monſter bore,
More fear'd, more terrible, than all before.
Her feet out-ſtrip impetuous Northern winds,
Her wings the rapid thoughts of labouring minds;
Horrid and huge, on whoſe vaſt bulk appears
As many watchful eyes, and liſtening ears,

* Luke Milbourne, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, M. A. rector of St. Ethelburga's, and lecturer of St. Leonard, Shoreditch; author of a "Poetical Tranſlation of the Pſalms, "1698;" of a volume, called "Notes on Dryden's Virgil, "1698; of "Tom of Bedlam's Anſwer to Hoadly, &c." He is frequently coupled with Blackmore by Dryden in his Poems; and by Pope in "The Art of Criticiſm;" and is mentioned in "The Dunciad." A whimſical copy of Latin verſes, by Luke Milbourne, B. A. is in the "Lacrymæ Can-"tabrigienſes, 1670," on the Death of Henrietta dutcheſs of Orleans. His abilities are very candidly diſcuſſed in Dr. Johnſon's "Life of Dryden." He died April 15, 1720. N.

Stalks

And gaping mouths, as many tongues reſound,
As plumes on that prodigious bulk are found.
By night, through middle air ſhe wings her way,
Her ſcreaming notes the gloomy world diſmay;
Her breaſt with thin fantaſtic rumours fill'd,
Her wakeful eyes to no ſoft ſlumbers yield;
By day, ſhe ſits perch'd on ſome towering height,
From whence large towns her noiſy peals affright:
Whole countries quake around at Fame's ſurprize,
Whilſt truth ſhe rarely vends among a thouſand lyes.

ALMAHIDE, AN ODE.

BY MR. HENRY ST. JOHN, AFTERWARDS LORD BOLINGBROKE*.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1701.

LONG had I wander'd from the Muſes' ſeat,
Where, ever preſent to the Poet's eyes,
A thouſand grateful objects riſe;
Whers all is gay, and all is ſweet;
Where when paſt images we find,
By Memory with theſe combin'd,
She from her ſtore of fading ſenſe can move,
And frame no fancy but of joy and love;

Where

* This truly extraordinary genius is ſuppoſed to have been born in 1672 (or rather not quite ſo early). He was ſent to Eaton when ten years old, and thence to Chriſt-Church, Oxford; where he received the title of LL.D. Auguſt 27, 1702. He married his firſt lady (Frances daughter of Sir H. Winchcomb of Bucklebury) in 1700; and took his ſeat in the houſe of commons for Wooton Baſſet the ſame year.

Where every Muſe, and every Grace reſides,
The ſacred temple where Apollo hides,
From the prophane or vulgar eyes,
His awful myſteries.
This blooming garden of the Delian God
Long ſince I left, new paths to try;
On rough uneven ground I trod,
And ſought the gloomy dark abode
Of Wiſdom and Philoſophy.

From

Having greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in that aſſembly, he was appointed ſecretary at war, April 20, 1704; and reſigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. He ſucceeded Mr. Boyle, as ſecretary of ſtate, Sept. 21, 1710: was created baron St. John and viſcount Bolingbroke, July 7, 1712; an honour which he received with much reluctance, having been diſappointed of an earldom (extinct on the death of Paulet St. John, earl Bolingbroke, Oct. 5, 1711) and of the Garter; and was made lord lieutenant and cuſtos rotulorum of the county of Eſſex, Oct. 24, 1713. On the acceſſion of King George, the ſeals were taken from him, and all the papers in his office ſecured. Soon after the meeting of the new parliament, perceiving himſelf in danger, he withdrew into France. On his arrival at Paris, he received an invitation from the Pretender, to enter into his ſervice; which he declined, and endeavoured to ſoften his proſecution at home. Retiring to Dauphine, he continued there till July 1715, when he accepted a ſecond offer of the ſeals from the Pretender. Having been diſcarded from the Chevalier's ſervice before that year was well expired, he ſet to work in earneſt to make his peace at home; and procured a promiſe

of

From hence eſcap'd, with joy to thee I come;
Thee I re-viſit, now my native home.
That magic land no more I 'll tread,
Nor drink of thoſe lethargic ſtreams
That with their poiſon taint the blood,
And ſtop the ſprightly purple flood;
That upward to the ſickly head
Send lazy vapours, idle dreams.

Again

pardon, on certain conditions, from the King; who, July 1716, created his father baron of Batterſea and viſcount John. In 1717, Lord Bolingbroke drew up a vindication his whole conduct with reſpect to the Tories, in the form a letter to Sir W. Wyndham, which is written with the moſt elegance and addreſs, and abounds with intereſting d entertaining anecdotes. His Majeſty having granted n a full and free pardon, May 28, 1723; he returned to native country in June, at the very juncture when Biſhop terbury was baniſhed. Obtaining an act of parliament, in ay 1725, to reſtore him to his family inheritance, and enable him to poſſeſs any purchaſe he ſhould make, he ched upon Dawley in Middleſex; where he amuſed himf in rural employments, and in correſponding and conſing with a few ſelect friends. He remained, however, ll a mere titular Lord, not being admitted to take his ſeat parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered on the public ſtage, and embarked ſtrongly in oppoſition ainſt Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with initable ſpirit, till, in 1735, on a diſagreement with his incipal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full reſoion never more to engage in public buſineſs. On the death

Again I'll taſte of the prophetic rill,
Which riſes faſt by the Pierian hill.
Phœbus all other nymphs forſook
To chace Caſtalia, young and fair:
To bathe in her delightful waves,
All other waters now he leaves.

of his father, at the age of ninety, in April 1742, he ſettled at Batterſea, the ancient ſeat of the family, where he paſſed the remainder of his days in the higheſt dignity; and died Dec. 15, 1751. During the latter part of his life, he was much in the confidence of Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his preſent Majeſty; and is ſuppoſed to have been the adviſer of the moſt important ſteps taken by that Prince in his political conduct. — Lord Bolingbroke's ſecond lady was the dowager marchioneſs de Vilette, niece to madam de Maintenon. His political character is fully diſcuſſed in the "Supplement to Swift."—Mr. Walpole ſays, "With the moſt "agreeable talents in the world, and with great parts, Lord "Bolingbroke was neither happy nor ſucceſsful. He wrote "againſt the King, who had forgiven him; againſt Sir Ro"bert Walpole, who did forgive him; againſt the Pretender "and the Clergy, who never will forgive him. He is one of "our beſt Writers; though his attacks on all governments "and all religion (neither of which he cared directly to own) "have neceſſarily involved his ſtyle in a want of perſpicuity." Two prologues by him are here printed; his verſes to Clara are in Dodſley's Miſcellanies; and Mr. Walpole, who ſays "Lord Bolingbroke had a natural and eaſy turn for poetry," mentions "an ironical copy of verſes in praiſe of the Chef"d'oeuvre d'un Inconnu, prefixed to that book. The initial "letters ſubjoined ſtand for his Lordſhip's name, titles, and employments, in Latin." N.

e looſens here his golden hair,
nd plunges in the lucid brook.
nce the coy maid refus'd the grace,
nd would not ſuffer his divine embrace:
ow, wiſer grown, no more ſhe 'll fly,
ut claſps the god, and hugs the naked deity.

s mariners their canvas wings diſtend,
eaving the pole to every northern blaſt;
Southward their courſes bend,
And, th' Arctic Circle paſt,
he Temperate Zone with pleaſure meet,
/ith pleaſure feel the growing heat;
And, as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long-abandon'd Sun:
Thus from the frozen ſkies,
Where once benumb'd ſhe lay,
ly Muſe to milder regions flies,
nd to Parnaſſus wings her way.

Methinks, already in my heart
I feel a ſecret warmth ariſe,
Vhich, thence diffus'd to every vital part,
lows in my face, and ſparkles in my eyes.
I ſee the ſummit of the hill
With ſpires of glory crown'd;
nd nearer now I ſee the mound,
Such was Apollo's will,
ais'd by the Muſes, to keep off the crowd
f thronging Poets inſolent and loud;
Vretches, whom though he deigns not to inſpire,
Vould yet be plac'd among the golden choir.

Here Garth appears, to whom confign'd
The double charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to ſee his arts diſgrac'd,
Phyſic and Poetry at once debas'd,
Their ſacred ends, for public good deſign'd,
Perverted to deſtroy and plague mankind,
To Garth the double charge imparts,
Of living Verſe, and healing Arts.
Him when the God reſolv'd to ſend,
He bid Hygeïa on his ſteps attend,
Bid every Muſe, and every Grace prepare
To warm the Bard with all their fires,
To join his ſong with all their lyres,
And make his matchleſs poem * all their care.

But now arriv'd, I mount the ſacred hill,
And joy and rapture all my ſenſes fill.
My melancholy thoughts retire apace,
And fly like Dæmons from the place.
I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes poſſeſſion of my breaſt,
And I with all his fury burn.
Again I feel the pleaſing ſmart;
Love fills his ancient throne, my heart;
A charming tyrant, and a welcome gueſt.

I know you well, ye ſilent groves,
Conſcious of my ſecret loves:
Tell me how often have I found,
Beneath your gentle ſhade,
In penſive act upon the ground,
The mournful Strephon † laid;

* The Diſpenſary. † Lord Lanſdowne.

Strephon,

Strephon, the glory of our Britiſh plains,
The wiſh of all the nymphs, and envy of the ſwains.
How often have I heard his charming voice,
Through all the neighbouring hills reſound,
While greedy echoes catch the ſound,
And to repeat the heavenly notes rejoice!
With Mira* he begins his lays,
And ends them all in Mira's praiſe;
Nothing but Mira dwells upon his tongue,
Charm of his heart, and ſubject of his ſong.
Her beauty and her verſe alike ſucceed,
Nor can oblivion fear;
For after-ages ſhall with rapture read
What we with rapture hear.
The powerful lute, on which the Thracian play'd,
Was by the Muſes to the ſkies convey'd;
One more bright ſtar ſhall in the field appear,
And Granville's pen adorn the glittering ſphere.

But, ſoft! I hear
The ſounding lyre,
And ſee, the God is near,
And all the tuneful choir.
I've reach'd the towering height,
'Tis here the Muſes ſtay;
From hence I 'll take my flight,
And wing my airy way.

* The counteſs of Newbourg; againſt whom Dr. King wrote "The Toaſt," when ſhe was grown old and ugly. N.

Aloft my Muſe and I will go,
She ſcorns to aim at little things,
At heroes, or at kings:
She cannot ſtoop ſo low.
To Almahide addreſs thy ſong,
It does of right to her belong.
Soar like the Theban ſwan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming region of the ſky.

Go on, my Muſe, go on:
Boldly approach the Sun;
And from his chariot-wheel
Attempt to ſteal
The ſacred fire
That does the Gods inſpire.
Then may'ſt thou in immortal lays
A more than mortal Beauty praiſe.
Or ſhould thy melting pinions fail,
And I precipitate deſcend;
Should my unlucky ſtars prevail,
And give my days this fatal end;
Yet in the monuments of Fame
I ſhall ſecure a laſting name;
And to have dar'd a thing ſo great
Will place me far above the power of fate.
Then when I draw my lateſt breath,
Should Almahide vouchſafe to ſmile,
That would compenſate for my death,
And more than pay me for my toil.

Stay

Stay, fooliſh Muſe, thy hurry ſtay;
Where will thy madneſs run?
To Almahide direct thy way,
And ſeek no other Sun.
'Tis ſhe ſupplies,
With brighter eyes,
The diſtance of the God of Day.
When they are ſhut, in Britain then 'tis night,
And we eternal darkneſs fear;
But, when the radiant balls appear,
We feel their warmth, and bleſs the riſing light.
Thus ſhall my theme my ſong inſpire,
And heat my breaſt with double fire;
And thus my humble Genius raiſe
High as the Beauty that I praiſe.
Thus be my want of ſtrength ſupplied!
Thus may ſhe grant what Nature has denied!
I aſk no inſpiration but from Almahide.

In the World's early days,
When firſt Religion did appear;
Religion, which has coſt Mankind ſo dear;
When Men began to raiſe
Gods to themſelves, and then theſe Gods to fear,
Choſe various Lords, and, tir'd of being free,
Of every Virtue fram'd a Deity:
Had Almahide been known,
Had ſhe been born to ſhine,
They had ador'd no other ſhrine,
And ſhe had rul'd the globe alone.

All

All theſe perfections are in her combin'd,
The form of Venus, and Diana's mind;
Her rays a luſtre like the Sun's diſpenſe,
And ſhed on all a bounteous influence.
A cruel glance from thoſe fair eyes,
A word by her in anger ſpoke,
Gives more alarms
Than Jove in arms,
And ſwifter that his lightning flies,
And ſurer than his ſtroke.
Only below ſhe could not dwell,
Or Hell would be no longer Hell.
At her approach the realms of woe
Would change their horrid face,
The burning flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the place.

And ſee the lovely form appear
Before my raviſh'd eyes,
Cloſe to yon cryſtal ſtream the charmer lies.
Behold her, ſwains, behold her there;
Inpending branches ſhield the Fair,
And beds of camomile the beauteous burden bear.
See, how, reclining on the graſs,
In this clear brook, her faithful glaſs,
Firſt ſhe collects her ſcatter'd hair,
Then in treſſes,
As ſhe dreſſes,
Places every flower that's gay,
Places all the pride of May,
Not to adorn, but to compare.

In

In vain with her's their brighteſt colours vie;
The bluſhing roſe
Its weakneſs knows,
And vanquiſh'd lilies own her victory.
Nor raiſes ſhe her head, but, downward bent,
Approves her form, and, ſmiling, ſeems content.
Obſerve the troops of Loves,
That ſwarm about the groves,
Lean on their wings, and hanging, in the air,
Miſtake the nymph, and think their mother there.
Gently, ſweet Zephyr, gently blow,
And make th' injurious mantle riſe,
And wound our hearts, and pleaſe our eyes.
Unveil the nymph, dear wind, remove
Thoſe clouds that hide this world of Love:
And ſee the friendly breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.
Oh, give her ſlave to know
That ſea of milk, thoſe hills of ſnow,
And all the blifsful vales of joy below.
He would, but can no more diſcloſe;
Reſiſting robes oppoſe:
The thouſand folds of that inviduous veſt
Inſhrine their treaſure and our ſight arreſt.
Corporeal eyes no farther reach:
But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
Fancy can enter through the ſmalleſt breach,
And through the ſubtile plaits a paſſage find.
Thus having pierc'd the ſcreen,
Fancy relates what ſhe has ſeen,
And tires the ſoul while ſhe inſtructs the mind.

Thus

Thus we, fond wretches, court our fate,
And when the pointed darts
Increaſe the pains we might abate,
And plunge them in our hearts;
In vain we hope to find a cure,
No remedy is nigh:
Without relief we muſt endure,
And without pity die.
Fair Almahide gives love to all,
All that dare look her victims fall;
But ſhe herſelf receives from none,
Or, what 's the ſame to me, from One:
One happy man that dwells within thoſe arms
Taſtes all her joys, and rifles all her charms;
While dying crowds of Lovers ſtand,
And look, and gaze, and wiſh to ſhare;
But Virtue with her magic wand
Encircles round the happy pair.
Thus when the Moon on Latian Latmas lay,
And rapt in pleaſure laugh'd her hours away,
Her beauty and her light to all mankind
Without diſtinction ſhin'd;
But to Endymion was her love confin'd*.

* The laſt thought and the laſt line are taken from a paper of verſes of Lord Lanſdowne's. I think myſelf obliged to own the debt, though I am unable to pay it. H. St. John.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO ALTEMIRA,

A TRAGEDY, BY ROGER EARL OF ORRERY,

WRITTEN BY MR. ST. JOHN.

AN ancient Poet will appear to-night,
Rais'd from Elyſium to the realms of light.
The ſofteſt charmer of a charming age,
Aſſumes the buſkin, and aſcends the ſtage,
To move your paſſions, and your hearts engage.
But, oh! how hardly will he reach his aim,
When Love and Honour are his only theme!
There was a time, when all thoſe paſſions felt,
And ſoothing Bards could ſtubborn heroes melt.
An amorous monarch fill'd a peaceful throne,
And laughing Cupids perch'd upon his crown.
Still in ſome breaſts the Britiſh ſpirit roſe,
Which ſcorns all chains but what the Fair impoſe.
Then Altemira might have hop'd ſucceſs,
A tender audience ſharing her diſtreſs.
Then heroes, govern'd by ſeverer rules,
Had not been laugh'd-at for romantic fools.
But in this iron-age your ſouls to move,
In vain we try by honour or by love.
The certain way to pleaſe your vicious taſte,
Are ſtreams of blood and volleys of bombaſt.
Dancers and tumblers now the ſtage prophane,
Muſic and Farce alone our plays ſuſtain,
And Art and Nature leave the trifling ſcene.

Yet

Yet Criticks, ſure, for their own ſake, to-day,
The Poet dead, will not condemn the play.
If you are wiſe, your uſual ſpite forbear,
Confine at leaſt your follies to this ſphere.
Let not the Bard, who to Elyſium goes,
Your ſhame to all the fleeting ſhades expoſe.
For living Wits your blaſting cenſure ſave;
But let our Poet's laurel ſkreen his grave.

PROLOGUE TO HEROICK LOVE,

A TRAGEDY, BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ST. JOHN.

HOW hard's the Poet's taſk, in theſe our days,
Who ſuch dull palates is condemn'd to pleaſe,
As damn all ſenſe, and only fuſtian praiſe!
Charm'd with heroick nonſenſe, lofty ſtrains,
Not with the Writer's, but the Players' pains,
And by the Actors' lungs judge of the Poet's brains!
Let ſcribbling judges, who your pleaſures ſerve,
Live by your ſmiles, or by your anger ſtarve;
To pleaſe you in your vain fantaſtic way,
Renounce their judgement, to ſecure their pay:
By written laws, our author would be try'd,
And write as if Athenians ſhould decide,
With Horace and the Stagirite for guide.
Applauſe is welcome, but too dearly bought,
Should we give up one rule thoſe mighty maſters taught.

Yet

Yet ſome, methinks, I here and there deſcry,
Who may with ancient Rome and Athens vie;
To whoſe tribunal we ſubmit with joy:
To them, and only them; for, not to wrong ye,
'Twould be a ſhame to pleaſe the moſt among ye.
Chiefly the ſofter ſex he hopes to move,
Thoſe tender judges of Heroick Love:
To that bright circle he reſigns his cauſe;
And, if they ſmile, he aſks no more applauſe.

EPILOGUE TO HEROICK LOVE.

WRITTEN BY MR. BEVIL HIGGONS*.

WHAT will the Galleries, nay the Boxes ſay?
There 's not one man deſtroy'd in all our play.
Murder and blood have long poſſeſs'd the ſtage,
And pleas'd the genius of a barbarous age:
But, ſince the Poet's taſk 's the ſoul to move,
And with his objects make you grieve or love;
Surviving wretches ſhould more pity find
Than they who die, and leave their woes behind.
On Athens' ſtage, when Greece the world gave law,
Her ſprightly dames our Agamemnon ſaw;
They ſhar'd his ſorrows, did his fate bemoan,
And always made the hero's wrongs their own.

* Several poems by this writer have been given in theſe volumes. Some verſes by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons (ſuppoſed to be his ſiſter) are printed in the Engliſh Poets, vol. XXV. p. 182. among the poems of Lord Lanſdowne, to whom they are addreſſed. They are alſo printed, with ſome variations, in the Biographical Dictionary, art. GRANVILLE. N.

But then the world was gay, and Nature young,
Men's paſſions were more high, and fancy ſtrong;
Poets could either raiſe, or make ſo ſad,
That going home, whole audiences ran mad.
In vain we would your colder hearts inſpire,
And blow up flames without the ſeeds of fire.
Three thouſand years ago, illuſtrious Dames
Attended camps, and gave the Heroes flames;
Now every wench, when batter'd and decay'd,
To Flanders fled, where ſtraight the rampant jade
At once the Colonel ſerv'd, and the Brigade.
If Poets have the privilege of laws
To challenge juries, who muſt try their cauſe?
To judge of wit, the Critic be debarr'd,
Who often damns what he ne'er ſaw nor heard;
Beſides, he ſtill to Poets bears a ſpite,
For never yet was Critic who could write.
For you, the viler rabble of the Pit,
Who want good-nature, though you have no wit,
Maliciouſly you imitate the times,
Like judges, try the men, and not their crimes;
With noiſe and nonſenſe whom you hate decry,
And, if demanded, give no reaſon why,
But when no pity can the torrent ſtem,
Attaint the Poet, whom you can't condemn.
'Tis on that ſhining circle we depend, [*To the Ladies.*
For you——
Our Poet writes, in gratitude defend:
Of Love and Honour, he a pattern meant,
And took the bright ideas that you lent:
Your picture drawn, ſhew then the painter grace,
Who fails in an inimitable face.

SONG.

TO A LADY MORE CRUEL THAN FAIR.

BY MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN) VANBRUGH *.

WHY d' ye with ſuch diſdain refuſe
An humble Lover's plea?
Since Heaven denies you power to chuſe,
You ought to value me.

Ungrateful

* This excellent dramatic writer, deſcended from an antient family in Cheſhire, diſcovered an early propenſion to poetry and architecture, and ſoon became eminent in both. He ſet out in life as an enſign in the army; and poſſeſſed a ready wit and an agreeable elocution. In ſome of his winter quarters he became acquainted with Sir Thomas Skipwith; who being a ſharer in a theatrical patent, though little concerned in the conduct of it, young Vanbrugh ſhewed him the outlines of two plays; and Sir Thomas encouraged him to finiſh "The "Relapſe," which, being acted in 1697, ſucceeded beyond their warmeſt expectations, placed Vanbrugh in a high degree of reputation, and ſtimulated him (under the patronage of lord Halifax) to complete his "Provoked Wife;" which was ſucceſsfully brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1698. Though both theſe comedies met with greater applauſe than the author expected, yet neither of them wanted enemies; and one of them is ſaid to verify the obſervation of Pope,

"That Van wants grace, who never wanted wit."

In the ſame year, 1698, he brought out his comedy of "Æſop," which was acted at Drury Lane, and contains much general ſatire and uſeful morality. [A pretty fable from this comedy may be ſeen in p. 344.] "The Falſe "Friend," his next comedy, came out in 1702. During the

Ungrateful miſtreſs of a heart,
Which I ſo freely gave;
Though weak your bow, though blunt your dart,
I ſoon reſign'd your ſlave.

Nor was I weary of your reign,
Till you a tyrant grew,
And ſeem'd regardleſs of my pain,
As Nature ſeem'd of you.

When

reign of queen Anne, he received the honour of knighthood, and enjoyed for ſome years the office of Clarencieux king at arms. By king George I. he was appointed ſurveyor of the works at Greenwich Hoſpital in Auguſt 1716; and was likewiſe made comptroller-general of his majeſty's works, and ſurveyor of the gardens and waters. On a viſit to France, his curioſity and natural taſte exciting him to take a ſurvey of the fortifications in that kingdom, he was taken notice of by an engineer, ſecured by authority, and carried to The Baſtile, where his confinement was ſo much ſoftened by humanity, that he amuſed himſelf by drawing rude draughts of ſome comedies. This circumſtance raiſed ſuch curioſity at Paris, that he was viſited by ſeveral of the nobleſſe, and by their means procured his liberty before any ſolicitation for it came from England. Sir John Vanbrugh had intereſt enough to raiſe a ſubſcription of thirty perſons of quality, at 100l. each, for building a ſtately theatre in The Hay Market; on the firſt ſtone that was laid of this theatre was inſcribed the words LITTLE WHIG, as a compliment to a celebrated beauty, the toaſt and pride of that party. The houſe being finiſhed in 1706, it was put by Mr. Betterton and his aſſociates under the management of Sir John Vanbrugh and Mr. Congreve, in

hopes

When thouſands with unerring eyes
Your beauty would decry,
What graces did my love deviſe,
To give their truths the lie?

To every grove I told your charms,
In you my heaven I plac'd,
Propoſing pleaſures in your arms,
Which none but I could taſte.

For

hopes of retrieving their deſperate fortunes; but their expectations were too ſanguine. The new theatre was opened with a tranſlated opera, ſet to Italian muſic, called "The Triumph of Love," which met with a cold reception. "The Confederacy" was almoſt immediately after produced by Sir John, and acted with more ſucceſs than ſo licentious a performance deſerved, though leſs than it was entitled to if conſidered merely with reſpect to its dramatic merit. The proſpects of the theatre being unpromiſing, Mr. Congreve gave up his ſhare and intereſt wholly to Vanbrugh; who, being now become ſole manager, was under a neceſſity of exerting himſelf. Accordingly, in the ſame ſeaſon, he gave the publick three other imitations from the French; viz. 1. "The Cuckold in Conceit;" 2. "Squire Treeloby;" and, 3. "The Miſtake." The ſpaciouſneſs of the dome in the new theatre, by preventing the actors from being diſtinctly heard, was an inconvenience not to be ſurmounted; and an union of the two companies was projected. Sir John, tired of the buſineſs, diſpoſed of his theatrical concerns to Mr. Owen Swinney, who governed the ſtage till another great revolution occurred. Our author's laſt comedy, "The Journey to London," which was left imperfect, was finiſhed to great

For me t' admire, at ſuch a rate,
So damn'd a face, will prove
You have as little cauſe to hate,
As I had cauſe to love.

DIA-

advantage by Mr. Cibber; who takes notice in the prologue of Sir John's virtuous intention in compoſing this piece, to make amends for ſcenes written in the fire of youth. He ſeemed ſenſible indeed of this, when in 1725 he altered an exceptionable ſcene in "The Provoked Wife," by putting into the mouth of a woman of quality what before had been ſpoken by a clergyman; a change which removed from him the imputation of prophaneneſs. He died of a quinſey, at his houſe at Whitehall, March 26, 1726; and has left behind him monuments of fame which can never periſh but with taſte and politeneſs. He lived eſteemed by all his acquaintance, and died without leaving one enemy to reproach his memory. Mr. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," vol. III. p. 152, ſays, "However partial the court was to "Vanbrugh, every body was not ſo blind to his defects. "Swift ridiculed both his own diminutive houſe at Whitehall, "and the ſtupendous pile at Blenheim. Of the firſt he ſays,

'At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
'A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.'

"And of the other,

'That if his Grace were no more ſkill'd in
'The art of battering walls than building,
'We might expect to ſee next year
'A mouſe-trap-man chief engineer.'

"Thus far the *ſatiriſt* was well *founded*; party rage warped "his underſtanding, when he cenſured Vanbrugh's plays, "and left him no more judgement to ſee their beauties, than

"Sir

DIALOGUE, IN THE RELAPSE.
BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

CUPID.

THOU bane to my Empire, thou ſpring of conteſt,
Thou ſource of all diſcord, thou period to reſt;
Inſtruct me what wretches in bondage can ſee,
That the aim of their life is ſtill pointed to thee.

HYMEN.

Inſtruct me, thou little impertinent God,
From whence all thy ſubjects have taken the mode
To grow fond of a change to whatever it be;
And I'll tell thee why thoſe would be bound, who are free.

CHORUS.

For change, we're for change, to whatever it be,
We are neither contented with freedom nor thee.
Conſtancy's an empty ſound;
Heaven, and earth, and all go round;
All the works of nature move;
And the joys of life and love
Are in variety.

"Sir John had, when he perceived not that they were "the only beauties he was formed to compoſe" — This polite writer, perhaps, was not aware of the handſome apology Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope have made, in the joint preface to their Miſcellanies: "In regard to two perſons only we "with our raillery, though ever ſo tender, or reſentment, "though ever ſo juſt, had not been indulged. We ſpeak of "Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of w t, and of honour; "and of Mr. Addiſon, whoſe name deſerves all reſpect from "every *lover of learning*." N.

CUPID.

Were Love the reward of a pains-taking life,
Had a huſband the art to be fond of his wife;
Were Virtue ſo plenty, a wife could afford,
Theſe very hard times, to be true to her lord;
Some ſpecious account might be given of thoſe
Who are tied by the tail, to be led by the noſe.
But ſure 'tis the fate of a man and his wife,
To conſume all their days in contention and ſtrife:
Since, whatever the bounty of Heaven may create her,
He 's morally ſure he ſhall heartily hate her;
I think 'twere much wiſer to ramble at large,
And the volleys of Love on the herd to diſcharge.

HYMEN.

Some colour of reaſon thy counſel might bear,
Could a man have no more than his wife to his ſhare;
Or were I a Monarch ſo cruelly juſt,
To oblige a poor wife to be true to her truſt:
But I have not pretended, for many years paſt,
By marrying of people, to make them grow chaſte.
I therefore adviſe thee to let me go on,
Thou'd find I'm the ſtrength and ſupport of thy throne;
For hadſt thou but eyes, thou wouldſt quickly perceive it,
How ſmoothly the dart
Slips into the heart
Of a woman that 's wed;
Whilſt the ſhivering maid
Stands trembling, and wiſhing, but dare not receive it.

CHORUS.

For change, &c.

SONG,

SONG, IN THE RELAPSE.
BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

"I Smile at Love, and all its arts,"
The charming Cynthia cried;
"Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,"
A wounded ſwain replied.

"Once, free and bleſt as you are now,
I trifled with his charms;
I pointed at his little bow,
And ſported with his arms:
Till, urg'd too far, "Revenge!" he cries,
A fated ſhaft he drew;
It took its paſſage through your eyes,
And to my heart it flew.

To tear it thence, I tried in vain;
To ſtrive, I quickly found,
Was only to increaſe the pain,
And to enlarge the wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
What pain I 'm to endure.
Since what your eyes alone could do,
Your heart alone can cure.
And that (grant, Heaven, I may miſtake!)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A burden for another's ſake,
Who ill rewards its care."

FABLE, BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

FROM THE COMEDY OF ÆSOP.

The Beau obſerves to Æſop, "It is very well; it is very "well, old ſpark; It is very well; becauſe I han't a pair "of plaid ſhoes, and a dirty ſhirt, you think a woman "won't venture upon me for a huſband. — Why now to "ſhew you, old father, how little you philoſophers know "of the ladies, I'll tell you an adventure of a friend of "mine:

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a Lady's heart together:
The Band, in a moſt learned plea,
Made up of deep philoſophy,
Told her, if ſhe would pleaſe to wed
A reverend beard, and take, inſtead
Of vigorous youth,
Old ſolemn truth,
With books, and morals, into bed,
How happy ſhe would be.

The Bob, he talk'd of management,
What wondrous bleſſings Heaven ſent
On care, and pains, and induſtry;
And truly he muſt be ſo free,
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powder'd wigs, and dancing ſhoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his ſoul!)
But prate and talk, and play the fool.

He ſaid, 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the deareſt wife
Of one who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not ſpend ſix-pence when he'd done,
Was Heaven upon earth.

When theſe two blades had done, d'ye ſee,
The Father (as it might be me)
Steps out, ſir, from behind the ſkreen,
With ſuch an air and ſuch a mien!
Look you, old gentleman! in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the ſtateſman's ſport.

It prov'd ſuch ſunſhine weather,
That you muſt know, at the firſt beck,
The lady leap'd about his neck,
And off they went together."

ONG, IN THE PROVOKED WIFE.

WHAT a pother of late
Have they kept in the ſtate,
About ſetting our conſciences free!
A bottle has more
Diſpenſations in ſtore,
Than the king and the ſtate can decree.

When my head's full of wine,
I o'erflow with deſign,
And know no penal laws that can curb me:
Whate'er I deviſe
Seems good in my eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

No

No ſaucy remorſe
Intrudes in my courſe,
Nor impertinent notions of evil;
So there 's claret in ſtore,
In peace I've my whore,
And in peace I jog on to the devil.

TO SETH BISHOP OF SARUM. BY DR. WOODFORD*. 1679.

MINDFUL, whence firſt ſhe learnt the early ſkill,
In humble ſtrains Almighty love to ſing;
And then of her, to whom ſhe her works does bring,
The church, and colledge, both whoſe names inſtil
Like ſentiments, and ſhall Fame's records fill
With worthies, fit to employ the nobleſt ſtring
Of Heaven-tun'd verſe, and almoſt tire its wing,
To bear them, hence tranſlated, up its hill:
My Muſe to you, my Lord, and your great name,
This legend of the one and t'other love,
(As different as their ends and natures prove)
Doubly inſcribes; that thence her purer flame
To Heaven, ſo offer'd, may more grateful riſe;
The groſſer parts be wood for th' ſacrifice.

* See above, p. 261.—This Sonnet is taken from a collection of Dr. Woodford's poems annexed by him in 1679 to his "Paraphraſe on the Canticles." The "Voyage" is there alſo printed very differently from the copy of it which I have taken from Dryden. N.

ADDI-

ADDITIONAL REMARKS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

P. 4. *I'll be a Thracian*, &c.] One may go into a country, without being one of it. There is very little merit in following him, if ſhe is not liable to be drowned, and if ſhe is ſure of becoming a conſtellation; which is more ſuitable talk for Ovid's ladies than a modern Chriſtian. Sailors are not apt to pray on looking at ſtars; and there is no reaſon from the account in the Bible to believe that Jonas was pleaſed with his hoſt, or *vice verſa*.

P. 8. *Looſe to the winds*, &c.] Lady Sarah B. was obſerved to neglect her dreſs for ſome time before ſhe retired.

P. 16. l. 26. r. "Ah, Phyllis, if you would not love
"The ſhepherd, do not hear."

P. 18. l. 20. *Perſians of the pit.*] In the Spectator's time, the pit was the ſeat of criticiſm.

P. 19. l. 15. *ſun's much warmer beams*;] Cattle are not fond of the ſun, but ſeek ſhade.

P. 20. l. 8. r. "Some favourite clown." — L. 27. *He that lives the longeſt, dies but young.*] He that lives the longeſt, lives but a very ſhort time in compariſon with a much longer period, or eternity: but this is not dying young. A worn-out young debauchee may be old; i. e. have many of the complaints of old age: but no really old man dies like a vigorous blooming young man, in full ſtrength of body and perfection of ſenſes and underſtanding. V. Barzillai and David.

P. 21. Theocritus, in the burden of his charm, conſtantly uſes *Iynx*, which is our bird called Wryneck.

P. 24. l. 15. r. "The love, that leech-like," &c.

P. 29.

P. 29. l. 15. Dr. Chetwood is here inaccurate. Though London hath enveloped ſeveral villages, yet it doth not occupy one whole county.—In the note, l. 5, 6. r. "and had been chaplain to the Engliſh forces in Flanders under the earl of Marlborough." See p. 70; and add to it, "He was rector of Riſſington Magna and Riſſington Parva in Glouceſterſhire; was buried at Tempsford in Bedfordſhire (where he had an eſtate), with this inſcription: "Knightley Chetwoode, egregius ſane et ſingularis vir, ingenio adeo ſublimi et venuſto, adeo divinis et humanis literis exculto, ut nihil ſupra. Eccleſiæ et patriæ amiciſſimus, catholicæ fidei rigidus ſervator. Immortalitatem adivit, annum exigens ſexageſimum octavum, tertio nonas Aprilis, 1720.

Τὸ θνητὸν τοῦτο ἐνδύσηται ἀθανασίαν.

Three ſingle Sermons by Dr. Chetwood are in print, one, under the title of "Solomon's Choice," preached at Eton College, 1700, 4to; 2. "Practical Goodneſs on Chriſtian Principles," on Spital Tueſday, 1702, 4to; and the third (on 1 Kings iii. 19.) 1715, 4to.

P. 30. l. 2. FRITH *might the nation undertake.*] At that time Frith and Pym were two eminent builders. The one was too modeſt to perpetuate his name, the other gave his to *Frith* ſtreet near Soho ſquare. And the friend, from whom I received this note, who has ſome land in that ſtreet, has in his poſſeſſion an aſſignment from *Richard Frith* and *William Pym*, dated Jan. 23, 1679, on which the former is ſtyled "citizen and bricklayer of London," and the latter "of St. Martin in the Fields, gentleman." The ſquare abovementioned is there alſo ſtyled *Frith ſquare*: it was afterwards King ſquare, and a court in it ſtill retains that name.

P. 30. The third ſtanza contains a good picture of Wolſey's houſekeeping.

P. 31. l. 1. It is a very curious fact that they ſhould build churches; which cannot now be whitewaſhed *within, without* ſetting a pariſh in a flame.

P. 33. l. 7. r. "proud nymph, there are."

P. 34 l. 15. r. "May the world," &c.

P. 35. l. 6. r. "wondering field."

P. 42. On this poem it has been obſerved, that "no "Scholar died, but his Epitaph proclaimed that he was, "*Poeta, Orator elegantiſſ. diſertiſſ. Theolog. præſtantiſſ.* &c. "Nor is it true in any ſenſe, however qualified, that Athens "and Rome ever had ſuch a finiſhed poet as Waller."

P. 43. *note*, l. 4. *without a degree.*] This is, and was more, the caſe of moſt fellow-commoners or gentlemen, till now that a vote for members of parliament becomes an object of the ſmaller nobility.—L. 6. r. "Oratione."

P. 44. His contemporaries certainly ſaw that Waller had ſoftened our tongue (ſee p. 129); yet it has been obſerved that the writers ſome time before were ſmooth and harmonious. See an attempt to refine and poliſh the Engliſh language, by Sir Thomas Smith, ſo early as Q. Elizabeth's time. Biog. Brit. VI. 1. 3716 [E]. and an Harmonious Ode by Sir H. Wotton, VI. 4351 [DD]. and Dean Percy's "Reliques."

P. 44. *note*. See a remarkable anecdote of the mother of Lord Ruſſel, Gentleman's Magazine, 1779, p. 354.

P. 45. l. 14. r. "when moſt high."

Ibid. l. 14. The poet will have enough to do, to perſuade us, that theſe qualities, if true, however quaintly he may expreſs them, "harangue and talk," are not infinitely above "to ſing."

P. 47. When in Bedlam, Lee was viſited by Sir Roger L'Eſtrange; who ſaid, "I believe you don't recollect me, "Mr. Lee." He replied, "Yes, I do very well—

"Faces

" Faces may alter, names can't change;
" I'm *ſtrange Lee* alter'd, you are ſtill L'Eſtrange."

See more of Lee, Biog. Brit. VI. 2913.

P. 50. l. 13. *Whom I*—] This ſeems a happy imitation of Ovid: but is weakened by what follows.

P. 51. This poem is pretty, but the title of it is inaccurate. " The Snuff of a Candle" doth not properly give the idea of a candle near upon going out; nor do the two firſt lines of the poem expreſs what they ſhould; nor the laſt ſtanza of the ſong in p. 52.

P. 53. I did not know, when this chapter of Mrs. Wharton's fine Paraphraſe was printed, that ſhe had finiſhed the Lamentations in the ſame manner. The other chapters ſhall find an early place in the fifth volume.

L. 9. r. " now turn'd thy foes."

L. 24. r. " are, like hunted harts, become
" Breathleſs and faint," &c.

P. 54. l. 13. r. " her end ſo nigh:"

Ibid. l. 19. r. " Even the heathen, of whom God had ſaid
" They ſhould not, in her holy temple tread."

P. 57. l. 14. r. " the Creſcent in decay?" i. e. the Mahometan ſtandard; ſee p. 106 and 110.—L. 20. r. " ſingle fate."

In the note, l. 5. add, " if any challenge can be called ſo. If private perſons were to take their own revenge for wrongs, there would be no ſtop."

P. 60. *note.* Jacob probably miſtook Eton for Weſtminſter.

P. 63. *Free-filling ſpirit.*] Old Ben filled his glaſs *freely*. See Leges Conviviales over the chimney-piece in the great room of the Devil Tavern.

P. 64. l. 13. " Theſe times, thus living," &c.

L. 17. *Things common*, &c.] An obſcure imitation of Horace, " Difficile eſt *propriè communia* dicere."

P. 69.

P. 69. l. 16. *Like curing-gold.*] The piece of gold given to a *poor* perſon by the King at the healing.

P. 70. l. 7. *Some dæmon.*] Meaning now generally bad.

P. 74. *note.* The left gate, σκαιη — Sæpe ſiniſtrâ cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix — Si mens tam læva fuiſſet.

P. 75. The duke ſaid, "he would not exchange his dead "ſon, for any living one in England."

P. 78. l. 14. r. "The more with Hercules ſtepdame" &c.

P. 85. l. 16. The Nile runs due North and South, ſo does not run *with* the ſun.

P. 86. *note.* l. 4. r. "ſhe has given both in a play and in a "novel." The intelligence ſhe gave was of the Dutch deſign to burn our fleet; and it afterwards appeared that her intelligence was well-founded.

P. 87. *note.* l. 7. r. "ſiſter-in-law, i. e. his wife's ſiſter."

P. 89. *note.* r. "gentleman-commoner"

P. 90. The ſhort, but expreſſive, character of Shakſpeare ſeems to confirm his not having had learning.

P. 93. Add to note, "aged 95."

P. 96. Dr. Johnſon, in his 37th Rambler, has given this very rational definition of Paſtoral Poetry: "Paſtoral, being "the repreſentation of an Action or Paſſion, by its effects on "a Country Life, has nothing peculiar but its confinement "to Rural Imagery, without which it ceaſes to be Paſtoral." A ſimplicity of ſtyle may, perhaps, be equally neceſſary.

P. 104. l. 11. *A mournful houſe.*] For his father, who killed himſelf for him, and through his miſtake.

P. 112. *note.* Promontories, ſtill called ſo, perhaps, as little iſlands; Sheer-neſs, Oxford-neſs, Foul-neſs, &c.

P. 120. *note.* l. 5. r. "The Tragedies of the laſt age con-"ſidered and examined by the practice of the Antients, and "by the common ſenſe of all ages. In a Letter to *Fleetwood* "*Shepheard*, Eſq." Part I. 2d edition. "A ſhort View of "Tragedy;

"Tragedy; its original, excellency, and corruption." With "some reflections on Shakespeare and other practitioners for "the stage. Both by Mr. Rymer, Servant to their Ma-"jesties." He published, in folio, "A Poem on the Arrival "of Queen Mary, Feb. 12, 1689."

P. 121. l. 13. r. "beam'd around the chair.

P. 122. l. 29. This line suggests what appears strange, that Waller should be celebrated for politeness, and yet that the only two *bon mots* of his on record should both be extremely rude. That to king Charles II. (in regard to his poem on Oliver Cromwell) is well known, and might easily and indeed ought to have been avoided. His reply to the observation of king James II. that "queen Elizabeth's wisdom was owing "to her council," was equally remarkable—"And when "did your majesty ever know a foolish prince chuse a wise "counsellor?"

P. 127. l. 18. r. "robb'd."

P. 130. l. 7. See vol. III. p. 312.

P. 131. l. 4. To make trees, as old as the creation, look green and flourishing, is one of the many errors of *Pocta errans in Historia Naturali*. See Mr. Aikin.

P. 134. *note*. Strike out "or Attick."

P. 144. l. 20. r. "Too *Manly*," alluding to the principal character in the "Plain-dealer."

P. 146. l. 14. *Hercules Pillars*] A not uncommon alehouse sign.

P. 147. l. 9. Better, "Since Water, Earth, and more," &c.

P. 154. Sir Robert Howard's poem on the "Fear of "Death" is printed in vol. III. p. 330. Four good lines on this subject, by the same writer, may be seen in vol. I. p. 162.

P. 156. l. 4. If this alludes to his killing in a duel the earl of Shrewsbury, whose wife, dress'd as a page, held the duke's horse, there was little courage or innocence in that business.

P. 157.

P. 157. l. 8. *Layer*, means the place where he laid down. When cattle lay down well, they are ſaid to take their *lay* or *layer* well.

P. 170. *note*. l. 6. r. "M. A."

P. 172. The celebrated "Saliſbury Ballad" will be printed in vol. V.

P. 174. l. 2. *puzzle*.] Altered by the author to *welcome*.

P. 182. *note*. l. 8. r. "Sir Carr Scrope."—The perſon of quality was lord Mulgrave; not Villiers duke of Buckingham, as has been by ſome ſuppoſed. The poem by Dryden, which is mentioned in the laſt line, I have ſince recovered; and have printed it in vol. II. p. 92.

P. 186. l. 6. *that hung 'twixt hell and heaven*] Falſely ſaid of Mahomet's coffin.

P. 187. l. 6. Hence the price of admiſſion into the boxes appears to have been then four ſhillings.

P. 189. l. 21. r. "whoop and hollow."

P. 195. The MSS. of the dutcheſs of Newcaſtle, I am informed, were given to St. John's college, Cambridge, where her huſband had been a member; and where they are now to be found in good order. See what Granger ſays of her, vol. IV. p. 60.

P. 207. l. 12. r. "What ſhe with reaſon thought
"A certain pleaſure, &c.

P. 208. l. 26. r. "To reach thoſe bays," &c.

P. 210. In Dryden's King Arthur, is a ſong by Mr. Howe, "You ſay, 'tis Love creates the pain," &c.

P. 218. l. ult. r. "to bear-out," i. e endure to the end.

P. 230. *note*. l. 6. r. "M. A."

P. 231. *the ſcaly flock*] This is another inſtance of *Poeta errans in hiſtoriâ naturali*. Seals are *hairy*, not *ſcaly*.—Of Ariſtæus, ſee vol. II. p. 58.

P. 233. l. 6. r. "flew to hear the ſong."

P. 236. Mr. Granger ſeems to have caught his idea of lord Falkland from the traits of his ingenious friend Mr. Walpole; who declares, "There never was a ſtronger inſtance of what the magic of words and the art of an Hiſtorian can effect, than in the character of this Lord, who ſeems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man, with a moderate underſtanding; who got knocked on the head early in the civil war, becauſe it boded ill; and yet, by the happy ſolemnity of my lord Clarendon's diction, lord Falkland is the favourite perſonage of that noble work." Royal and Noble Authors, vol. II. p. 216. The whole character is well worth attention; though too long for the preſent purpoſe — A picture of Lord Falkland, with that of Lord Stafford, hangs in the maſter's lodge at St. John's College, Cambridge. It is believed that he was a member of that college; but there is no certain evidence of it, as the regiſter books begin a few years later.

P. 249. l. 5. r. "His men," &c.

P. 255. *Fortune-plots.*] The Fortune playhouſe, near Whitecroſs-ſtreet, which had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. Dodſley's Old Plays, IX. 175.— The Mermaid was not a playhouſe; but a tavern often mentioned by Ben Jonſon, where he uſed frequently to write.

P. 261. l. 11, 12. r. "ſtrike" and "enflame."

P. 273. l. 4. *pyed hood*] What at Cambridge is called the *white hood*, is *black* lined with *white*.

P. 275. l. 25. r. "the life's heat clings about the heart."

VOLUME II.

P. 7. Tate publiſhed "A Collection of Poems by ſeveral hands, 1685;" and alſo a collection of "Loyal Poems."

P. 16. *note*, r. "Connexion of Roman and Saxon Coins."

P. 54. I find, ſince this page was printed, the *Loory* deſcribed, in Dr. Goldſmith's "Animated Natures," as a par-

rot of a ſpecies perfectly *white*. Lady Giffard's ſeems to have been of a different ſpecies.

P. 144. The *Aſton* whom the earl of Mulgrave ſatirizes might poſſibly be *Lord Aſton*.—There was much later an *Anthony Aſton*, an itinerant player, author of many humorous ſcenes, and one play, called "Love in a Hurry, a Comedy, 1709." And ſee Muſical Miſcellany I. 161.

P. 156. l. 25. r. "Mœnia."

P. 161. *note*, l. 13. r. "Eglintoun."

P. 170. l. 23. r. "rich Sidonian."

P. 183. *note*, l. 17. "wrote the prologue."

P. 189, 199. Dauly, better known by the name of Dahl, was really a painter of eminence and practice. While he was drawing Archbiſhop Wake's picture, Biſhop Sherlock, who was ſitting by him, and was remarkably plain (as deſcribed by Mrs. Pilkington), ſaid, "Mr. Dahl, I have often had my "picture drawn, but it never has been like." To which the painter replied, "So much the better, my Lord." D.

P. 303. laſt line, r. "mourn me dead."

P. 334. l. 24. r. "on Venice."

VOLUME III.

P. 19. I now find that the "Bibliotheca" was the production of another writer. Inſtead of *King*, therefore, read *Newcomb*, to all the notes.—Thomas Newcomb, M A. (ſon of a worthy clergyman in Herefordſhire, and great grandſon by his mother's ſide to the famous Spenſer) was educated at Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford; and was chaplain to the ſecond duke of Richmond, and rector of Stopham in Suſſex, near his Grace's ſeat.—Beſides the "Bibliotheca," he was author of ſeveral poems of merit; particularly of "The laſt Judge-"ment of Men and Angels, a poem in twelve books, after

" the manner of Milton, 1723," folio, adorned with a fine mezzotinto portrait; of a poem, which Jacob commends, " To her late Majeſty Queen Anne, upon the Peace of " Utrecht;" " An Ode to the Memory of Mr. Rowe;" and another, " to the memory of the Counteſs of Berkeley." He alſo tranſlated ſeveral of Addiſon's Latin poems; and Philips's Ode to Mr. St. John, Engliſh Poets, vol. XXI. p. 29.

P. 44. It ſince appears that Mrs. Wharton (wife to Thomas Wharton, eſq; before he ſucceeded to a peerage) is the ſame whoſe poems are printed in theſe volumes. Her article in the General Dictionary is a ſhort one; but the notes on it contain two letters from her to her huſband, and twelve from Dr. Burnet to Mrs. Wharton. The marquis's ſecond wife had alſo poetical abilities, as will appear in vol. V. p. 10. A ſmall epigram by the marquis is preſerved in the Supplement to Swift.

P. 105. *note*, l. 8. r. " Earl."

P. 118. I have been favoured with ſome valuable unpubliſhed poems of Dr. Evans, too late for the preſent publication; they ſhall be printed in the next volume.

P. 161. Dr. Evans 'on Blenheim' reminds me of Lord Cheſterfield telling Geo. Wade, after Lord Burlington had built him a houſe in Burlington Gardens, with a moſt elegant front, but very inconvenient within, that he did not make the proper uſe of it. 'How ſo, my Lord? I live in it.'— " True," ſays the Earl; " but, if I were you, I would take " a houſe over againſt it, to admire that beautiful front." D.

P. 207. Mr. Foxton was author of " The Tower," a deſcriptive poem, printed in the Whartoniana.

P. 263. That Martin Parker was a real character, is plain from " The Nightingale warbling forth her own diſaſter;

" or

" or the Rape of Philomela. Newly written in Engliſh verſe. " By Martin Parker. London 1632." 8vo.

P. 312. *note.* r. " Ne'er to theſe chambers," &c.

VOLUME IV.

P. 65. Beſides Dr. Brady's Sermon, I have now by me three others on St. Cæcilia's day; one, by Ralph Battell, ſub-dean of their majeſties chapel royal, 1693; Dr. Hickman's in 1695; one by S. Eſtwick, B. D. in 1696, when the meeting was held on Nov. 27; Dr. Brady's was in 1697. Bound up with theſe is, a Sermon preached at Tiverton in Devon, by John Newton, M. A. rector of Tiverton, ſome time fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, Sept. 13, 1696, on occaſion of an organ's being erected in the pariſh-church; " the firſt organ erected in that dioceſe (out of the city) af- " ter the great rebellion had deſtroyed the uſe of them in " many places."

P. 167. This poem is very poſſibly by J. Philips, the nephew of Milton. See p. 283.

P. 199. The name of *Youlding* this writer is ſaid to have changed, *euphoniæ gratiâ*, by a *poetical* licence only, into *Yalden*. He was domeſtic chaplain to the famous Bp. Saunderſon, and for many years vice principal of Magdalen Hall.

P. 286. An aſſize ſermon by Dr. Broome, 1737, 4to. with one earlier ſingle ſermon by him, is in print.

P. 304. In the " Supplement to Swift's Works," I have taken ſome pains to collect ſuch particulars of his life and character as had eſcaped the notice of former editors; and am happy to find that my labours have been favourably accepted. If they furniſh any new lights to future Biographers, and particularly if they ſuggeſt a ſingle hint to the bright luminary of Engliſh literature, I ſhall receive my beſt reward.

reward.—One ſtriking anecdote, which has been communicated to me ſince that publication, is ſo remarkable, that I ſhall inſert it here: it is extracted from a letter of Dr. Charles Davenant, dated Sept. 22, to his ſon Harry, ſecretary and chargé d'affairs for Q. Anne at Francfort. "I deſire you "to deliver the incloſed to Col. Parks (aid-de-camp to the "Duke of Marlborough). The chief ſubject of it is to be- "ſpeak his kindneſs for *my couſin Swift* to be his chaplain "againſt he has a regiment. My couſin has gained immor- "tal honour by *having had the principal hand* in a book lately "publiſhed, called *The Tale of a Tub*, which has made as "much noiſe, and is as full of wit, as any book, perhaps "that has come out theſe laſt hundred years." It needs not be added that the application was unſucceſsful. To the duke of Marlborough, however, Swift (who without ſcruple "libelled the whole junto round") appears to have entertained no animoſity. The refuſal probably was noble; and Swift's conduct to the duke was equally liberal. He diſliked his principles; but "prevented many hard things being ſaid of "him." And in the Journal to Stella, Jan. 8, 1711-12, it appears the duke deſired nothing ſo much as to contrive ſome way how to ſoften Dr. Swift; who ſays, "Thoſe things that "were hardeſt againſt him were not written by me. And I "am ſure, now he is down, I ſhall not trample on him: al- "though I love him not, I diſlike his being out."

P. 320. Mr. Milbourne publiſhed 31 ſingle Sermons, between 1682 and 1720.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

NICHOLS'S SELECT COLLECTION.

VOLUME I.

NICHOLS'S SELECT COLLECTION.

VOLUME II.

NICHOLS'S SELECT COLLECTION.

VOLUME III.

NICHOLS'S SELECT COLLECTION.

VOLUME IV.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

THE Proceſſion: on the Funeral of Queen Mary. By Mr. Steele. 1695. - - - Page 1
Horace, Book I. Ode VI. applied to the Duke of Marlborough. By the ſame. - - 13
To Mr. Congreve. By the ſame. - - 14
Epigram from Martial. By the ſame. - 18
Prologue to Lucius. By the ſame. - - 19
To Captain Steele, on his Poetry. By Mr. Biſhop. 20
Mr. Biſhop to his Miſtreſs. - - 21
To a Lady, who in the late Storm juſt left her Chamber before a Chimney fell on the Bed where ſhe lay. By the ſame. - - 22
On an enſuing Storm. By the ſame. - - 23
On reading an Apology for Self-murder. By the ſame. *ib.*
Song. By the ſame. - - - 25
The Cure. By the ſame. - - - - *ibid.*
On Cloe's Patches. By the ſame. - 27
On her Maſk. By the ſame. - - 28
Ode to St. Cecilia. By the ſame. - - *ibid.*
To the Duke of Marlborough. Anonymous. - 31
Horace, Book I. Ode IX. Imitated by Mr. Fenton. 33
Catullus, Epig. V. Tranſlated. By the ſame. - 36
Claudian's Old Man of Verona. By the ſame. 37
Martial, Lib. X. Epig. XLVII. By the ſame. 38
Horace, Book III. Ode III. By the ſame. - 39
The Roſe. By the ſame. - - 42
Epigram, out of Martial. By the ſame. - *ibid.*

Ode by the ſame. In Imitation of Horace. 43
To the Hon. Charles Montague. By Mr. Prior. 46
Apology to a Lady, who told me, I could not love her heartily, becauſe I had loved others. Probably by the ſame. - - - 47
Againſt Modeſty in Love. By the ſame. 48
On a young Lady's going to Town in the Spring. By the ſame. - - - 49
When the Cat's away, the Mice may play; a Fable inſcribed to Dr. Swift. Probably by the ſame. 50
The Widow and her Cat. A Fable. - 53
The Wreck. A Satire. By Mr. James Gardiner. 55
Ode. By Mr. Smith. - - 62
Ode in Praiſe of Muſic. Compoſed by Mr. Charles King, in Five Parts, for the degree of Batchelor of Muſic, performed at the Theatre in Oxford on Friday the 11th of July 1707. Poſſibly written by Mr. Smith. - - - 64
Love's Conqueſt. By Mr. Jackſon. - - 66
The Contrary Agreements. By the ſame. 67
Under a Lady's Picture. By the ſame. - 68
Eſſay on a Firſt Principle of Des Cartes, "I think, therefore I am." By the ſame. - *ibid.*
Song. By Col. Henningham. - - 70
The Indifferent. A Song. By Charles Earl of Orrery. *ib.*
Song, from Anacreon, by Mr. Boyle. - 72
Ode on the Spring. From Steele's Collection. 73
To Belinda—To Flavia—On Nicolini's leaving the Stage. From the ſame. - - 74
Imitation of a French Author. From the ſame. 75
A Sigh. From the ſame. - - 76

A Son-

A Soliloquy out of Italian. From Steele's Collection. 76
Anacreon, Ode XLV. From the ſame. 77
Anacreon, Ode XXX. From the ſame. 78
Mary Queen of France, to Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk. From the ſame. 79
The Story of Cippus. By the ſame Writer. 84
The Lover's Prayer. From Steele's Collection. 86
Woman. From the ſame. 87
Verſes ſent to a Lady, with the Tragedy of Cato. From the ſame. 88
The Spring. From the ſame. 89
From Sannazarius. From the ſame. 91
To a Painter, on his drawing a Lady's Picture. From the ſame. 92
Song. From the ſame. *ibid.*
Bion Imitated. From the ſame. 93
To Ariſtus, in Imitation of a Sonnet of Milton. From the ſame. 94
Prologue, at the Opening of the Theatre Royal the Day after his Majeſty's Public Entry. From the ſame. 96
Ode on his Majeſty's Return. From the ſame. 97
Prologue, written by ſeveral Hands, deſigned for Mr. D'Urfey's laſt Play. 99
Love's Relief. From Steele's Collection. 100
St. Julian's Prayer. Imitated from La Fontaine. From the ſame. 101
On a Beautiful Lady with Cataracts in both Eyes. By a Gentleman who has an Impediment in his Speech. From the ſame. 111
Song. From the ſame. 112

To a Jealous Miſtreſs. From Steele's Collection. 113
In Amorem Tami et Iſidis. - - 114
Thames and Iſis, in Imitation of the preceding Poem. 1708. - - 115
Martial, Lib. X. Ep. XLVII. Imitated. By the ſame Writer. - - *ibid.*
Song. By the ſame Writer. - - 116
To an Old Bed-Maker, who had ſcandalized me. Imitated from Buchanan. - *ibid.*
Hymn to Venus, from the Greek of Sappho. From Steele's Collection. - - 117
To Mr. A. Philips, on his Diſtreſt Mother. 118
Epiſtle to D——. - - 119
Solomon's Song, Chap. IV. From Steele's Collection. 120
Written in a Lady's Prayer Book. From the ſame. 123
To Mr, Addiſon, on his Cato. From the ſame. *ibid.*
On ſome Snow that melted on a Lady's Breaſt. 124
On the happy Diſappointment of the French Invaſion, in Favour of the pretended Prince of Wales, 1707. From the ſame, - *ibid.*
On a Tobacco-Box. From the ſame. - 126
Song. From the ſame. - - 127
Verſes by Mr. Euſden, on a Lady who is the moſt beautiful and witty when ſhe is angry. 128
To Charles Lord Halifax, occaſioned by tranſlating into Latin two Poems by his Lordſhip and Mr. Stepney. By the ſame. - 131
Written by Mr. Euſden, and ſpoken at a Cambridge Commencement. - - - 134
Claudian's Court of Venus. By the ſame. 143

Pluto's

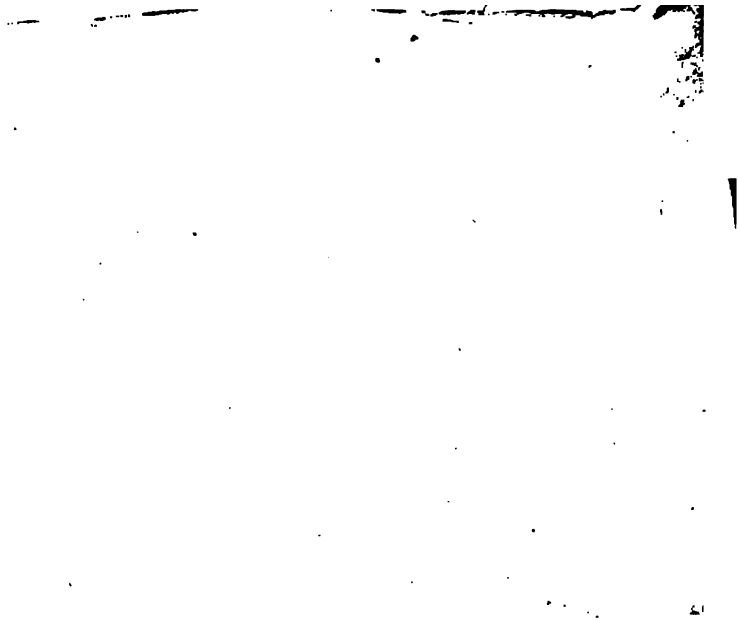
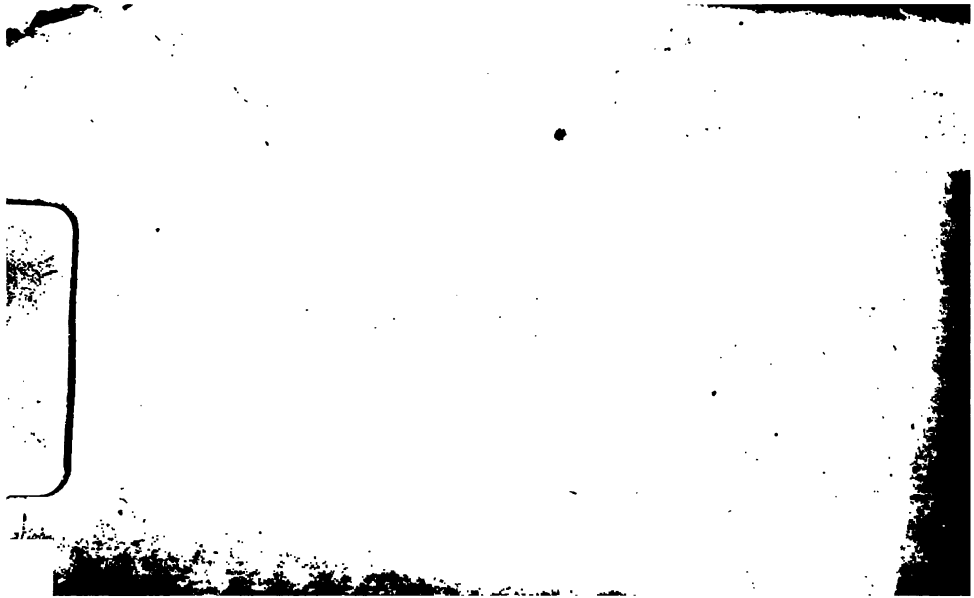
Pluto's Speech to Proſerpine. From Claudian. By Mr. Euſden. - - - 148
To Mr. ——. By the ſame. - - 150
On a Diſpute with a Gentleman about the Excellence of ſome of Mr. Dryden's Writings, when a Lady, being aſked her opinion, blamed them. By the ſame. - - 151
To the Author of the Tatler. By the ſame. 152
Mr. Euſden to a Lady, who wept at hearing Cato read. - - - 155
Verſes by Mr. Euſden, on the Spectator's Critique on Milton. - - - 157
Imitations of Statius. By the ſame. 158
On the Death of Cowley, and his Burial in Weſtminſter abbey. By Roger Earl of Orrery. 163
Deſcription of the Tombs in Weſtminſter Abbey. 167
From J. S. Eſq; to C. S. Horace, Book I. Ep. X. 177
Epigram on Waller. - - 179
Mr. Harriſon to Mrs. M. M. With a Bough of an Orange-tree. - - 180
In praiſe of Laudanum. By Mr. Harriſon. 181
To a very young Lady. By the ſame. - 182
On the Death of a Lady's Cat. By the ſame. *ibid.*
The Paſſion of Sappho. By the ſame. - 183
Prologue. By Mr. Joſeph Haines. - 186
Epilogue. By the ſame. - - 189
Prologue at Oxford. - - - 191
Verſes to a Lady, on drawing me for her Valentine. 192
Epigram. - - - 193
On the Death of a Lady. - - 194
Paraphraſe on Pſalm CXXXVII. - 195

The Choice. On Reading a Line in Pomfret. 195
Æſop at Court; or, Select Fables. By Dr. Yalden.
Æſop to the King. - - 198
Fable I. The River and the Fountains. 199
II. The Lion's Treaty of Partition. 201
III. The Blind Woman and her Doctors. 203
IV. The Satyr's Addreſs. - 205
V. The Farmer and his Dog. - 206
VI. The Fox and Bramble. - 208
VII. The Fox and Weazle. - 209
VIII. An Owl and the Sun. - 211
IX. The Sea and the Banks. - 213
X. The Nightingale and Cuckow. 215
XI. The Sun and the Wind. - 216
XII. The Boar and Foreſt. - 218
XIII. The Fox and Flies. - 220
XIV. The Bear and Mountebank. 221
XV. The Peacock proclaimed King. 223
XVI. A Laconick condemned. - 225
To Dr. Bentley, on opening Trinity College Chapel. By Mr. Euſden. - - 226
On the Duke of Marlborough's Victory at Audenard. By the ſame. - - 229
Medea, Act IV. laſt Chorus. By the ſame. 232
Hero and Leander By the ſame. - 234
The Courtier. A Fable. - - 249
A Chorus from Seneca. By Mr. John Glanvill. 251
Horace, Book I. Ode XIII. By the ſame. 253
Horace, Book I. Ode XXIII. By the ſame. 254
Horace, Book II. Ode XII. By the ſame. 255
Song. By the ſame. - - 257

A Short

A Short Viſit. - - - 257
Enquiry after his Miſtreſs. By Mr. Hor. Townſhend. 258
The Praiſe of Pindar. From Horace, Book IV. Ode II. By Mr. Townſhend. - 260
The Voyage. By Dr. Samuel Woodford. 261
On Mrs. E. Montague's bluſhing in the Croſs Bath. By Mr. Flatman. - - 272
Cerealia, by Mr. J. Philips; an Imitation of Milton. 274
Bachanalian Song. By Mr. Philips. - 281
On a Lady's Picture. By Dr. Broome. - 283
On the Birth-day of Mr. R. Trefuſis. By the ſame. 287
To a Gentleman of Seventy, who married a Lady of Sixteen. By the ſame. - 288
Epiſtle to Mr. B——. By Mr. F. Knapp. 289
Happineſs of a Retired Life. By Mr. C. Dryden. 293
On the Toaſts of the Hanover Club. By A. Philips. 296
Written at Hanover, upon the Marriage contracted, but not then conſummated, between the Princeſs Sophia and the Prince Royal of Pruſſia. 298
Epigram on Mrs. Tofts. By Mr. Pope. 299.
To Sir Godfrey Kneller. By Mr. Pope. - 300.
Verſes to a Lady. By Mr. Hughes. With a Drawing of Cupid. - - 301
Ode to King William when in Ireland. By Dr. Swift. 303.
Cantata. By Dr. Swift. - - 305
Epigram Extempore. By the ſame. - 307
Fragments of a Rhapſody on the Art of Preaching. By Mr. C. Pitt. - - 307
Mr. C. Pitt's Invitation to the Right Hon. Geo. Doddington. In imitation to Horace, B. I. Ep. V. 310

Mr.

To Mr. C. Pitt, on his having a Fit of the Gout. 311
Verſes by Mr. Pope to Mr. C. St. James's Place. 313
On the Church. From Dr. Z. Grey's MSS. *ibid.*
Verſes by Lord Halifax. From the ſame. 314
Song, by the Earl of Dorſet. - *ib.*
To King James II. 1684-5. On the Death of King Charles II. By Mr. Stepney. - - 315
On Queen Caroline's re-builbing the Lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry V. at Queen's College Oxford. By Mr. Tickell. 316
Song, by the Earl of Gainſborough. - 318
Stanzas to Lady Sunderland at Tunbridge-Wells, 1712. By Dr. Watts. 319
Deſcription of Fame; in Imitation of Virgil, Æn. IV. By Mr. Milbourne. - 320
Almahide, an Ode. By Lord Bolingbroke. 321
Prologue to Altemira. By the ſame, 333
Prologue to Heroick Love. By the ſame. 334
Epilogue to Heroick Love. By Mr. B. Higgons. 335
To a Lady, more cruel than fair, By Sir J. Vanbrugh. 337
Dialogue, from The Relapſe. By the ſame. 341
Song, from The Relapſe. By the ſame. 342
Fable, from Vanbugh's Comedy of Æſop. 344
Song, from The Provoked Wife. By the ſame. 345
Dr. Woodford to Seth Bp. of Sarum. 246
Corrections and Additional Remarks. 347—350

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.